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A N D.

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The SEVENTH EDITION.

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*1800*

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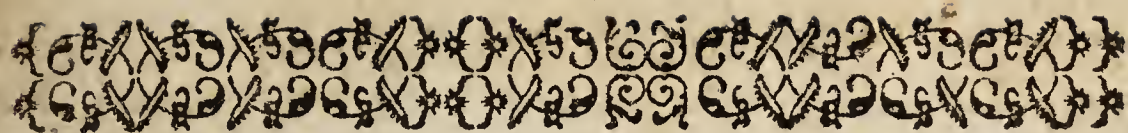
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T H E

## Epistle Dedicatory.

To that luciferous and sublime Lunatic,  
the Emperor of the Moon ; Governor  
of the Tides ; Corrector of Female  
Constitutions ; Cornuted Metropolitan  
of all revolving Cities, and principal  
Director of those Churches most sub-  
ject to Mutation.

*Lofty Sir !*



SINCE those who enjoy the  
Fat of our Neather-World,  
are grown so lean-spirited as to  
love their Gold too well to be  
tickl'd out of it with a few ex-  
travagant Complements, or hy-  
perbolical Adulations. I thought I might  
as well take this Opportunity of expressing  
my Gratitude to your illustrious Highness,  
for the wonderful Favours I have often re-  
ceived, at late Hours, from the refulgent  
Horns of your revolving Throne : For,  
many a stubborn Adversary, who has been  
mischievously posted at the Corner of a  
A Street,



Street, have I happily escap'd thro' the pleasing Benefit of your lucid Rays, which often gave me a Fore-sight of those Dangers that I cannot but confess I should be too apt to stumble upon, if totally depriv'd of your benign Influence. Many a dirty Apuaduct have I straddl'd over, by the Means of your Assistance, which in all Probability, would have exacted Homage upon my Hands and Knees, had not the kind Interposition of your diffusive Splendor conducted me with Safety over the purling Nastiness, which has been running full Speed into the soft Embraces of some neighbouring Common-shore, as a drunken Leacher does into the sinful Arms of some more filthy Strumpet.

Let others who bless themselves with high Conceits of their own Merit, sing aloud the Vertues of their generous Patrons, and boast the kind Reception, and the liberal Donations, that their Works and themselves never fail to meet with, from those who are ambitious of Rivalling *Mecænas* in his bountiful Character. As to my Part, I am always jealous of the Wisdom and Integrity of such great Personages, who are fond of being beholden to other Men's Flatteries for a public Reputation, which, in my Opinion, is always built upon the surest Foundation, when it happens to be enjoy'd uncontended for, and gradually acquir'd by habitual Vertue,  
without



without Purchase-Money paid to those who have but a slender Title themselves, to what they sell to others.

The best Way to make a right Judgment of the Justice and Bounty of a great Man, is not to look into the Books of his Flatterers, but those of his Creditors ; and the more Crosses we behold in the Latter, the greater Honour we shall find in the Lord ; the more Hospitality in his House ; and the better Decorum in his Family. Also the best Testimonies that a rich and powerful Man can give the World of his Abilities, is an Honourable Discharge of those great Employments he undertakes for the Public, and to be bold and forward under all Immergencies, more for the Sake of his Country's good, and a Desire of making manifest his own Fortitude and Integrity, than for the large Rewards which attend such Services ; that he may disseminate Vertue by his own great Example, and encourage others, under all national Difficulties, to take up the like Resolutions.

What signifies a great Man's Bounty to the cringing Author of a fulsome Dedication, if he proves a bad Pay-Master to the Tradesmen that he deals with ; or his expensive keeping a theatrical Mistress, if he be stingy and ungrateful to his poor Friends and Relations ; or his Liberality at *Pontac's*, if pe-



nurious to his own Servants ? In short, such a Man's Character, at best, is but like the Party-colour'd Robes of a Serjeant at Law, that look as if one Side was patch'd up by the Plaintiff, and the other by the Defendant. So that if such a Patron would but impartially examine what Sort of Dress his Reputation wears, he would be apt to find, though one Side is varnish'd over by the Artifice of *Poets*, and the Praise of *Sycophants*, that the other is degraded with long unpaid Bills, uncharitable Neglects, and unrewarded Services.

Therefore, as I cannot put Confidence enough in my own Merits to impose my Performances upon such a worthy Person as (if ever I have any) I shall chuse for my Patron, so I think it a little beneath me to flatter a Knave or a Fool, or to wear out my best Pumps in dancing Attendance after such Quality, who have nothing to be proud of but their ill-got Estates ; and have the Vanity to think, that Power, without Justice, and Riches without Honesty, ought to be highly complimented, and extravagantly well spoken of; though some who possess both, know in their own Consciences, that to call them either Just, Generous, or Valiant, would be as great an Absurdity, as to drink a Bumper to an honest Cavalier, in pious Memory of Old Nell and Bradshaw.

Therefore,



Therefore, upon these Considerations, and some others in Reserve, I have humbly presumed to address the following History to your imperial Inconstancy, well considering, that though you always go arm'd with a Bush at your Back, yet I bless my Stars that they have plac'd me out of the Reach of your longest Faggot-Bat: And as I expect nothing but your Moonshine to reward my Labours, in Case they are honour'd with your Highness's Approbation, so I hope I shall have nothing but a dark Night to punish me, when I need a light one, in Case I have disoblig'd you.

I am sensible your Lucidity may very much wonder why I chuse you for a Patron, since we have abundance of Quality under the Lunary Influence of your Silver Rays, who are my nearer Neighbours; but to tell you the Truth of the Matter, having read in the Works of a late celebrated Poet, *viz.*

*Great Wits to Madness nearly are ally'd,  
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.*

I concluded from thence, that there could be no great Difference between a Poet and a Lunatick; and consequently imagin'd, that a few splendid Acres in your watry Dominions might do an Author as much Service, as the windy Promises of a great Man, or a plentiful



Estate in that remote Country, call'd *The Mountain of Parnassus*, where Poets generally jointure their Wives, and make Settlements for their Children.

Besides, as I have principally treated of the Madness of Mankind in the following Sheets, so I thought the Lunacies of this World, a proper Subject to entertain your Highness, that you might discover thereby, what a wonderful Influence your glittering Pomp has upon all sublunary Mortals; for tho' we cannot but allow that you have some Spots in your lucid Dominions, which are palpable Dissenters from your establish'd Brightness, yet we, who are beneath you, cannot but admire your Lustre, notwithstanding your Inconstancy, since we know you to be a Favourer of Revolution Principles; for which Virtue, as heretofore by the *Persians*, you are now ador'd by Thousands who ought to have the Precedency of

Your

Unchangeable

Humble Servant.

T H E





T H E

P R E F A C E.

*A*S Sheriffs wear their Chains, and Lord-Mayors their Formalities, to draw Respect from the Public, and the better to protect their Worship from vulgar Insolence, so a Book that is but big enough for the costly Dress of a Calves-Skin Doublet, ought never to appear without Dedication and Preface, for fear the World should laugh at it for receding from the Fashion. Besides most Authors are of Opinion, That such Frontispieces are the Ornaments of a Book, that often recommend it to the modish Reader, as a tempting Dress does the hidden Premises of a Home-spun Dowdy to a Beaus Embraces. Therefore I presently resolved, like other Gentlemen of my Rank and Faculty, to tiffle up my Off-spring with as much Gaiety, as if it was design'd only for the Company of such Persons who admire Books as they do Women, for the Newness of their Faces.

I dare not tell you in the Preface, what a luscious Entertainment I have provided you in the Book, for fear a Bill of Fare should happen to pall your Appetites. I use a Proem; as some People



People do long Graces before Meat, only to suspend your Eating for a little time, after a decent Manner, that you may fall to with the greater Eagerness, when your Humble Servant, at the end of the Preface, instead of Amen, has given you Licence to proceed.

Nor shall I sneakingly beg your Favour, or anticipate your Judgment by a selfish Commendation of my own Performance, because extolling the intrinsic Worth of what you must buy, before you try, makes a Preface so like a Quack's Bill, that I abhor the Thoughts of it. Besides, as an Author must stand and fall by the Judgment of his Readers, he ought, in Modesty, to postpone his own fond Sentiments, till he hears their Censures; for should he say he's Witty, and the World think him Dull, he'll have a difficult Matter to bring over the Majority to be of his Opinion.

I shall neither alledge the hurry of other Business, or the insufficiency of Time, as an Apology for my Blunders, tho, perhaps, I have as much Reason to use a Traveller's Licence, instead of a Poet's, to extenuate my Faults as other Authors that do; yet I am so far from persuading any body to think I have more Wit than I have, or that I am more infalliable than I am, that I think my self oblig'd to inform the Reader, that nothing can provoke me to shew myself a fond Father of any thing that's my own, besides my Children.



*Some of the Sons of Parnassus may think it but a Compliment due to their extraordinary Merits, to have their Works read within their own hearing, and commended before their Faces: As for my Part, if any Body should treat me with so coarse an Entertainment, I should presently wonder what Sins I had committed, that Providence should enjoin me so severe a Penance; for I can compare it to nothing, but, that Necessity having forc'd me to dung another Man's Ground, and the Owner, because he is pleas'd with the Freedom I have taken, should thrust my Nose into my own Puddings. Civet we know, is grateful to many Persons Nostrils, yet the Cat that yields it, has always the Modesty to turn her Head from her own Excrement.*

*Tagging of Verse, and Writing of Books, are become as sharp Trades, in this keen Age, as making of Knives and Scissors; and if the former, as well as the latter, are not well ground to a smart Edge, they may lie upon the Bookseller's Stall till they are bought up by the Band-Box-maker; yet if they happen to be so sharp, as to scratch a Courtier on the Forehead; cut an Alderman for the Simples, or to scarrify a Knave that is but rich and powerful, there is presently a worse Roaring with them than there is with a foolish Child that has hook'd his Fingers into a Clasp'd Knife, and the poor Author who had whetted his Wits to get a*  
*Peny,*



*Peny, threatned with nothing less than that Reverend Machine which us'd heretofore to be the Property of Saints, till invaded by the Sinners.*

*Therefore, I shall not acquaint you here with the Liberties I have taken in the Book, but, refer you to the first Chapter, which will presently introduce you to the whole Design of,*

Your

Humble Servant.







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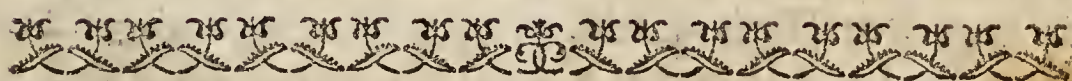
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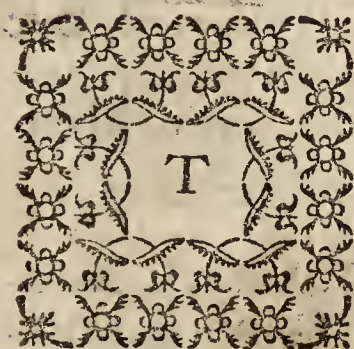




THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
CLUBS, &c.



*Of CLUBS in General.*



HOUGH the Promotion of Trade, and the Benefits that arise from Conversation, are the specious Pretences that every Tippling-Club, or Society are apt to assign as a reasonable Plea for their unprofitable Meetings; yet most considerate Men have found by Experience, that the general End thereof, is a promiscuous Encouragement of Vice, Faction, and Folly, at the unnecessary Expence of that Time and Money, which might be better employed in their own Business, or spent with much more Comfort in their several Families.



FOR notwithstanding their formal Orders, exemplified at large by some Scrivener's Apprentice, and ostentatiously hung up in laquer'd Frames, as the Laws of the Society; the ridiculous Chaplets that crown the empty Noddles of their officious Stewards, and adorn their Temples like Fiddlers in a Music-Booth; their honorary White Wands, which like a Church-Warden's Pew, they wear as Badges of their fantastical Authority; contemptible Ceremonies, which heretofore have been frequently supported in all such Sort of *Bacchanalian* Communities, presuming thereby to govern one another with such a solemn Decorum, as might preserve Peace, Unity, and Sobriety; and punish all Immorality and Prophaness, by *Pecuniary* Amercements, that they might have the more to be drunk with at their next Quarterly Festival: Yet, in Spite of all the Care that such Sort of Cabals could ever take for the Prevention of loose Talk, mischievous Cavils, and inordinate Tippling, the principal Felicities that ever were enjoy'd by the giddy Members and Promoters of such Suck-bottle Assemblies, have been inebrious Health-drinking, and impertinent Tittle-tattle, much rather becoming a Set of Alley-Gossips, or a Gang of Swill-belly'd Wine-Porters, than a formal Body of such reputable Members, who are bound by their Stations which Providence has plac'd them in, to have a greater Regard to a sober Life, a regular Deportment, and the Welfare of their Families, which can never be truly observed by any Man, who imprudently engages in such Sort of Meetings, and is as much intent upon his Club-Night, as a *Wood-street* Serjeant upon a Sheriff's Feast.

BESIDES, how ridiculous is it for such mix'd Societies to have their set Meetings at Taverns and Ale-houses, in Hopes, by the Efficacy of a few insignificant Orders, to preserve themselves within the Bounds of Discretion and Sobriety, when the only Way to keep our head-strong Appetites in due Subjection, is to avoid those Occasions that may tempt us to give a Loose to our inordinate Desires; for certainly, no Number of  
prudent



prudent Men would constitute a Meeting at a public *Bawdy-House*, and there propose, by a Table of Laws against Fornication and Adultery, to fortify weak Nature against the Temptations of the Petticoat, and be able to limit themselves to a reserv'd Modesty, through the Fear of forfeiting, perhaps, a Six-penny Trifle, a Punishment not adequate to those sinful Pleasures they are liable to be tempted to. Therefore, is it not equally senseless for a Body of Men to hold their Nightly Congressions in either a Tavern or an Ale-house? Places that fatten, and grow rich by the vicious Habits of unwary Mortals; and there vainly hope, where their Virtue is undermin'd with whole Cellars full of Temptations, to keep themselves secure from the bewitching Prevalency of the inebrious Grape, or from a more baneful Excess of those dropfical Juices extracted by adulterating Brewers from our grosser Malt, especially when such tippling Societies have nothing to awe them in the Height of their Jollity from a Pursuit of Drunkenness, and a shameful Lapse into all the Follies that attend it, but a few lame Laws of their own making, which themselves, at all Times, have the Power to dispense with: Nor have the Penalties of their Orders, if duly executed, any other Tendency, than to lay up a Store, to promote, at another Time, those very Vices which they amerce at present; so that there is so great an Incoherency between the Penalties they inflict, and the End they propose by it, that it is impossible a sober Decorum should ever be preserved in those Societies who establish constant Meetings in such Houses, where the utmost Arts and Subtilties are daily practised to decoy their Benefactors into a ruinous Extravagance. Therefore, a Man may as reasonably propose to secure himself in Peace, by haunting a Bear-Garden on the public Days of their confus'd Revels, as to wisely govern himself within the Bounds of Sobriety, by making himself a Member of a Tavern-Convention, or what is more scandalous, though less expensive, an Ale-house Club.



BUT, besides the Inconveniencies already mentioned, there are many hidden Snakes that often lurk in the dark Recesses of such pernicious Assemblies, only known to those leading Persons who have been the Promoters of them. It may be frequently observ'd, That in all such Societies, there are one, or more, of the principal Members, who, in respect to their Riches, some Offices that they hold, or for a Knack of Prating, which they have happily acquir'd beyond the rest of the Company, are highly reverenc'd by their meaner Associates, who having not arrived to equal Parts, or Fortune, are therefore too apt to listen to the former, as the very Oracles of Reason; so that whenever those Cocks of the Fraternity, who set themselves up to be the Prolocutors of the Society, are unhappily disposed, through Pride Ignorance, or Interest, to espouse any Faction, either in Church or State, or diffuse an Heterodox Notion, tho' never so repugnant to the Principles of Christianity, no sooner is the Fool's Bolt shot upon the Door of Understanding, but the Character of the Person adds a Sanction to the Mischief, and the wicked Seeds of Sedition and Dissention are speedily disseminated among the weaker Brethren, not only to the Hurt of themselves, but to the Injury of the Public; for it is by such Societies, that corrupt Statesmen, assisted by their evil Agents, promote and advance their dark Intrigues and ambitious Designs, which prove not only fatal to those purblind Votaries, who have no Knowledge of the secret Workings of Great Men, but often precipitate a whole Nation into a Deluge of Miseries.

THUS when the leading Members of such Clubs and Societies, prove Men of Ill-design, or if not so, either fond Encouragers of their own Errors or Mistakes, when once they find they have Reputation, Argument, or Cunning enough to impose their own interested Suggestions, or partial Sentiments, or Reports, upon the rest of their Associates, they never fail to use their utmost Endeavours to seduce them to have a fair Conceit of their foulest Undertakings, and to bring them to a  
good



good Opinion of what they say or do, though they know in their own Consciences, that neither their Talk, or their Practices, have any other Authority than what they derive from a selfish Regard to some By-end, in which they purpose their Design should terminate ; so that such crafty Jugglers are always the greatest Promoters of select Clubs and Meetings, that they may have the better Opportunity of broaching such Matters as may be preliminary to the Projects they have in Hand, and draw in whole Societies at once, to be ignorant Abettors of some dangerous Molition, hammer'd out in the dark, to gratify the Revenge of some disgusted Favourite, or to advance the underhand Designs of an impatient Set of discarded Courtiers, who could never prepare the Public for their Purpose, had they not Agents abroad to work upon the Ignorance, and to take Advantage of the blind Credulity of such unguarded Societies, that always lie expos'd to the subtil Decoys of those crafty Understrappers, who cultivate the People, and make them fit to nourish those evil Seels that are to be scatter'd among them : Nor do such busy Agents ever want Means to procure their Admission into any public Company they have a Mind to bias by their treacherous Insinuations.

By such Sort of Artifices the worst of Men are made popularly good, and the best often aspers'd, and loaded with undeserved Calumny ; and wherever they come, only such Healths propos'd as may advance the Reputation of their designing Masters, and all such rejected, by Way of Contempt, who, by their honest Policy, have in any wise obstructed the Ambition of the former, that, like the Buckets of a Well, the one Side may sink the lower, whilst the other rises.

By these Sort of Stratagems, first public Societies, and next, whole Nations, are often misled into dangerous Errors ; and Tavern-Clubs have been frequently made the proper Vehicle, in which our politic Emperics have conveyed their Poison into the Heart of the Kingdom. Nor, indeed, have there been any Plots



or Conspiracies in any Reign, but what have been first hatch'd, and then nourish'd in these Sort of Societies, to the Ruin and Destruction of many unwary Fathers of poor innocent Families ; Men that have been drawn in, without Foresight of the Danger, to follow such Bell-weather, who have been the first Broachers of the hellish Machinations, and afterwards the Betrayers of their own wicked Projects, that themselves might escape the Noose, by sacrificing others to the untimely Halter ; and this has been the Fatality that has often attended such Societies, who have first began as Clubs, and afterwards, by the Artifice of some ill Brethren, have been corrupted into Factions.

But to treat in particular of such Sort of Cabals who have heretofore fomented, or those who at present make it their principal Business to widen, with fresh Wedges, our national Divisions, it could not be done justly, without reviving, at an ill Time of Day those ridiculous Promotions, tumultuous Emulations, spit-fire Huzzas, and noisy Miscarriages, on all Sides, that ought for ever hereafter to lie bury'd in Oblivion, unless the violent Proceedings of one inveterate Party, should provoke another to the like Recrimination. However, let all Sides deport themselves as they think fit ; and their politic Clubs and Societies pursue the Dictates of their petulant Humours with what Warmth they please, I shall have nothing to say to any of them in this Treatise, any further than what I have already hinted, that every modest Reader might have a necessary Caution, in a few Words, against such dangerous Meetings, which have been the Bane of many a well-meaning, but imprudent Man ; for when ever the Foxes come among the Geese, they seldom quit the Flock till they have made a Slaughter ; and wherever the latter hold their constant Assemblies, the former, in Disguise, will creep into their Company, and play either the Part of State Spies, or factious Seducers, to the Injury of the Innocent.



My Design in Hand is foreign from every thing that can give Offence to either Party or Person: But as all Ages have been made merry by the fantastical Whimfies, and ridiculous Affectations of such Societies, as have made themselves a Town-talk by their Follies, inebrious Extravagancies, &c. I am persuaded to believe, it can be thought no Breach of Morality, or good Manners, to expose the Vanity of those whimsical Clubs, who have been proud to distinguish themselves by such amusing Denominations, that the most morose Cynick would be scarce able to hear their Titles without bursting into Laughter: Nor have the frantic Customs, jocular Diversions, and preposterous Government of such fuddle-cap Assemblies, being less remarkable than their several Distinctions. Therefore all that I shall promise is, *A merry History of the divers Clubs and Societies, both famous and infamous, that for Sixty Years and upwards, have been publicly noted about London, for advancing and encouraging all those Vices, Immoralities, Follies, and Indecencies, that they ought to be asham'd of: The same illustrated with abundance of pleasant Stories, Jests, Poems, and comical Transactions, pertinent thereto, that the World may see herein the old Proverb verif'y'd, viz. That Birds of a Feather will flock together.*



### *The VERTUOSO's Club.*

**T**HIS eminent Club was at first establish'd by some of the principal Members of the *Royal-Society*, and held every *Thursday* at a certain Tavern in *Cornhill*, where the Vintner that kept it, has according to his Merit, made a fortunate Step from his Bar to his Coach, and has surrendered his House to so diligent a Son, whose prudent Management, winning Deportment, and indefatigable Industry, have made him a singular Example to the whole Fraternity, and will, undoubtedly, be attended with the like Prosperity that



that has so justly rewarded the Pains and Vigilance of his generous Father. The chief Design of the aforementioned Club, was to propagate new Whims, advance mechanic Exercises, and to promote uselefs, as well as useful Experiments. In order to carry on this commendable Undertaking, any frantic Artist, chemical Operator, or whimsical Projector, that had but a Crotchet in their Heads, or but dream'd themselves into some strange fanciful Discovery, might be kindly admitted, as welcome Brethren, into this teeming Society, where each Member was respected, not according to his Quality, but the Searches he had made into the Mysteries of Nature, and the Novelties, though Trifles, that were owing to his Invention: So that a Mad-man, who had beggar'd himself by his Bellows and his Furnaces, in a vain Pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone; or the crazy Physician who had wasted his Patrimony, by endeavouring to recover that infallible Nostrum, *Sal Graminis*, from the Dust and Ashes of a burnt Hay-cock, were as much reverenc'd here, as those mechanic Quality, who, to shew themselves *Vertuoso's*, would sit turning of Ivory above in their Garrets, whilst their Ladies below Stairs, by the Help of their He-Cousins, were providing Horns for their Families.

No sooner were the patch'd Assembly met together on their Club-Night, but every Man, in Hopes to advance his Reputation, would be so wonderfully busy about one Experiment or other, that the very Elements could not rest for 'em: And the whole Company divide themselves into so many several Cabals, that they sat like Train Band-Men at a Captain's Treat, where there are four or six appointed to a Bottle. Some by those hermetical Bellows, called an *Æolipile*, would be trying, with an empty Bottle, whether Nature would admit of a *Vacuum*. Others, like busy Chandlers, would be handling their Scales to nicely discover the Difference in the Weight between Wine and Water. A third Sort of Philosophers would be condensing the Smoak of their



their Tobacco into Oil upon their Pipes, and then assert the same, in Spite of her nine Lives, to be rank Poison to a Cat. A fifth Cabal, perhaps, would be a Knot of Mathematicians, who would sit so long wrangling about squaring the Circle, till, with Drinking and Rattling, they were ready to let fall a nauseous Perpendicular from their Mouths to the Chamber-Pot. Another little Party would be deeply engaged in a learned Dispute about Transmutation of Metals, and contend so warmly about turning Lead into Gold, till the Bar had a just Claim to all the Silver in their Pockets, whilst the rest, whose Wisdom lay chiefly in their Riches, sat listening to edify by the noisy Confusion.

*So have I heard, when wealthy Dons  
Descend among Apollo's Sons  
The Rhiming Crew turn pert Repeaters  
Of Panegyrics, Songs, and Satyrs ;  
And make themselves diverting Asses  
To pleasure Fools o'th' upper Classis,  
Who only recompence their Wit,  
With some poor parsimonious Treat :  
And for their merry Puns and Strains,  
Reward their Guts instead of Brains.  
Who therefore would exhaust his Store  
Among the Rich? to still be poor,  
And barter Wit, which few possess,  
For that which is in Value less?*

By the working Brains of this notable Society, many wonderful Discoveries have been made, to the Amusement of the Public ; and as many whimsical Undertakings advanc'd, that have languish'd on this Side their intended Issue, as ever were projected among the Straw in Moorfields, ever since the Palace of Bethlehem was first built for the kind Entertainment of those very Orphans which the City Chamber had distracted ; so that they wisely took Care to be provided of Guests, before they raised their Hospital.



AMONG the many Maggots that had the Honour to crawl out of the fertile Noddles of these fanciful Vertuoso's, the Invention of the *Barometer* has, in Part, a Title to the Clubs Paternity, for they had the Reputation of *the first Lucky Thought*, though Mr. *Tompion*, the Watchmaker, brought the Project to Perfection, so as to make it useful. But Mr. *Patrick*, in the *Old Bailey*, who, for several Years, has been the principal Maker of that Instrument, has pluck'd the Feather out of all their Caps, by giving the *Barometer* of late, very great Improvements.

*The clumsy Mason the Foundation lays,  
But he that crowns the Work deserves the Praise:  
Hopkins and Sternhold did much Fame acquire,  
Till Tate and Brady tun'd the Heavenly Lyre:  
Dryden and Shadwell held the Bays for Years,  
But both resign the Crown when Garth appears;  
The greatest Hero must his Helmet wail,  
When one more mighty turns the ticklish Scale:  
The glitt'ring Stars are by the Moon outshone,  
And she submits her Glory to the Sun;  
Nor would his Lustre dazzle human Eyes,  
Should o'er his Head a greater Light arise.*

BUT besides this notable Invention of the Weather-Glass, by which our Gentlemen and Ladies of the middle Quality, are infallibly told when it's a right Season to put on their best Cloaths, and when they ought not to venture an Intrigue in the Fields without their Cloaks and Umbrella's, they have been famous Promoters of many merry Conceits, that at once deserve both Laughter and Admiration, as in particular: The conveying *Hampstead* Air into the City of *London* by subterranean Pipes, as they do the *New River* Water, for the Benefit of all sickly and consumptive Families. The new Art of Navigation, containing infalliable Rules how to make a Ship sail in the very Teeth of the Wind: Also how to turn Brine into fresh Water, and make it



as wholesome for the Body, and as pleasant to the Palate, as Brandy, Punch, or *French* Claret. The Way to bring Fowls to be cheaper than Butcher's Meat, by making Mutton Custards with Sheeps Trotters for my Lord-Mayor's Table, in order to prevent the Consumption of Eggs, which must consequently promote the Encrease of Poultry. The Art of good Husbandry: Shewing how a Man may brew without Water, bake without Fire, and live, like a Prince, upon Three-half Pence a Day, and as often as he dines have six Dishes to his Table. The Nuptial Calender, exactly calculated for the Meridian of *London*, wherein a marry'd Man may look at any Time, and see how often he has been made a Cuckold: To which is added, a very useful Table, by which he may discover, Who, How, Where, and When, and all the other Particulars of his Wife's Backslidings. The visible Circulation of the Gudgeon's Blood, by the Help of a Microscope and a Wax Candle, from whence a young Anatomist may draw a Thousand false Conclusions, and become a Bubble to *Spectacle-John*, for shewing him the Experiment. The ready Way to melt Pewter without Sea-Coal, Char-Coal, Wood, Turf, old Rags, or Cinders, by kindling a vehement Fire, with two Liquids, upon Plate, Dish Spoon, or Porringer; originally invented for the cleanly broiling of dried Sprats, and Red-Herrings, for the *Royal-Society*. The new Art of Cookery, by that excellent Contrivance of a portable Kitchen, called, by some, a *Digester*, and by others, a *Dog-starver*, by the Use of which, a Man may stew a Leg of Beef, at a Half-Penny Charge, till the Flesh is dissolv'd into Strong-Broth, and the Bones become as soft as butter'd Apple-Pye. An irrepeatable Number of these Kind of Curiosities have been the famous Products of their exuberant Noddles, and the Applause of such Gentlemen who are as whimsical as themselves, the accustomary Rewards they have obtained by their Labours.



*So have I seen an Antiquary,  
 A Bag of rusty Trinkets carry :  
 Old canker'd Coins, defac'd by Time,  
 With scarce one Letter round the Rim :  
 Stamp'd with a Something like a Head,  
 With Eyes defac'd, and Nose decay'd,  
 Suppos'd the Phiz of some old Hero,  
 Augustus, Julius, Otho, Nero,  
 Or of some strange forgotten Prince,  
 That play'd the Tyrant Ages since ;  
 Yet when he shews his mouldy Baubles,  
 On Tavern, or an Ale-house Tables,  
 Among old-fashion'd Fools, who, like  
 Himself, are pleas'd with Things antique :  
 The Knot of Coxcombs all agree  
 To praise the Dross, as well as he ;  
 So joining in Opinion, place  
 High Value on the rusty Face.*

*Thus Vertuoso's make a Pother  
 About their Whims, to please each other ;  
 And wond'rous Maggots will advance ye,  
 That have no Being but in Fancy.*

THIS Club of Vertuoso's, upon a full Night, when  
 some eminent Maggot-monger, for the Satisfaction of  
 the Society, had appointed to demonstrate the Force of  
 Air, by some hermetical Pot gun, to shew the Differ-  
 ence of the Gravity between the Smoak of Tobacco  
 and that of Colts-foot and Bittany, or to try some o-  
 ther such like Experiment, were always compos'd of  
 such an odd Mixture of Mankind, that, like a Society  
 of Ringers at a quarterly Feast, here sat a nice Beau  
 next to a dirty Blacksmith ; there a purblind Philoso-  
 pher next to a talkative Spectacle-maker ; yonder a  
 half-witted Whim of Quality, next to a ragged Mathe-  
 matician ; on the other Side a consumptive Astronomer  
 next to a Water-Gruel Physician ; above them, a Trans-  
 mutator



mutator of Metals, next to a Philosopher-Stone-Hunter; at the lower End, a prating Engineer, next to a clumsy-fitted Mason; at the upper End of all, perhaps, an Atheistical Chymist, next to a whimfy-headed Lecturer; and these the learned of the Wise-akers wedg'd here and there with quaint Artificers, and noisy Operators, in all Faculties; some bending beneath the Load of Years and indefatigable Labour, some as thin-jaw'd and heavy-ey'd, with abstemious Living and nocturnal Study as if, like *Pharoah's* Lean Kine, they were designed by Heaven to warn the World of a Famine; others looking as wild, and deporting themselves as frenzically, as if the Disappointment of their Projects had made them subject to a Lunacy. When they were thus met, happy was the Man that could find out a new Star in the Firmament; discover a wry Step in the Sun's Progress; assign new Reasons for the Spots of the Moon, or add one Stick to the Bundle of Faggots which have been so long burthensome to the Back of her old Companion; or, indeed, impart any crooked Secret to the learned Society, that might puzzle their Brains, and disturb their Rest for a Month afterwards, in consulting upon their Pillows how to straiten the Project, that it might appear upright in the Eye of Reason, and the knotty Difficulty to be rectify'd, as to bring Honour to themselves, and Advantage to the Public. But besides the Spirit of Invention, that, by the Help of good Claret, so inspir'd the Society, the whole Company were so infected with an Itch of Curiosity, that if a Man funk'd a Pipe, and could not give a Reason for the Blueness of the Smoak, he that asked the Question would think him an unworthy Member of so Philosophical a Club, who did themselves the Honour to conceit they were the wisest Body in the Kingdom. In short, they have been plagued and pester'd with so many Banters and Lampoons, as if the Muses were fearful they should invade *Parnassus*, and make their poetical Kingdom subject to the strict Government of Philosophers.

Apollo's



*Apollo's Sons are Poets born,  
Tho' finish'd in the Schools,  
And love their Wit should shew their Scorn,  
To those who deem 'em Fools.*

*Philosophers think Poets mad,  
And Poetry but Froth,  
In fruitless Gingle finely clad,  
To please and tickle Youth.*

*But Poets know Philosophers  
More empty Fables feign,  
Since Nature, whilst the World is hers,  
Still makes their Searches vain.*

*For tho' they're grave and wise in Dress,  
And boast their Studies past,  
Yet, Sceptic like, they must confess,  
They nothing know at last.*

*Then why may'nt Poets, like the rest,  
Help carry on the Cheat,  
Since all the World is but a Jest,  
And Knowledge but Conceit?*

WHEN our Assembly of Vertuoso's were in the Zenith of their Glory, and the Town was amus'd Weekly with some new Experiment, or wonderful Discovery, which the Philosophical Conjurers pretended to have made by their deep Inspection into the Secrets of Nature; an unlucky Gentleman, who had travell'd into *Ægypt*, where the Inhabitants, by eating much Manna, and other purgative Diets, were forced, when they went to Bed, to wear Plugs in their Fundaments, to keep their laxative Bum-fiddles from dishonouring their Sheets; which unfavo<sup>r</sup>y Stopples, as soon as up in a Morning, it was their Cu<sup>m</sup> to discharge in their neighbouring Ditches, or in such like Conveniencies, and to empty their Vessels of those troublesome Grounds which had  
been



been very uneasy under their close Imprisonment, and all Night long been struggling for a Vent. The Gentleman being accustomed for the Benefit of the Air, to walk the Fields in the Morning, and seeing a great Number of the Fundament-Plugs lie along in the Ditches had the whimsical Curiosity to pick up some of the cleanest, which the Rain had wash'd, and the Sun dried, and putting them in a Bag, brought them over to *England*; and residing in *London*, happened to hear of the Fame of our Vertuoso's Club, and how welcome any foreign Novelty was to the inquisitive Wise-akers. Upon which, by the Assistance of a Friend, he got Admittance into the Society, taking along with him his *Egyptian* Cargo of stinking Suppositories, reporting to their Wisdoms, that the same was a Drug of such singular Efficacy, that the Natives where it grew, by Vertue thereof, would stop any Sort of Flux, or Looseness, in a minute; he therefore submitted it to the Judgment of so learned a Society, in Hopes, by their Skill in all Physical Products, they might make it useful to their own Country. With that they were handed about to the most judicious of the Members, every one nibbling at the sharp End that had lain stewing in the Dregs, some nodding their Heads, as if they had found by the Taste, what Analogy it had with some other Species that was noted for its Vertue. Others spitting out what they had chew'd and mumbled, for fear the Secret should produce some poisonous Effect. One declaring, it must be a great Dryer, because of the Spiciness of its Taste. Another, that it was certainly a powerful of Antiscorbutic, because so full of Saline Particles. A Third, that he believed it was Antivenereal, because its biting Taste had some Affinity with Guaicum. A Fourth, asserting it a great Narcotic, for that it had numb'd his Tongue, by conveying it to his Palate. Thus the Jest went round, till every Member of the Club, who had the least Skill in Physic, had most gravely delivered his judgmatical Opinion. At last a pert Physician, who was crowded among the rest, was,



curious as to ask the Gentleman how the Natives used to take it? To which the Traveller answer'd, always in at the Fundament over-Night, and shot it out again the next Morning; and that those very Pledgets he had handed to the Board, for ought he knew, had been fifty Times applied to the same Uses. With that one began to spit, another keck, a third spew, a fourth, in a Passion, crying, *Z---s, Sir, I hope they did not wear them in their Arses!* As sure, reply'd the Gentleman, *as sure as you have had them in your Mouths.* Upon which, the merry Traveller having gather'd up his Plugs, and returned them to his Sachel, was, by the enraged Members, expell'd, or rather spew'd out of the Company, for the odious Indignity he had put upon the Society.

MANY such Sort of Jests, by the Ridiculers of Ingenuity, used to be put upon this grave Assembly of philosophizing Vertuoso's, till, at length, quite tired with the Affronts of the Town, and their own unprofitable Labours, they dwindled from an eminent Club of Experimental Philosophers, into a little Cinacal Cabal of Half-pint Moralists, who now meet every Night at the same Tavern, over their Six-penny Nipperkins, and set themselves up for nice Regulators of their natural Appetites, refusing all Healths, each taking off his Thimble-full according to the Liberty of his own Conscience, paying, just to a farthing, what himself calls for; and starting at a Minute, that they may have one Leg in their Beds exactly as *Bow-Bell* proclaims the Hour of Ten.

*Thus the grave Searchers into Nature,  
So skill'd in Earth, Air, Fire, and Water,  
That no strange Earthquake could arise,  
Or pointed Lightning gild the Skies;  
No Hurricane its Force expand,  
Or Inundation drown the Land,  
But they could give good Reason why,  
The Winds or Waters rose so high.*



*Yet these more wise, when o'er the Battle,  
 Than 'Cartes, Lock, or Aristotle.  
 Could not secure their Reputation,  
 Against that Tyrant Defamation,  
 But dwindled from a Club so noted  
 For many Arts they had promoted,  
 Into a quaint penurious Set  
 Who drink by Rule, and eat by Weight.  
 So antient Rome, who once was fam'd,  
 For all the Arts that could be nam'd,  
 Is now become a Den of Monks  
 Fat Fryers, and religious Punks;  
 Which skews that no Community,  
 Public or private, long can be,  
 From fatal Revolution free.*

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Of the Knights of the Order of the GOLDEN-FLEECE.

**T**HIS rattle-brain'd Society of Mechanic Wor-  
 thies, were most solemnly establish'd several  
 Years since, by the whimsical Contrivance of a merry  
 Company of Tippling Citizens, and Jocular Change-  
 Brokers, that they might meet every Night, and wash  
 away their Consciences with salubrious Claret, that the  
 mental Reservations, and fallacious Assurances, the one  
 had used in their Shops; and the deceitful Wheedles,  
 and stock-jobbing Honesty, by which the other had out-  
 witted their Merchants, might be no Impediment to  
 their Night's Rest, but that they might sleep without  
 Repentance, and rise the next Day with a strong Pro-  
 pensity to the same Practice; so sin on, *de Die in Diem*,  
 till they came to be Aldermen. Though they had  
 consented to form themselves into a regular Society, yet  
 they scorn'd like a Bread-and-Cheese Club, held by  
 Handicrafts in an Alehouse, to have their Orders hung  
 up



up in a gilt Frame, like a Quack's Bill in a Physical Coffee-house; or to be under the formal Government of a Brace of addl'd-headed Stewards, but agreed among themselves, that every new Member should pay EighteenPence, as an initiating Fee, and be nick-nam'd, by two Godfathers chosen out of the Society, who, as he sat in his Chair, were to bid him rise up *Sir Timothy Turdpie*, or by any such like Title that should come into their Noddles; and by this Ceremony, dub him a Brother, and a Knight of the most noble Order of the *Golden-Fleece*.

No sooner had the new Worthy thus passed his Adoption, and received his Honour, but the Register was called for with abundance of Formality, and his Title enter'd in great Order, that he might take his Place at the Board, and so become a new Laughing-stock, for his Name sake, to the rest of the Fraternity, who were all dignify'd with as whimsical Distinctions as the Wit of their Godfathers could invent, and make applicable to the Follies of their Godsons. Therefore, as the Titles so conferred, were generally adapted to the Merits of the Worthies who had the Honour to bear them, I have thought it not amiss to amuse the Reader with a Copy of their Register, that, in a great Measure, he may be able to judge of the excellent Qualifications of the Worshipful Knights of the famous Golden Order, whose Names, at least, will be as good an Entertainment as the *Dramatæ Personæ* of a whimsical Farce

*A List of the Knights of the Noble Order  
of the FLEECE.*

Sir Jeremy Saucebox,  
Sir Timothy Addlepate,  
Sir Rumbus Rattle,  
Sir Humphry Clodpate,  
Sir Goliath Fightall,

Sir Boozy Prateall,  
Sir Crazy Careful,  
Sir Noisy Blunder,  
Sir Sipall Paylittle,  
Sir Bumper Reelhome,

Sir



Sir Maudlin Smocklove,  
 Sir Courtly Flatcap,  
 Sir Cavil Moody,  
 Sir Querpo Prim,  
 Sir Thunder Plugtail,  
 Sir Drowsy Whifall,  
 Sir Talkative Dolittle,  
 Sir Samuel Soufcrown,  
 Sir Goodly Godly,  
 Sir Bumkin Guzzle,  
 Sir Dapper Pert,  
 Sir Peter Squebble,  
 Sir Puny Milkfop,  
 Sir Skinny Fretwell,  
 Sir Positive Start,  
 Sir Swigbelly Situp.

Sir Whimsy Careless,  
 Sir Looby Grunt,  
 Sir Trumpeter Tellall,  
 Sir Crocky Grimlock,  
 Sir Ninny Sneer,  
 Sir Thwackem Bluff,  
 Sir Baby Dandle,  
 Sir Nicholas Ninny,  
 Sir Gregory Growler,  
 Sir Snapum Catchpenny,  
 Sir Pauper Readywit,  
 Sir Damnum Surly,  
 Sir Peter Puzzle,  
 Sir Samuel Snapall,  
 Sir Barnaby Busy,  
 Sir Costly Squeamish.

WHEN their Golden Worshipps, thus notably distinguished, were met in a Body at their general Rendezvous, and had saluted one another by their *King-street* Titles, then their brittle Fuzees were charged with Sot-Weed, and every one began to puff a salutary Whiff, to warm the ambient Air, and beget a drowthy Ardour in the Guts of the Fraternity, that such Sort of Healths might be freely circulated, as were most agreeable to the dubb'd Society, having little other Business to exercise the Faculties of their worshipful Members, besides drinking plentifully; smoaking incessantly; telling Stories lamely; talking Politics wildly; disputing Principles warmly; and, at last, to dwindle into luscious Bawdy, which every one took his Turn to express most feelingly.

*So buxom Gossips, when they meet,  
 To give themselves a private Treat,  
 And at some Pasty-Cooks regale,  
 With Pidgeon-Pies, and Bottl'd-Ale,  
 At first, put on their modest Airs;  
 Like Nuns just stepping to their Pray'rs;*

*But,*



## Of the Knights of the Order

*But, when the Glas has flown about,  
 Crown'd with a Dram, or mixt with Stout,  
 Then pious Dame, with bawdy Jest,  
 Revives the Genius of the rest ;  
 Who casting off their starch'd Disguise,  
 Shew by their Tongues, as well as Eyes,  
 That the same vicious Dregs of Nature,  
 Still lurk in e'ery human Creature ;  
 Only they're stifled here and there,  
 By Interest, or Religious Fear :  
 But when good Liquor interposes,  
 God Bacchus is too hard for Moses.*

THIS fantastical Order of dubb'd Fuddle-caps, were no sooner established, but they encreas'd as fast as *Moorsfields* Rabble upon an *Easter* Holiday ; for the great Ambition that abundance of City Rattles had to the Honour of Knighthood, though so whimsically conferred, that the Ceremony of their Installment, and their ridiculous Titles, made them a public Laughing-stock to their whole Acquaintance ; yet fancying, like Farmers, when a Bird has shit upon their Heads, that there was something prophetic in the sham Dignity, they crowded in apace to be dubb'd Coxcombs of the Worshipful Society, in Hopes the counterfeit Distinction, by the Power of Sympathy, might, at one Time or other, bring them to be blown upon by the Breath of Honour, as many a Country Clod-pate, who has been called Alderman in his Apprenticeship, has luckily, hereafter, arose in good earnest to the Golden Chain, as if the Presages of his Friends had been the Rise of the Looby, as the Predictions of the Astrologers are often the very Cause that the succeeding Event happens to answer their Prophecies.

*Thus Fools, who credit Planet-Gazers,  
 And think the Knaves wise Albumazars,  
 Conform their Lives to what they tell 'em,  
 And then believe the Stars compel 'em.*



FOR many Years successively, this Noble Order of the *Equiti Aurata*, continued their Society at the *Golden-Fleece* in *Cornhill*, till Sir *Jeremy Saucebox*, one of their principal Knights, and chief Leader and Controller of the *Rattle-brain'd Community*, stepping a little besides his Senies, for a deplorable Accident that had happened in his Family, took Leave of his Brotherhood, as he had of his Wits, and laid his Honour in the Dust, where Distinctions cease, and all Men are reduc'd to the same peaceable Level which they had long enjoy'd before their first Creation. And then the dull Fraternity, thro' want of a merry *Zany* to exercise their Lungs with a little seasonable Laughter, and unhappily neglecting to be shav'd and blooded, fell into such a Fit of the melancholly Dumps, that several of the Order were in great Danger of a Straw Bed and a dark Room, if they had not neglected their nocturnal Revels, and forsaken frenzical Claret, for sober Water-Gruel; and worse Company, for the penitential Conversation of their own Families: So that upon these Misfortunes, the Knights put a Stop to their Collar-Days; laid aside their Installment; proclaim'd a Cessation of Bumpers for some time, till those who were sick had recovered their Healths, and others their Senses; and then, the better to prevent the Debasemens of their Honour, by its growing too common, they adjourn'd their Society, from the *Fleece* in *Cornhill*, to the *Three Tuns* in *Southwark*, that they might be more retire from the Bows and Compliments of the *London Apprentices*, who used to salute the noble Knights by their Titles, as they passed too and fro about their common Occasions. Besides, they have a further Conveniency by their distant Removal; for should any of them be in Danger of having their Honour invaded by any importunate Creditor, a light Pair of Heels will soon carry them into a neighbouring Sanctuary, where no impatient Dun, or Catchpole Raparee, dare either tug them by the Sleeve, or take them by the Collar.



*In faithless Times, when Crowds miscarry,  
 'Tis good for wise Men to be wary,  
 The tim'rous Hare, that's oft pursu'd,  
 Delights to harbour near a Wood.  
 Then who can blame the Knights for chusing,  
 So fit a Place for rendezvousing?*

To shew what a great Regard they had for one another's Conversation, though most of them live at a remote Distance, yet the Geese, like Foxes that prey far from home, waddle every Afternoon o'er the Corn-plaguing Pebble of *London-Bridge*, to the *Tom-Turds-Arms* in *Southwark*, which ought, for their Pains, to be the Banner of their Order, with this Motto, *viz.*

*Let Honour still be due to Jason's Knights,  
 Tho' Tom-Turds-Arms the Golden Fleece beshites.*

UNDER this Circumstance their eminent Society remains at present, still maintaining all their antient Formalities that may promote Cachinnation, only their Penal Laws of Forfeiture are quite laid aside, because they prov'd an Oppression to those poor Knights, whose Estates have been impaired by Wagering and Stock jobbing. The accustomary Salutation, when any of the Society happen to meet by Accident, though in the public Street, is, *What Title, Brother?* *Sir Timothy Addlepate*, crys the worshipful Member, or whatever Distinction he has the Honour to bear; who presently returns the like Compliment, of, *What Title, Brother?* *Sir Jeremy Saucebox*, perhaps, replies the other. *Z——s*, says a merry Gentleman, who, at a Time of their Greeting, happened to be passing by, *Your Worships accost one another, as if you were Knights and Aldermen of the City.* Another Time, an arch Drawer at the *Three Tuns*, having affronted some of the Noble Order by a furly Answer, insomuch that a cholerick Knight, very full of Resentment, told the Drawer in a Passion, he was a  
 faucy



faucy Sir Jackanapes. Indeed Gentlemen, replies the Youth, I am highly oblig'd to you, for you honour me as much as if I was one of your Society. Abundance of such Sort of Rubs they meet with from their Acquaintance; yet with a cheartful Resolution, they still continue their Farce, and maintain their Fooleries, and value the Scoffs of the World no more, than a Nest of guzzling Minters do the Reproaches of their Creditors, but are as proud of their sham Honour, as a Stage Hero is of his tawdry Buskins; and glory as much in their imaginary Titles, as a Company of old Soldiers do in their Scars and Scratches.

*'Tis strange! that Men with Reason blest,  
Should make themselves a common Jest;  
And meet to stigmatize each other,  
That e'ery Fool may have his Brother.  
What Mortal, that has Sense or Thought,  
Would strip Jack Adams of his Coat?  
Or who would be by Friends decoy'd,  
To wear a Badge he would avoid?  
And fondly to the World proclaim,  
His Weakness by some Apish Name.  
For who can hear a Man saluted,  
By th' Title of Sir Crazy Hothead?  
And not conceive the silly Ass,  
Deserves the Name he does embrace;  
And that 'tis well adapted to him,  
That others may the better know him.  
He therefore that is proud to take  
A foolish Name, for Folly's Sake,  
Shews plainly by his Indiscretion,  
He well deserves the Apellation.*

*Thus as the punish'd Child, in Course  
Must kiss the Rod, to please the Nurse,  
So the dubb'd Ass, t'oblige his Mates,  
Oft bugs in Jest, the Name he hates.*





## Of the NO - NOSE Club.

A Merry Gentleman, who had often hazarded his own Bolt-sprit, by steering a vitious Course among the Rocks of *Venus*, having observed in his Walks thro' our *English Sodom*, that abundance of both Sexes had sacrificed their Noses to the God *Priapus*, and had unluckily fallen into the *Ægyptian* Fashion of flat Faces, pleased himself with an Opinion, it must prove a comical Sight for so many maimed Leachers ; snuffling old Stallions ; young unfortunate Whoremasters ; poor sacrificed Bawds ; and salivated Whetstones, to shew their scandalous Vizards in one Nose-less Society : To accomplish which, he made it his Business, for some Time, to strol about the Town, on Purpose to pick Acquaintance with all such stigmatiz'd Strumpets and Fornicators, as he thought might be proper Members of the snuffling Community, pretending something or other that carried a Face of Interest to all that he talk'd with, appointing every one apart to meet him at the *Dog Tavern* in *Drury Lane*, upon a certain Day, a little before Dinner Time, that they might eat a Bit together, and he would then acquaint them with the Secret. Being a well-bred Gentleman, and a Person that behav'd himself, to all he spoke to, with an unsuspected Gravity ; when the Day appointed come, every one was so curious to know the Upshot of the Matter. The Gentleman, against the Time, acquainted the Vintner, who were like to be his Guests, that he might not be surpris'd at so ill-favour'd an Appearance, but pay them that Respect, when they came to ask for him, that might encourage them to tarry. When the Morning came, no sooner was the Hand of *Covent-Garden* Dial upon the Stroak of the Hour prefix'd, but the No-Nose Company began



began to drop in apace, like Scald Heads and Cripples to a Mumper's Feast, asking for Mr. *Crompton*, which was the feigned Name the Gentleman had taken upon him, succeeding one another so thick, with jarring Voices, like the brazen Strings of a crack'd Dulcimore, that the Drawer could scarce shew one up Stairs, before he had another to conduct; the Answer at the Bar being to all that enquir'd, that Mr. *Crompton* had been there, and desir'd every one that ask'd for him would walk up Stairs, and he would wait upon them presently. As the Number encreased, the Surprize grew the greater among all that were present, who stared at one another with such unaccustom'd Bashfulness, and confus'd Odness, as if every Sinner beheld their own Iniquities in the Faces of their Companions. However, seeing the Cloth laid in extraordinary Order, every one was curious, when once enter'd, to attend the Sequel: At length a snorting old Fellow, whose Nose was utterly swallow'd up by his Cheeks, as if his Head had been troubled with an Earthquake, having a little more Impudence than the rest of the Snuffletonians, *Egad*, says he, *if by Chance we should fall together by the Ears, how long might we all fight before we should have bloody Noses?* Adds *flesh*, says another, *now you talk of Noses, I have been looking this half Hour to find one in the Company.* God be praised, says a Third, *tho' we have no Noses, we have every Man a Mouth, and that, by the spreading of the Table, seems at present, to be the most useful Member.* A meer Trick, I dare engage, says a Bridge-fallen Lady, *that is put upon us by some whimsical Gentleman, that loves to make a Jest of other People's Misfortunes.* Let him jest and be damn'd, crys a dub-nouted Bulley, *if he comes but among us, and treats us handsomely.* If he does not, says he, *I'll pull him by the Nose till he wishes himself without one, like the rest of the Company.* Pray, Gentlemen and Ladies, crys an old drowthy Captain of White Fryars, who had forsaken the Pleasures of Whoring for those of Drinking, *don't let us sit and choak at the Fountain Head; and with*

C

that



that they knock'd for the Drawer, and asked him, *If they might not call for Wine, without the Danger of being stopp'd for the Reckoning?* Who answered, *Yes, for what they pleas'd, only the Gentleman desired it might be the Forfeiture of a Quart, if any one should presume to put their Nose in the Glass.* The Proposal was so modest that it was presently agreed to, so all Sorts of Wines were immediately brought them, to whet before Dinner, and sharpen their Wits, that the shoutless Society might be the better Company for the Master of the Feast. No sooner had two or three Glasses apiece gone round the Company, and put the Mercury on float which lay lurking in their Weather-Glasses, but growing a little familiar, there was such a Snuffling among them, that had a Herd of Swine been snorting o'er their Wash, and an *Irish* Harper playing *St. Patrick's Jigg* in the midst of them, it could not, for certain, have punished the Ear with a more ungrateful Jargon.

*Fall'n Palates now, and Bridge-less Noses,  
Eat up by crude Mercurial Doses;  
And Tongues impair'd by Salivations,  
Or half d-vour'd by Ulcerations,  
After each other drank their Glasses,  
And never keek'd or made wry Faces  
As if they all knew very well,  
Which Way their yielding Noses fell;  
Had therefore each the same Protection,  
Against Venereal Infection;  
And valu'd not what pocky Venoms,  
Could tinge the Glass that pass'd between 'em.  
But Noseless Sir, and Snuffling Madam,  
Since all had been alike at Hadem,  
Took Care, 'tis true, to drink all up.  
But thought it Scorn to rinse the Cup.  
So Night-Men, who with Tubs and Pails,  
Carry off the Drippings of our Tails  
With Hands unwash'd, in sultry Weather,  
Will sweat, eat, drink, and sink together.*



THE Dinner being now ready, the Master of the Feast, conducted by the Vintner, walk'd up Stairs to compliment his flat-nos'd Guests with a hearty Welcome, and to return them Thanks that they had done him the Honour to remember their Words, and, according to his Wishes, to grace the Entertainment he had provided for them with so large an Appearance of both Sexes. Upon which a Brandy-fac'd Bully, whose Carbuncle Cheeks, between Pox and *Poculum*, looked as Blood Red as a fresh Stake cut off from a Buttock of Bull Beef, presuming to be wiser than the rest of the Company, undertook to be Spokesman, and returned the following Answer.

Sir, I understand by the unfortunate Sportsmen and Ladies present, that you were equally importunate with every one of us, to meet you here about extraordinary Business that should prove to our Advantage, in Hopes of which, you may *plainly* see, in every ones Face, that we came in such haste, to give our personal Attendance that we left our Noses behind us. Therefore, Sir, though we appear before you without our proper Ornaments, and have steer'd ourselves hither without our Boltsprits, yet we must flatly tell you, that we expect to be respected, since Soldiers full of Scars, and old Abbey Monuments defac'd by Antiquity, are always most venerable. Therefore, if you any ways affront us, we shall toss up our Snouts, and, perhaps, bring yours upon a *Level* with the rest of the Company's; or if you have any Design to draw us into Expence, you will find yourself deceiv'd, for we are not Persons to be *led by the Nose* into such an Inconveniency. We therefore hope, that you mean us well; and if so, then by your own single *Roman* you may lead us any whither: For though ourselves have no Bucklers to guard our Warlike Faces, yet, like Persons who have no Money, we love to follow those that have.



## Of the No-Nose Club.

By Way of Reply to this notable Speech, the Gentleman told them, that though his meager Jaws were unhappily disgrac'd with such an Elephant's Trunk, yet his Father and his Grandfather made nothing of theirs, but kiss'd them away before they came to be Thirty, yet lived so long afterwards, that they followed their Noses out of this World into the next at Forty Years distance: Therefore he had so great a Respect for all Persons under the same Circumstance, that he was only covetous of such an Opportunity as they had given him, to convince them of the Friendship he had for all Flat Faces, and though it so happen'd, that his unnecessary Gristle was still standing, yet he had run fair Hazards of making his Countenance *even* with them; and therefore begg'd Pardon, that he should thrust his Nose into such a Noseless Society, being truly sensible, that nothing was more ridiculous in public Company, than for a Gentleman to be singular,

*One Nose, among such Noseless Guest,  
Was only fit to be a Jest;  
And look'd with its aspiring Bridge,  
But like a House with lofty Ridge.  
Built by some whimsical old Fop,  
Amidst a Street that's flat at Top.*

*A wise Man hem'd about with Fools,  
Must bear the Blockheads Ridicules:  
The modest Dame, with Whores surrounded,  
Must be by Impudence confounded:  
The Female Saint in Querpo Hood,  
Will bait the Lads with high Commode.  
Why then should not one mighty Nose,  
With Patience bear the Scoffs of those,  
Who hate to see a Nose appear,  
Because themselves have none to wear:  
Since he is always made the Jest,  
That is the most unlike the rest?*



THE Dinner being now brought to the Table, and the Scare-Crows seated according to their Seniority, as soon as their Food was sanctify'd with a short Grace, they all fell to Grinding and Snuffing, for want of clear Passages, like fat Aldermen at my Lord-Mayor's Feast, who, when tired with their Journey from *London* to *Westminster*, commonly eat their Custard between sleeping and waking. Among the rest of the Entertainment there happened to be a Couple of fat Pigs, which the Cook, to make a Jest, had merrily sent up with both their Snouts cut off: The Gentleman being offended to see the Pigs Heads so strangely mangled, sent for the Cook up Stairs to know the Reason of it; who answer'd, *He had cut off their Snouts to put the Pigs in the Fashion; for that he thought it not fit for two such swinish Creatures to run their unmannerly Noses into such good Company that had but one amongst them.* A Pox take you, replied an old Snuffier, *for the Son of a Dripping-Pan!* The fewer Noses there are in the Company, the more there ought to be in the Feast, for the Ladies know, that flat Things always love long Snouts.

As soon as they had eaten off the Edge of their Appetites, being all highly pleased with their plentiful Entertainment, the Founder's Health was dish'd about in a Bumper, till they all grew as frolicksome as so many Jugs and Bumkins at a Country House-Warming; and then they began to jest and be merry with one anothers Iniquities, as if their Sins were there Pride, and their Sufferings their Glory, every one being as free of their past Vices and Intrigues, as Gossips o'er their Ale, are of their Husbands Infirmities, that the single-nos'd Gentleman was so delighted with his Guests, that he gave them his Company most Part of the Day, and sat like *Don John* among his gaily Assembly of defac'd Monuments, just started from their Pedestals to take a Dinner with the Libertine. Thus, in Eating, Drinking, and Jestings, they pass'd away their Time, till the Wine and the Mercury, by their united Forces, made them totter about the Room like drunken Boors at a



*Dutch Wedding*: And then the the Founder of the Feast paid the Reckoning generously, bid them heartily Welcome, and invited them that Day Month to such another Entertainment, which kind Hospitality he several Times repeated, and called the Society by the Name of *The No-Nose Club*: But the bountiful Promoter, within less than a Year, happening, in Spite of his Nose, to die in a Salivation, the Flat-fac'd Community were unhappily dissolv'd: The last of their Meeting, at the Request of the Deceased, being to solemnize his Funeral, where every one had a Ring in *Pia Memoria* of their generous Benefactor, whose Remains were honour'd with the following Elegy.

*Mourn all ye No Nos'd Bullies of the Age,  
Whose batter'd Snouts the World's Decay presage,  
And skew, whilst living, how the fairest Face,  
Adorn'd by Nature with each charming Grace,  
Tho' a chaste Stranger to the Joys of Love,  
Must rot when under ground, like yours above;  
And that fair Bridge which in some Form does grow,  
Beneath whose Gristly Arch such Juices flow,  
When dead, like your fall'n Noses e'er you die,  
Must tumble, and in flat Disorder lie.*

*Mourn ev'ry Punk, whose ruin'd Front proclaims,  
How much she's suffer'd by Venereal Flames;  
Who, by her Dents and Scars, deters the Young  
From Love's bewitching Sports, for which they long.*

*Weep all who dare, without a Mask disclose  
A sinking Bridge, or Face without a Nose.  
Let Grief alone your Salvation prove,  
Till flowing Eyes your Malady remove,  
And quite discharge the Pocky Dregs of Love.*

*Mourn for the Loss of such a generous Friend,  
Whose lofty Nose an humble Snout disdain'd,  
But tho' of Roman Height, would stoop so low,  
As to sooth those who ne'er a Nose could show,  
So a kind beauteous Dutchess, once admir'd  
By all that saw her, and by all desir'd,*



To show the gen'rous Humour of her Grace,  
 Maintain'd a Player with a Pancake-Face,  
 As if she had a strong Desire to kiss  
 The Monkey, till her Nose was flat as his.  
 Who then can Crumpton, for his Fancy, blame,  
 Since Birth and Honour once pursu'd the same?

O weep! and flux out your lamenting Eyes,  
 Till flowing Grief each hidden Ulcer dries,  
 And your contagious Tears corrode your Cheeks,  
 As Merc'ry does their Mouths who spit three Weeks:  
 For sure no Noseless Club could ever find,  
 One single Nose so bountiful and kind.  
 But now, alas! he's sunk into the Deep,  
 Where neither Kings, or Slaves, a Nose can keep,  
 But where proud Beauties, strutting Beaus and all,  
 Must soon into the Noseless Fashion fall.  
 Thither your Friend, in Complaisance, is gone,  
 To have his Nose, like yours, reduc'd to none;  
 For Worms to Beauty, do as fatal prove  
 Below, as Pox and Physic do above.



## Of the FARTING Club.

OF all the fantastical Clubs that ever took Pains to make themselves stink in the Nostrils of the Public, sure no ridiculous Community ever came up to this windy Society; which was certainly establish'd by a Parcel of empty Sparks, about Thirty Years since, at a Public House in Cripplegate Parish, where they used to meet once a Week to poison the neighbouring Air with their unsavory Crepitations, and were so vain in their Ambition to out Fart one another, that they used to diet themselves against their Club-Nights with Cabbage, Onions, and Pease-Porridge, that every one's Bumfiddle might be the better qualify'd to sound forth its Emulation. The Stewards, who were chosen once a Quarter,



being the *Auricular* Judges of all Fundamental Disputes that should arise between the Buttocks of the odoriferous Assembly. The Liquors that they drank, in order to tune their Arses, were new Ale and Juniper Water, till every one was swell'd like a blown Bag Pipe, and then they began to Thunder out whole Vollies, like a Regiment of Trainbands in a vigorous Attack upon *Bunhill-Fields* Dunghill, till the Room they sat in stunk ten Times stronger than a Tom-Turd's Lay-stall: Yet, in their windy Eruptions, they had so nice a Regard to Lapet-Cleanliness, that an old Alms-Woman had a better Pension from the Club, than she had from the Parish, to give her constant Attendance in the next Room, and if any Member was suspected of a Brewers Miscarriage, he was presently sent in to be examined by the Matron, who, after searching his Breeches, and narrowly inspecting the hind Lappet of his Shirt, thro' her crack'd Spectacles, made her Report accordingly; if unfoil'd, then a Spank on the Bum was given to the Looby, as a Token of his Cleanliness; but if the nasty Bird had befoul'd his Nest, then, *Beskit upon Honour*, was her return to the Board, and the laxative Offender was amerc'd for his Default. When ever any Health was begun in the Society, it was always honour'd with the windy Compliment of a Gun from the Stern, and drank with as much Formality, as Commmanders push about the Royal Health, on board their wooden Citadels, every Member's Affection to the Person nam'd, being measured by the Strength and Loudness of the stinking Report with which he crown'd his Bumper, Thus whoever wanted a Fart for a Great Man's Health, was enjoyn'd the Pennance of a Brimmer extraordinary; also look'd upon by the whole Company as an unmannerly Fellow. They were all profitable Customers to the Grey-Pea-Woman, who used to double her Quantity upon the Club Night, for the Benefit of the Society, and attend them as constantly as the Dame with her Firmity does the Hospital Gate every *Smithfield* Market, each charging his Guts with the Fartative Pills, by shoveling



shoveling down whole Handfuls, that what went in like Bullets, might come out like Gunpowder. Tho' their Weekly Meeting was held in Honour to the Rump, yet every Club Night they drank the King's Health, and then there was such Trumping about to signalize their Loyalty, that the Victualler was forced to burn Rosemary in his Kitchen, for fear the Expansion of the nauseous Fumes should poison his other Customers: So that though the Society was begun and carried on for some Time with abundance of Secrecy, yet they were soon smelt out, insomuch that the Sound of their Bumfiddles reach'd the Ears of the Neighbourhood, where, in an Alley adjacent, there happened to dwell an arch Fellow, who by long Study and Experience, had acquir'd an admirable Perfection in the new Art of Farting, by clapping his right Hand under his left Arm-pit, where he would gather Wind, and discharge it so surprizingly, that he would give you a Lady's Fart, a Brewer's Fart, a Bumkin's Fart, an old Woman's Slur, or a Maiden Fizzle, &c. so very tunably and natural, that they should entertain the Ears without offending the Nostrils, and provoke Laughter by the Sound, without the Punishment of a Stink: And this windy Operator having heard of the Fame of this expert Concert of Wind Music, made Interest to be admitted into the Trumpeting Society, that he might manifest his Excellence among the cracking Performers, still concealing to himself the Mystery he was Master of, that what he did by Art, might pass for the Works of Nature; and though it was his daily Practice to offer his Farts at Taverns, as Fiddlers at a Fair do their Scrapes and Sonnets, yet he did not care they should know his Calling, for fear they should except against so mercenary a Factor as should make Farts a Commodity. No sooner had they received him into their foisting Assembly, and, according to Custom, welcom'd their new Brother with a thundering Peal of Buttock Ordinance, but, in Respect to the Company, he faces them with his Arse, and returns their Compliment with such a succession of



Trumps, that he gave them more Diversity of Sounds in one cleanly Volley, than their whole Concert of Fundaments were able to imitate ; upon which he was as kindly embrac'd, with all the Marks of Favour, as if they took him to be a God of the Winds, and his Arse to be a Miracle, allowing him at once to be an absolute Master of the Science of *Ventosity*, and respected him as much as a School of young Fencers do the Gladiator that teaches them : Every crepitant Member straining his Backside to come up to the Excellency of their worthy Example, till the old Woman was forc'd to run home for fresh Dishclouts, to wipe away the Dregs of their over-fruitful Endeavours, till at last some of the Members, through their penetrating Judgment, discovering the Fallacy, and finding the croaking Harmony they so much admir'd to be perform'd by Art instead of Nature, in a mighty Passion, they stunk him out of the Society, for an Emperic and a Counterfeit, though, upon humble Submission, they afterwards admitted him into a servile Post, and allow'd him Sixpence a Night to be Musician in Ordinary to their Farting Club.

*Since he who by deceitful Arts,  
With Arms instead of Arse lets Farts,  
Shall be despis'd, because his Fun,  
Can't fairly call the Sound its own.  
Then what must he deserves who steals  
His Wit, and treads on others Heels ?  
Whose busy Tongue makes public Use  
Of what his Brains could ne'er produce.*

Thus the stinking Society continued their Farting Concert for some Years with abundance of Decorum, till they had brought their Arses, by the Help of their Musician, into such excellent Tune, that they could command their Fundaments with as much Dexterity, as the best of the City Waits can a double Curtill ; in-somuch, that when any of the Members were so merrily disposed, as to entertain the rest with a Song or Madrigal,



Madrigal, the whole Choir of Bumfiddles struck into the Chorus, in such admirable Order, that a Stranger might have thought the whole Society had fed upon *Scotch* Bagpipes, and that the Drones had struck in their Arses, not that I can say they made a sweet Harmony, because the Breath of their Instruments came from such rotten Lungs, that every now and then would follow the Sound, In spite of all Retention, In these sort of Windy Recreations, they used to pass away their Club Evenings, till at length they grew so famous through the whole Parish, that their Neighbours and Passengers used to stop under the Window, and lend an Ear to their Arses, as if their Farts had been as musical as a Noise of Trumpets; and the very Boys and Girls in Imitation of their Harmony, went trumping with their Mouths along the Streets to School, till their Masters were forced to whip them till they stunk, to make them leave off Farting. No sooner were they thus arrived to the Zenith of their Glory, insomuch that their Repute began to reach the Ears, if not the Nostrils, of the Public, but some of the leading Members of the Crack-Fart Community, by extravagantly eating of Cabbage-Porridge, to put their Instruments in Tune, flung themselves, some into the Cholic, and others into a Diarrhæa, that several of the best Performers went Farting out of the World, and left nothing to Posterity, but an odious Stink behind them, it being positively asserted, by the Physicians that attended them, that the windy Diets they had eaten to Excess, had begot a Hurricane in their Guts, which had blown the whole Frame of Nature off the Hinges, and for want of a free Discharge through the *Intestinum Rectum*, had extended the *Lacæ* into perfect Organ-Pipes, made Bellows of their Lungs, and puffed up the Vessels into such *Turgent Vesicles*, that had quite stagnated the *Diaſtolic Motion* upon the Arteries, and consequently stopped the Pulsation of the Heart, to the Death of the Patients; and though the Wind found Vent just upon their Expiration, yet Nature was then too far spent to be relieved thereby. This Opinion of the Consult



*Of the Farting Club.*

of Physicians, taking Wind among the surviving Society, who attended several of their Brethren to the Grave, to honour their defunct Members with a Volley of Farts, as the military Heroes discharge a Round of Musquets, at the noble Interment of a Brother Soldier, and finding some Reasons to suspect that the same Food would bring them to the same End, they had the Wit to dissolve their Club, change their Cabbage Diet into substantial Beef, and so tie up their Fundaments by Degrees, from their accustomary Crepitation.

*We read that Tubal Cain first found  
In Cockle-Shells, sweet Musicks Sound;  
And that the rural Nymphs and Swains,  
Tun'd Reeds and Oat Straws on their Plains:  
But sure no mortal Flesh and Blood,  
E'er heard before, since Noah's Flood,  
Of Musick fizzl'd from a Gut,  
Extended to the windy Scut.  
Well may so many Birds excreet  
The Dregs and Fesis of their Wit,  
In beastly Songs, and bawdy Verses,  
Since Men play Tunes upon their Arses.  
E'n let such Heads and Tails unite,  
That one may sing what th'others Write;  
For swelling Rhimes are often found,  
Like nauseous Farts, meer empty Sound.*

*Of the MAN-KILLING Club.*

**I**N the happy Reign of King Charles II. when Peace and Plenty had made the Nation rich, and the People wanton, an agreeable Knot of Town Bullies, broken Lifeguard-Men, and old scarify'd Prize-Fighters, used to hold a Meeting at a blind Alehouse on the Backside of St. Clement's, where they honour'd the Assembly with



with the heroic Title of, *The Man Killing Club*; who, over burnt Brandy and *Yorkshire Stingo*, used to boast their Duels, Rencounters, broken Noddles, Scuffles, Bumb-Bailiff Skirmishes, and midnight Adventures, as if they thought it as much Bravery to hazard a crack'd Crown with a Cannibal of the Law, as it was to sally out of *Tangier* for Three-Pence a Day, to kill *Moors* for their Arse-Clouts. Out of this blustering Society, any angry Gentleman, for a small Gratitude, might have been furnished with a bloody Hand, and a strong Pair of Whiskers, who at a Minutes Warning, would have boldly undertaken any Sort of Villany, though to the Hazard of a Halter, for nothing came amiss to the ruffainly Bravadoes, that the Devil could suggest, or his Agents perpetrate, yet if any body questioned their Religion, or their Loyalty, they were more in danger of loosing their Noses, than by an inveterate Pox, and a subsequent Salivation.

*Bullies like Whores, tho' ne'er so wicked grown,  
Are always loyal to the Church and Crown:  
The Reason's plain, because alike they dread  
Hanging whilst living, Damning when they're dead.  
Therefore in those two Pow'rs they put their Troth,  
To be more safe, in Time of Need, 'twixt both.  
So Bawds speak well of Heav'n, thro' Fear of Hell,  
And cover impious Lives with Virtue's Veil.*

The Reasons why they assumed such a Scare-crow Name, as before-mentioned, where, *First*, Because they admitted of none but such thorow-pac'd Desparadoes, who had each kill'd his Man. And, *Secondly*, That their Club might be terrible to the Sheriffs Mermidons, and frighten them from attempting to put their Parchment Dabs upon the Shoulders of the Society; for whatever they forc'd, was always chalk'd up in a Dooms-Day Character, and all they could borrow, as good as a clear Purchase. Though every Man among them set up for a Gentleman, and would talk as much of Honour as an



an old Whore does of Conscience, or a Court Pimp of Fidelity; yet not a Man had more Honesty in his Breast, than a Plot-Evidence, or more Honesty in his Nature, than the *Czar of Muscovy*. However they were such agreeable Company for one another, that their rugged Features, full of Scars and Scratches, made them look like the rough-hewn Heads of half-finish'd Statues, when the Strokes of the Chissel are left visible in their Faces; or rather, like so many rusty Bombarders, taken out of our Bomb-catches, to project Fire-works for our next Peace, that an indifferent Physiognomist might as easily have read their Destinies in their Looks, as a Child can see great O in the Middle of his Horn-book. Blood, Wounds, and Slaughter, were the common Topics of their blustering Discourses; Drawing, their familiar Exercise, when hot-headed; but as for Hanging, 'twas as erksome a Subject, as the Talk of the Small-Pox is to such Persons who have generally the Misfortune to die of the same Distemper, as if good Providence, by some secret Impulse, gave Nature a foresight of her own Fatality.

*The Mariner is aw'd the most  
By Sands, in which at last he's lost,  
Shovel, that triumph'd o'er the Main,  
Dreaded the Rock that prov'd his Bane,  
Who, therefore, of the wiser Few,  
In Argument, can plainly shew,  
Whether we've Power or not to shun  
Those Shelves, we fear to split upon.*

A Gentleman of Fortune, whose chief Dependance was on the Courtesy of Harlots, and the Folly and Extravagancy of such Bubbles which the blind Gypsie should happen to fling in his Way, having heard of the Fame of his Cut-throat Society, and looking upon himself to be every Way qualify'd for such modest Conversation, he cocks up his Caster one Evening, claps his left Hand upon the Pummil of his Sword, and putting on



on that Impudence that was necessary to recommend him adds the Title of Captain to his own Name, and pays a Visit to the Club, humbly desiring the Favour to be admitted as a Member. In Answer to his Request, one of the Bear-Garden Elders of the hectorian Assembly, told him, *So worthy a Gentleman should be very welcome, provided he was qualify'd according to the Laws of their Society.* So desiring him to sit down, they proceeded to examine him, and asked him, *Whether he had killed his Man? without which Instance of his Bravery, they could not possibly admit him.* The new Candidate being a Gentleman of more Honour than to impose a Falstity upon the Company at first Sight, told them the Truth of the Matter, most modestly replying, *That he could not alledge he had killed a whole Man, but that an honest brave Fellow, and himself together, had killed a Man between them.* To which his Examiner reply'd, *That he then had but Title to one half of the Honour, and therefore could not be enter'd without Breach of Orders.* *Z——s*, says a generous Bully, on the other Side the Table, *it's Pity so worthy a Gentleman should be put out of Countenance, Ye all know I have killed my Man fairly, single Hand, and Captain Pinkum and I killed another between us; and rather than the Gentleman shall be baulk'd, I'll lend him half a Man, and then he may pass Muster without any Exception.* Which kind Offer was thankfully accepted, also allowed on by the Company, and so the Gentleman paying his Initiation Fee, in a Porringer of burnt Brandy, was accordingly admitted, upon a Promise, that he would satisfy the Debts he had contracted in the Club, as soon as ever he was able. Under this strict Discipline the Petticoat Champions continued their Society for several Years, till the Bailiffs catching some, and the Gallows the rest; so that for wanting a fresh Supply to keep up the Reputation of so singular a Society, the Club dwindled, first into Scandal, and next to Nothing.



*The Surly Club.*

*No ancient Sodom or Gomorrah,  
 From whence the Priests such Stories borrow,  
 Or Rome, with all her valiant Sons,  
 Who dealt so much in Blood and Wounds  
 And did so many Quarrels make,  
 As if they Fought for Fighting's Sake,  
 Could ever boast a Club of Ruffians,  
 Like our Man-Killing Raggamuffins :  
 Such Bluffing, Swearing, Daring Knaves,  
 They slew their Men by Wholes and Ha'ves,  
 Proposing little other Gains,  
 Than Goal and Halter for their Pains,  
 The true Desert of all such Fellows,  
 Who hazard Life, to win a Gallows,  
 When distant Armies want their Aid,  
 Where they may barter Blood for Bread;  
 And rise, by Dint of Hurly-Burly,  
 To be as great as Captain Surly.  
 But 'tis true, that Bully Varlets,  
 Who fight at home, for Bawds and Harlots,  
 Prove Cowards, fearful to be kill'd,  
 Where bleeding Troops manure the Field.  
 So cowardly Dunghill-Cocks defy  
 Their Rivals, when their Hens are nigh :  
 But for more nobler Wars unfit ;  
 They fly the Battles of the Pit.*

*The S U R L Y Club.*

**T**HIS wrangling Society was chiefly composed of  
 Master Carmen, Lightermen, old *Billingsgate*  
 Porters, and rusty tun-belly'd Badge Watermen, and  
 kept at a mungril Tavern near *Billingsgate-Dock*, where  
 City Dames used to treat their Journeymen with Sneakers  
 of Punch and new Oysters. The principal Ends  
 that



that the Members propos'd, in this convening themselves together once a Week, were to exercise the Spirit of Contradiction; and to teach and perfect one another in the Art and Mystery of foul Language, that they might not want Impudence to abuse Passengers upon the *Thames*, Gentlemen in the Street, lash their Horses for their own Faults, and curse one another heartily when they happen to meet, and jostle at the Corner of a Street. He that could put on a Countenance like a Boatswain in hard Weather, and growl and snarl like a curst Mastiff over a Bullock's Liver, was a Member fit for the Thwarting Society; and the more direct Answers, or surly impertinent Returns he could make to any Question, the more he was respected for his contradictory Humour, and cross-grain'd Abilities: For if any grumbling Associate was so far corrupted with good Manners, as to make a civil Reply to any thing that was asked him, he was looked upon to be an effeminate Coxcomb, who had suck'd in too much of his Mother's Milk; and for his Affectation of Gentility, was turned out of the Company, for by the Orders of the Society, their whole Evenings Conversation was to consist of nothing but surly Interruptions, and cross Purposes. And when any new Candidate made a Tender of his Service to the Noisy Board, if the Responses that he gave upon his knotty Examination, were not as opposite to their Queries, as the petulant Answers of a provoked Wife, to the whimsical Interrogatories of a drunken Husband, he was rejected, as unworthy of any Post in the contumacious Assembly.

Their Way of drawing new Crabs into their Verjuice Club, was, the Members giving out among their guzzling Acquaintance, that the Society, at present, wanted a Stoker, to attend their Fire; a Skinker, to light Paper to ignify their Pipes; a Chalk-Accountant, to keep a Trencher-Register of the Club Reckoning, to prevent their Landlord's double scoring at the Bar, or the like: Every Office ascertain'd to be worth Twenty Pounds *per Annum*, the least Penny; and that any Man might



might be admitted that could but humour the Society in a surly Deportment, for that they were a true Protestant Club, and hated all manner of Ceremonies as Popish Superstition. By this Means they used to decoy the ruggedst Fellows they could meet with, to offer their Service to the Board, so they have had several Candidates of a Night, to make Interest for the same Vacancy, who were called in, one by one, and thus examined by the Elders of the Community, *viz.* *Do you think yourself qualified to serve this Society, in the Post of a Stoker?* If the loobily Candidate happened to answer, *Yes, Gentlemen.* Get you gone, for a jency ignorant Blockhead. What Fool could recommend such an illiterate Coxcomb to this Honourable Board? No, no, you may turn your Arse upon us, we admit of no Lady's Lap-Dogs into our Service. Thus they presently dispatched all such who were any ways infected with good Manners, and turned them adrift, as Whores do their Maids, for having too much Modesty. But if a rough-hewn Coal-Heaver, or any such like contentious Clodpate, who had been better instructed how to behave himself, came to offer his Service, and when they asked him, whether he was qualified for the Place, if he had the Breeding to answer, What a Pox was that to them; and that he would have the Office in spite of their Teeth, then he was presently approv'd of, with abundance of Applause, and admitted to his Post, *Nemine Contradicente*. And when thus let into the Secret, for the Credit of the Society, would brag of the Profits of his new Employment, though not worth Twopence, to carry on the Jest, and to draw other surly Fools into the like Diappointment. By these Sort of Stratagems they used to hedge in their Cuckows, till at last they grew so numerous, and raised such a publick Stock, by their Forfeitures and Amercements, that they allow'd Pensions to all such Termagant Widows of their defunct Members, as were able, upon Occasion, to scold three Hours by the Clock, without any Hesitation.



Since such wild brutish Herds we see,  
Will have their Acts of Charity;  
And, even Rogues, that dread the Gallows,  
Have Pity on their starving Fellows,  
'Tis strange that those, so far exceeding  
In Riches, Grace, and better Breeding,  
Should be so slack, amidst their Store,  
In Deeds of Mercy to the Poor.

By this Guzzle Booby Society, the Bumping-Post at *Billingsgate* was first erected, to harden the Buttocks of their Members once a Year, that they should never bridle their abusive Tongues, through a cowardly Fear of having their Backsides kick'd for their Ill-manners; but the laudable Custom, of late Years, is so far degenerated from its original Purpose, that now the Block is only made a wooden Bug-bear in the *Whitsun* Holidays, to terrify Passengers out of Full Pots of Ale, and Quarterns of Brandy, that the clod-skull'd Fraternity of Oyster-Porters, who claim the Benefit of this tremendous Stump, may get drunk therewith, and in their quarrelsome Humours, knock one anothers Block-heads against the bump-tail Post, to try which is hardest.

During the flourishing Prosperity of this cavelling Society, the Language of *Billingsgate* was very much improv'd: Nor had it ever been famous for so peculiar a Dialect, had not many spit-fire Aggravations, bawdy Adages, provoking Phrases, quaint Oaths, and thundering Mouth Granadoes, been owing to the Invention of these expert Masters of all Manner of ill Language, who, like Passengers upon the Water, very seldom met, but they made it their Diversion to abuse each other, that their Tongues might be tipp'd with Venom upon all Occasions, like a Courtier of the Law, whose principal Qualification is to bait and blacken an obnoxious Delinquent at the Bar of Justice.

Therefore



*Therefore, since Orators, who wear  
 Their proud Distinctions at the Bar,  
 Will condescend to foul their Mouths,  
 With vile Reproaches and Untruths,  
 To blacken and to lessen such,  
 Who've said, perhaps, a Word too much.  
 Then well may such unthinking Vermin,  
 As Porters, Watermen, and Carmen,  
 Asperse each other with their Tongues,  
 To exercise their baser Lungs.*



### *The ATHEISTICAL Club.*

**T**HIS unbelieving Society of irreligious Profligates, met for several Years at an eminent Tavern in *Westminster*, where, over the Bottle, they used to assert the Devil's Cause, against the Priest's Prerogative; and argue the wide World into so precarious a State, as if the whole Frame of Nature was but one Cake of Atoms, moulded, by meer Accident, into the Form it bears, afterwards hard bak'd in the spacious Oven of Immensity; and that the Heavens were no more than the upper Crust, and Hell the Bottom of the Loaf, such Sort of ridiculous, as well as impious Systems, they used frequently to advance, out of their heathenish Maggots; and rather than give Credit to *Moses's* Book of *Genesis*, they would fancy, that the first Race of Mankind grew upon Trees, like *Solon* Geese, or started up like Mushrooms, thoughtless and forlorn, till, by length of Time, they were improved from *Tomthumb*s into Men of Stature, and so from ignorant *Pigmies* became rational Creatures.

The audacious Members of this unchristian Society, were chiefly whimsical Physicians, half-learn'd Gentlemen, crack-brain'd Philosophers, and conceited Libertines,



times, who having overcharged their Brains, by reading ill Authors, with more than their Judgments were able to digest, unhappily retained the most pernicious Part, which they carefully improv'd to render themselves singular by their heterodox Notions. Government was, so toss'd and coloniz'd among them, as if the venerable Oeconomy was only fit to be made the Rabbles Football, and the Hierarchy worry'd with such unmannerly Contempt, between Jest and Earnest, as if they mistook the Church to be a Monster, and therefore resolved themselves into snarling Whelps to have the Sport of baiting her. Religion they made their Business to banter into Priestcraft, as if every Man's Breast ought to be his holy Tabernacle, himself the Teacher, and his own partial Sentiments the only Gospel by which he was to preach. If the Name of Priest was but started among them, to be sure they joined full Cry after the sacred Function, till they had forced the holy Robe to run the Gantlope through the Company, believing themselves to be infallibly in the Right, because their Club, more impious than *Sodom*, was too wicked to have one Righteous Member in their whole Society to let them know the contrary.

*So have I heard a Knot of Fellows,  
O'er brimming Flagons in an Alehouse  
Accuse the Conduct of the State,  
And rail at Men they're taught to hate;  
But when their Talk has giv'n Offence,  
To Sitters by of better Sense,  
And once they're smartly taken up,  
They eat their Words, and drink their Cup;  
Blush that they nothing have to say,  
When thus oppos'd, but rising pay,  
And sneak, like burnt-tail'd Dogs, away.* }

By these dimsighted Conjurers, whose willful Ignorance would behold nothing beyond the Reach and Measure of their imperfect Senses, many dangerous Principles



were scattered through the Town, to the Disencouragement of Piety, the overthrow of Virtue, and the lessening of Obedience to superior Powers, that all Men might set up to be their own Masters, and cast off the Yoke of lawful Authority, which they deemed Tyranny and degenerate into a State of heathenish Brutality, which they accounted Freedom; that their Lusts and Passions might have a Range unbounded, and themselves have the Honour to be thought the wise Patriots, and the generous Restorers of the People's Liberty, who have always been observed to be most wicked, and consequently most miserable, when their Tedders have been stretch'd to an unreasonable Length, and their Offences countenanc'd by Connivance and Impunity. It is a pretty Comedy, that such a Society, who have not Gratitude enough to own Him that made them, should set themselves up for State Directors, and pious Instructors of Morality and Good Manners, when they never met, but in Contempt of Heaven, they did their Grand Master, the Devil, more Kindness upon Earth than Twice the Number of his Infernal Emisseries.

Among the rest of the Infidels, who had the Honour to make up this Antichristian Society, there was a famous Physician, that, in spite of his Art, was forc'd many Years since, to try the Grand Experiment, who was so thoroughly confirm'd in the Morality of the Soul, that he would frequently say, that he had no more than a Goose, and therefore thought it not worth looking after; but, says a modest Gentleman, in return to the Doctor, had you but half the Brains of a Goose, you'd be of another Opinion, However, the Physician was very eminent in his Profession, and accounted a Man of Wit, and being drinking one Night in his Atheistical Society, a surprizing Storm happened to arise of a sudden, insomuch that the Flashes of Lightening, and Violence of the Thunder, struck a visible Terror upon several of the Company, and put a great Damp to their prophane Merriment. The Storm increasing to an unusual



usual Extremity, a Gentleman in the Company, under a great Astonishment, happened to thus express himself: *Bless us! what's the Meaning it Thunders so excessively? Pll tell you, Sir, crys the Doctor, the Gods Cans are empty, and they are clacking the Lids for more Nectar.* At such Sort of Repartees he had a ready Wit, especially when the Jest would admit of any Prophaneness, which unhappy Talent had infected the whole Society; that to banter Religion, ridicule the Priesthood, and to make a Mock of what was Good and Holy, were their principal Diversions.

A Knot of merry Gentlemen frequenting the same Tavern, and hearing what a prophane Society used to constantly meet in the next Room to them, they laid their Heads together to consult of Ways and Means how to try the Resolutions of these daring Sons of Thunder, by some surprizing Adventure that might give a startling Shock to their Atheistical Infidelity. The better to accomplish their commendable Undertaking, they appointed a Meeting at Posture *Clark's* Tavern, in order to engage him in their intended Project, who being singularly qualify'd for the Design in Hand, and being a Man forward enough in such Sort of Unluckiness, he presently consented to give them his Assistance. When they were thus agreed, a Night was appointed for the Execution of their Frolic: Accordingly at the Time prefix'd they met *Clark* at the Tavern, who brought under his Cloak a Bear's Skin, which he had long kept by him for such Sort of Adventures. When they were in this Readiness, having often heard the Vintner with the Club at the Devil, for bringing a Scandal upon his House, they thought it not improper to make him acquainted with their jocular Contrivance, who was well enough pleased with their Whim in Agitation, and promised to be aiding in all he could, and to give them Notice when it was most convenient for their sham Devil to make his personal Appearance. When they had thus far proceeded, and most of the Libertines, according to Custom, were met together in their Club-Room,



Room, they thought it high Time for Old Nick's Representative to shift off his Humane Apparel, and to lace himself into his diabolical Jacket; which was no sooner done, but the Vintner informed them, that the Club were all very busy in ridiculing Religion, and making a Jest of Damnation, saying, himself would step in and snuff the Candles, that Satan might the better sneak in behind him, upon All fours, and unperceived, put himself in a Corner till he found a seasonable Opportunity of performing what he intended. Accordingly they proceeded with very good Effect, and the Devil possess'd himself of a convenient Post, without Discovery, where he lay Perdue for some Time, till at last one of the hot-headed Members amongst the rest of their Atheistical Discourse, happened to say, that he wondered the Majority of Mankind could be so silly as to believe there were any such Goblins as Ghosts, or Apparitions, since he was well satisfied, that the Devil himself, which the Priests made such a Bustle about, was nothing more than a Poetical Fiction: Upon which Words, the foul Fiend in the Corner made a damnable Yawn, which occasioned the whole Society, in a terrible Surprise, to direct their Eyes towards the Place from whence the Noise was emitted, where they beheld the Bear playing fifty Monkey Tricks, as if he was as mad as a March Hare. *Z———ds*, says one, *there's the Devil indeed, come for some of the Society.* *That's true*, cries the Bear in a tremendous Voice: *Is it so*, cries a Fat Gentleman, *then take a Lean one*: And away he scour'd down Stairs with the rest after him, as if the Devil drove them, leaving only a Scotch Gentleman behind them, who having more Courage than the rest, resolv'd to be further satisfied; upon which the Bear advances, and raising himself upright, claps his two fore Paws upon the upper End of the Table; the Scotchman not caring to sit within his Reach, began to fiddle to a greater Distance, upon which the Bear fills a Bumper of Claret, gives the Scotchman a Nod, and takes it off at a Gulp: *Marry Sir Deel*, crys the Scot,



*ye have a gude Swallow to your Wem.* I always whet before I devour, cries the Bear: With that the Scotchman sidled a little further, not yet satisfy'd whether the Devil was in Jest or Earnest; at length recovering a little more Courage, very civilly cried, *Wol ye smauk a Peep, Sir Deel? Will you be mine,* replies the Devil, in the hoarse Voice of a Boatswain? *Haud a little, Sir Deel,* cries the bonny Scot, *twaw Words to that Bargain:* Upon which the Bear, who had an admirable Knack of metamorphosing his Shapes, put himself, of a sudden, into a terrible Posture, as if he was just going to seize the Scotchman as a Prey; at the Sight of which, away ran *Sawny* headlong down Stairs, as much frightened as the rest.

The Picture of ill Luck having thus dispers'd the Society, whipp'd out two or three Card Matches, which he had brought for that Purpose, and lighting them at a Candle, perfum'd the Room with his infernal Breath, and so return'd to his Company, to make themselves merry with their comical Transaction. The frightened Society were all fled, for Refuge, into the public Kitchen, where, half bereft of their Senses, they stood staring at one another as if they were gallied. The Doctor not happening that Night to come so early as was usual, lost his Share of the Devil's Entertainment; but stepping in with another Gentleman, just as the Frisk was over, being told at the Bar what a sad Confusion the whole Society had been put in by a strange Apparition, was conducted into the Kitchen to the rest of his Associates, where he found them gazing in such a frantic Consternation, that he cried, *Z——s, Gentlemen, has one poor Devil frightened ye all out of your Wits? By my Saul,* Doctor, replies the Scotch Gentleman, *had your sen been there, by Chris and St. Andrew, I believe the fa-w Fiend wud have tain you with him a Pickpack; for, by my Saul, if I had not run for't, I had been but a Morsel with him.* *Prithee, Frank,* says the Doctor to the Gentleman that came in with him, *let you and I step up, and try if we can have a Sight of this terrible Hobgoblin.* The Gentleman

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ageeing,



agreeing, up Stairs they went, where finding a damnable Stink of Sulphur, and seeing every Thing in Disorder, they did not care for staying, but return'd presently. *Did you see the Devil?* cries their frighted Companions. *Not I,* replies the Doctor, *but I believe he has been there, for he has left a damn'd Stink of Fire and Brimstone behind him.* So, all the whole Company being strangely surpriz'd, they just sat long enough to recover their Senses, and so dissolv'd their Club, and never met afterwards; most of them conforming, from that Time, to a sober Christian Life, believing that the Devil, by divine Mercy, was really let loose from his infernal Chains, on Purpose to worry them out of those Atheistical Mazes, in which they had been bewilder'd; so that what was intended for the Diversion of the one Company, prov'd the Reformation of the other.

*Thus Libertines, to Vice resign'd,  
Avers'd to be by Laws confin'd,  
Disdaining Virtue's sober Rules,  
Are only fit to govern Fools,  
When met together in a Body,  
Each strives to be the greatest Noddy,  
And to excel his impious Brother,  
In some new Wickedness or other;  
Because he fears to be their Jest,  
If more a Coward than the rest.*

*So silly Children met to sport,  
Will wade and trample thro' the Dirt,  
And spite of Parents angry Threats,  
Will follow their unlucky Mates;  
Lest counted Dastards at their Play,  
By those who lead the Miry Way.*

*Yet Athiests, though, when o'er their Wine,  
They laugh and scoff at Things divine,  
And fear no Punishment of Evil,  
Because he never saw the Devil;*



## *The Club of Ugly-Faces.*

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*Scarce one durst tarry in a Room  
That's dark, for fear the Fiend shou'd come :  
Or cross a Church-yard in the Night,  
Lest met by some infernal Sprite :  
Which plainly shews they've not the Heart,  
To stand by what they dare assert.*

*So cow'rdly Bullies boast and rattle,  
As if they fear'd no bloody Battle ;  
But skulk like Dastards, and are shy  
Of facing Dangers they defy,  
Because they find they are not nigh.*

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\* \* \* \* \*

## *The Club of UGLY-FACES.*

A Certain Usurer, nam'd *Hatchet*, from whose singular Aspect is deriv'd that common Saying, so oft apply'd to any homely Person, *viz.* That he is a *Hatchet-fac'd* Fellow, being a Man who always lugg'd about with him at least two Pounds of Nose, beset as thick with magnificent Rubies, as the Gills of a Turkey-Cock going to Battle in the Height of his Jealousy, insomuch that most of his Phiz lay skreen'd beneath the Umbrage of that prolific Member, whose stupendious Magnitude was so very astonishing, that a Butcher's arch Boy, with a Tray of Beef upon his Shoulder, meeting with his Nose-ship in *Newgate-street*, made a full Stop just before him, crying, *Pray, Sir, put by your Snout a little, that my Buttock of Beef, and your fiery Nose, may pass by without Jostling.* A good Boy, replies *Hatchet* ; and to humour the Jest, put his Trunk by accordingly. *Thank you, Master,* says the Lad, *for your Civility ; but well may Stakes be Six-pence a Pound, since you wear as many upon your Nose, as a Butcher can well cut off the Rump, or Ach-bone of a good Bullock.* Many such Sort of Rubs his unmerciful Bolt-sprit us'd to meet with in the Street ; for nobody could



pass by such a Mountain of a Nose, without thinking, or saying something extraordinary upon so flaming a Subject. Thus finding himself a Jest among most People, who were not distinguishable by some Disproportion or other as remarkable as his own, it occasioned him to be inclinable to such Sort of Company, whose ill compos'd Countenances, in case they jested with his Nose, might give him an equal Opportunity of returning their Jokes, that he might make himself as merry with his Companions Infirmities, as they could be in bantering the mighty Buckler of his hard-favour'd Frontispiece: Upon this Account he had chosen in his Neighbourhood three or four Scare-crow Visages, that were scarce to be paralleled in any Parish but his own; and these, in an Evening, when his Cloak and his Tallies were laid by, he commonly selected as his principal Associates, who admitting by Degrees an additional Number of uncooth-look'd Mortals into their cloudy-featur'd Company, at length grew so numerous, that they thought fit to resolve themselves into a regular Society, which was soon after stigmatiz'd by one of their own unlucky Members, and call'd, *The Club of Ugly-Faces*; because the Majority of the Company, especially those who had been *Hatchet's* Chronies, were scarce any of them handsome enough for a Painter to draw a Devil by. To answer the Tallyman's superabounding Snout, a second had a Chin as long as a grave Patriarchal Beard, and in Shape like a Shoeing-horn. A third, disfigured with a Mouth like a Gallon-Pot, when both sides are squeezed near close together. A fourth, with a Nose like the Pummel of an Andiron, and as full of Warts as the Beak of a Cropper Pidgeon. A fifth, with Eyes like a Tumbler, one bigger than the other. A sixth, with a Pair of Convex Cheeks, as if, like *Æolus*, the God of the Winds, he had stopped his Breath for a Time, to be the better able to discharge a Hurricane. A seventh, with as many Wens and Warts upon his Forehead as there are Knots and Prickles upon an old Thornback. An eighth, with a Pair of skinny Jaws that wrap'd over

in



in Folds, like the Top of an old Boot, or the Hide of a Rhinoceros. A Ninth, with a Tush strutting beyond his Lips, as if he had been begot by a Man-Tyger. A Tenth, with a Hair Lip, that had drawn his Mouth into as many Corners as a Minc'd Pye, made up by the huffy Wife of a formal Mathematician. The Eleventh, with a huge lauderdale Head, as big in Circumference as the Golden Ball under St. Paul's Cross, and a Face so fiery, that the ruddy Front of the orbicular Lump, which stood so elevated upon his lofty Shoulders, made it look like the flaming Urn on the Top of the Monument. A Twelfth, with a Countenance as if his Parents when he was young, had clapp'd his Chin upon an Anvil, and gave him a Knock upon the Crown with a Smith's Sledge, that had shortened his Phiz, and struk all his Features out of their proper Places; with many other such comical, clownish, furly, antick, moody, booby Faces, that the wooden Gravers, who cut the Prints for the frightful Heads upon Stone Bottles, and the Carvers, who used to notch out preposterous Cherubs upon Base-Viols, and stern whiskers upon Barber's Blocks, were often introduced upon their Club-Nights, by some Interest or other, on Purpose to oblige their Fancy with new Originals, that each might sell their Commodities, for the Singularity of the Faces with which they had adorn'd them.

*Since British Ladies, skill'd in Features,  
Admire Dutch Dogs for handsome Creatures;  
And Men oft leave their beauteous Spouses,  
For nauseous Punks, and dowdy Blouses:  
Why not great Fiddles please your Maids,  
For wearing strange prepost'rous Heads?  
Or Barber's Block be priz'd for having  
A Phiz to humour Fools while shaving?  
For aukward Things effect the Eyes  
The most, by giving new Surprise.*



*That makes so many handsome Lasses,  
 Choose empty Beaus with ugly Faces,  
 As some do Apes for old Grimaces.*

Thus every one wearing something as remarkable in his Countenance, as if Nature had design'd them as so many Foils to set off the Beauty of her more perfect Work. They seldom distinguished one another by their Names, but generally saluted each other, when they drank round, after the following Manner, viz. Here Nose, my Service to you; thank you Chin. Here's to you Blabber-Lip; Your Servant Mr. Squint. My Love to you Neighbour Goggle; I am yours, Neighbour All-mouth. Here's to w'rds you, Brother Thinjaws; I'll pledge you, Brother Plump-cheeks. In this Sort of Dialect they us'd to put about the Cup till they had made themselves merry; and then like a Parcel of dowdy Strumpets quarrelling in an Alley, they would vie Beauty. and upbraid each other with their several Infirmities, thus guzzle down Malt Dregs till every one had his Belly full, and then reel'd home to their Hatchet-fac'd Spouses, and by mutual Drudgery, hammer out Ugly Faces for the next Generation.

*Should true Proportion ev'ry Mortal grace,  
 And Semetry be seen in ev'ry Face:  
 Beauty no longer would be thought divine,  
 Nor would its Charms with half the Lustre shine:  
 No courtly Dame a killing Look could boast,  
 If once the Foils of Homeliness were lost.  
 The dusky Sky sets off the Silver Moon,  
 And neighbouring Clouds adds Blushes to the Sun:  
 So Ugly Faces make the Fair seem bright,  
 And give them Pow'r to humane Love excite,  
 As Darknes makes the Persians worship Light.  
 Therefore 'tis fit the Blare or Goggle Ey'd,  
 Should get his Likeness on his Shipton Bride,  
 And that the mighty Nose, enrich'd with Wines,  
 Which, like a glowing Lump of Coral shines,*

*Should*



*Should on some drunken Bride's pimpenet Face,  
For the next Age beget a monst'rous Race;  
That Beauty, when with homely Looks compar'd,  
May be for ever honour'd with Regard,  
And when she grants what Man with Joy receives,  
Be doubly blest for those Delights she gives.*

*But should one Level run thro' human Race,  
And neither Sex could shew a homely Face,  
Beauty would lose its Power, Love decline,  
No distant Spare for Wife or Mistress pine,  
Or make a Diff'rence 'twixt his own or mine.*

*Therefore let Ugly-Faces still unite,  
And get their Likeness, not in Love, but Spite,  
That ev'ry Slave may have his homely Mate,  
Whilst Beauty crowns the Actions of the Great.*



The SPLIT-FARTHING Club.

**T**HIS parsimonious Society of Canary-bibing Citizens, held their Weekly Meeting at the *Old Queen's Head* in *Bishopsgate-street*; their thrifty Junctio being chiefly compos'd of such penurious Misers, that seldom drank Wine but on their Club-Nights, and then it was to consult how to improve their Riches, by the Punishment of their Guts, and to become, in Time, Lord Mayors and Aldermen, by pinching large Estates out of the Cupboards of their Families. The famous *Sir John Pickplumb*, of ever-cursed Memory; the eminent *Dr. Hook*, of *Gotham College*; *Buggeranto Covert*, that died in his own Dung, and left his Wealth to his Catamite, were the principal Members of this Money-loving Club, and several worthy Followers of their generous Examples, now living, were the rest of the Society, who enter'd themselves purely to be instructed in the Arts of Philargiry and good Husbandry. The Dearness of Bread-Corn; the Extravagance of their Children; the Waste



and Prodigality of their half-starv'd Servants; the profitable buying in of Six-shilling Beer, stale Bread, and Wheel-barrow Cheese, were the chief Topicks of their Save-Penny Discourses; and how to subsist a large Family at little Cost, and to dine themselves lusciously for Two-pence Half-penny a Head, were the most useful Projects that were advanced among them. Hot Grey-Pease, or bak'd Ox-Cheek, were commonly their Supper Meats: Nor could any hungry Member call for Farthing-worth of the one, or a Penny-worth of the other, till it was first put to the Vote, and carried by the Majority, unless he would pay for it out of his own Pocket, and that was looked upon by the rest to be great Extravagance: For the healthful Conformity to one Meal a Day, and that eaten with abundance of Moderation, was a standing Rule among the thin-jaw'd Fraternity, and who ever exceeded that abstemious Precept without assigning a substantial Reason for so doing, was condemned for his Voracity, and predicted to die a Beggar, for so expensively humouring his unreasonable Appetite. If any Smoaker among them left his Box behind him, and wanted to borrow a Pipe of Tobacco of a Brother, it would not be lent without a Note of his Hand, which was commonly written round the Bowl of a broken Tobacco Pipe, to prevent the Waste of Paper, and always made payable the next Club Night, with ten Corns Interest. One would be querying, which was the greatest Charity, in a Death bed Penitent, to discharge Twenty poor Debtors out of *Ludgate Prison*; to leave Five Hundred Pounds to the *Blue Coat Hospital*; to build an Alms-house for decay'd Widows, or a School for indigent Orphans. A second would be asking the Opinion of the Company, which was the best Place for a charitable Foundation, *Bunhill-Fields Lay-stall*, or *Whitechapel Dunghill*. A third would be for erecting a new Workhouse, that the Poor might not fall into a Habit of Laziness for want of hard Labour. A fourth would be projecting a new House of Correction, that Beggars might be whipped out of their



Rags and Lice, and forc'd to card Wool, and knock Hemp for Sheeps-head Porridge, and clean Linnen of a Groat a Yard. A fifth, would be laying down a Computation of the Charge, to turn *Gresham* College into a public Nursery, for the pious Education of fatherless Brats, and poor Foundlings ; though not a wretched Soul in the whole Company had Liberality enough to give Six-pence to relieve the Wants of a necessitous Relation.

*Thus talk as if they meant to be  
Profuse in Works of Charity,  
And that the Poor should be befriended,  
By pious Gifts they ne'er intended ;  
For if one Bag of drossy Wealth,  
Wou'd bribe off Death, and purchase Health,  
They'd rather hazard Life and Soul,  
To keep Possession of the Whole,  
To the last Hour, than give a Part,  
For th' needful Help of Men of Art.*

*What Wretches therefore can comply  
To give the Poor, what they deny  
Themselves, in such Extremity?*

Once a Quarter they had a Miser's Feast ; but, to save Charges, they us'd to beg their Venison of some great Man, cheat the Keeper of his Fees, make their Country Tenants send them Fowls and Bacon, and engage the Master of the House to give them the Dressing, that they might stuff their Guts at no other Expence than of Bread and Wine ; and go home afterwards without cursing their Mouths for imposing upon their Pockets. Backward Tenants and high Taxes were the greatest of their Grievances ; but good Security and large Interest were the beloved Quarries, that the avaritious Hawks were always ready to fly at : Extravagancy they accounted the very Sin against the Holy Ghost, and nothing was approv'd a more commendable



Virtue than excessive Covetousness : A News-paper Entertainment, and a sober Dish of Coffee, were thought a liberal Treat for a punctual Debtor, upon the Payment of a Sum, tho' with unreasonable Extortion ; and, *How d'ye, Cousin ? I am glad to see you,* was the utmost Hospitality that ever was found in their Houses by a poor Relation. One would highly commend the Frugality of the Man that built him a new Barn out of the Scrapings of his Cheese. Another would applaud the good Husbandry of the Farmer, who never wore any other Clothes than what was made of the Wool that he pick'd off the Hedges. A third would extol the Prudence of the Citizen, who kept a Load of Faggots in his House, to warm his Servants in cold Weather, by handing them up Steirs and down, between the Garret and the Cellar. One would be wrapp'd up in an old Kersey Coat, made seven Years before, by some old purblind Botcher, to prevent the terrible Surprise of Canvas, Stay-tape and Buckram, those abominable Articles of a Taylor's Bill. Another with a party-colour'd Wig on, fifty times more scandalous than a *Welch Attorney's*, which is commonly made of a disagreeable Mixture, of Goats Beards, Cows Tails, Horses Manes, with a small Addition of his Wife's Hair, and perhaps his Daughter's. A third with a patch'd Coat on, that had been first made by some of his Ancestors, and worn down to the third or fourth Generation, till Age had given it such a greasy Gloss, that a Louse could not crawl up the polish'd Camblet, without endangering his Neck for want of sure footing. A fourth, with his Noddle cover'd with an old flapping *Oliverian* Caster, that has cost him near as much in new Vamping, at Two-pence a time, as would have capp'd a Regiment, yet could not frame a Heart to part with so much Money at once, as would buy a new one, for fear he should pine himself afterwards into a Fit of Sickness, or punish his Intestines with the Twisting of the Guts, by starving his Body to fetch the Sum up again. A fifth, distinguished as a Gentlemen, by a little rusty old Rapier, that



that might be guess'd, by its Antiquity, to have been kept in the Family, as a Badge of Honour, ever since the Time of *Robin Hood*, or the Blind Beggar of *Bethnal-Green*. A sixth, with his Spindle-shanks, in a Pair of coarse Yarn Stockings, almost darn'd as much as the good Huffle's Hose in the Library at *Oxford*, which has not enough left of the first Knitting to shew its original Contexture. A seventh, with a Pair of pink'd Shoes on, for the Ease of his Corns, that look'd as if they had been as often at the Cobler's, as ever the Owner had been at Church or Coffee-house. Thus every one was so singular, in some or other of their Habiliments, that their covetous Dispositions were as visible in their Dresses, as in their meagre Countenances, who made up such a starv'd Society of poor macerated Mortals, that had they all to have been opened, it would certainly have puzzled a good Anatomist to have found one Ounce of Fat among the whole carrionly Assembly: For all that their lean Carcasses were capable of performing, were just to live and move, and the principal Satisfaction they enjoy'd in their Minds, were to be rich and covetous. For though once a Week they were so far inspired with the Spirit of Generosity, as each to lavish an extravagant Six-pence in such a Bug-bear Place as a spendthrift Tavern, yet they fumbled out the Trifle with such a miserly Regret, as if they curs'd their Guts for depriving their Pockets, tho' of so niggardly an Allowance. If there happen'd to be an odd Penny in the Reckoning, above their usual Club, for Grey Pease, or any other Extraordinary, rather than any Four would lay down their Farthings, and let the rest go Scot-free, a Farthing a Head was collected round the Company, and the Overplus laid out in Writing-paper, which *Dr. Hook*, the Mathematician, most equally divided, by Scale and Compass, among the whole Society, that to keep the Ballance of Equity in a true Poise, every one might have a Slip according to his Proportion; for which exact Method



in the Distribution of Justice, they were honour'd with the Title of, *The Split-Farthing Club.*

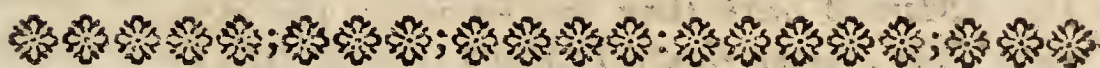
*Tho' Money is the Root of Evil,  
And leads so many to the Devil,  
Who do what's infamous to get it,  
And rend whole Kingdoms to come at it ;  
Yet when by Fortune they have gain'd  
More Wealth than they know how to spend,  
'Tis strange they still shou'd rob the Spittle,  
To heap up what they use so little :  
But yet we see that cursed Itch  
Of growing so profusely Rich,  
Infects the most of human Race,  
And makes the greater Number base :  
The Lord, the Trader, and the Peasant,  
Are all corrupted with a Spice on't :  
The very Priests that rail at Gold,  
And those that lend for double Fold,  
Cannot forbear to hug the Darling,  
But hoard it with its Brother Sterling,  
Pursue, improve it, and adore it,  
Nay, even preach against it for it.*

*So the pert Damsel, fair of Feature,  
To cover her Intrigues the better,  
Will rail at Strumpets, when she knows  
That she herself is one of those.*

*Therefore since all are Money-Lovers,  
From Heroes down to Smithfield Drovers,  
And most turn Knaves, when once they see  
A gainful Opportunity ;  
Why should the Miser be so blam'd,  
And for his large Extortion damn'd,  
Since all Men who have rais'd their Fortune,  
By subtle Frauds behind the Curtain,  
When once they're Rich, they grow morose,  
Proud, cruel, base, and covetous ?*



*So Statesmen that surround a Throne,  
When once to Rich and Wealthy grown,  
The greater Pow'r they still possess,  
The more they injure and oppress;  
Which plainly shews, that all Men wou'd  
Be haughty Tyrants if they cou'd.*



*The Club of Broken SHOPKEEPERS.*

**T**HIS unfortunate Society is now held at the Sign of *Tumble-down-Dick*, a famous Boosing Ken, within the dirty Confines of that pious Sanctuary call'd *The Mint*, where Knaves, Sots, and Fools, as well as such unhappy Bankrupts who deserve Pity, find a safe Retirement from the Revenge and Malice of their unmerciful Creditors; and whither many fly (like Fish, out of the Frying-pan into the Fire) from lesser Troubles into greater Miseries, and are soon taught to lavish away their small Remains in smoaky Holes and lewd Company, till many who are skill'd in Business, and have liv'd comfortably, and might still be happy, would they take right Measures whilst they have something in their Power, are deluded into a ruinous Extravagance, that renders them, in a little time, fit only to nibble upon a Brown-George in some foreign Garrison, and for a Groat a Day, to stand the Shock of Cannon-ball and Musket-bullet.

When the guzzling Society aforementioned, are met in a Body, at their smoaky Rendezvous, their chief Business is to wash away all Sense of their present Misfortunes, to damn their Creditors, drink Confusion to Bailiffs, and to excuse their own Misconduct, by charging their Ruin upon the Extravagancy of their Wives, the Infidelity of their Servants, the Injustice of their Relations, or the Hardships put upon them by the



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the fraudulent Contrivances of those they have dealt with ; but not a Word of their own Negligence, of their expensive Pleasures, of their Tavern Revels, or their profuse keeping both Whores and Horses ; their Gaming, Racing, Sotting, high Living, Spending and Lending ; these are all buried in Oblivion, or craftily conceal'd from their Brethren in Affliction, that they may move one another to a mutual Compassion, by the fictitious Severities which they pretend to have met with, from such Persons whom they have justly provok'd, by their own Follies and Knaveries, to become their Enemies.

*So wanton Wives that prove unjust,  
To satiate their unbridled Lust,  
Find always something to excuse  
The shameful Liberties they use ;  
And on their Spouse's Failings charge  
The Reasons why they love at large :  
Thus do their Husbands double Wrong,  
Not only with the Tail, but Tongue ;  
And to extenuate their Shame,  
Make those they injure bear the Blame.*

Among this promiscuous Assembly of broken Extravagants, one slovenly Sot should sit puffing at the Board, in his Woollen Night-cap, so disguis'd with Dirt, and his Hands and Face so grim'd with Nastiness, that he look'd like the Cook of a *Newcastle* Collier, just stepp'd on Shore to enter an Action against the Master for his Wages. A second, in his slip Shoes, and ungarter'd Stockings, like a Journeyman Tayler jump'd off the Shop-board for a Half-penny Roll and a Pint of Two-penny Stichback. A third, with a Carrotty Wig matted into Elf-locks, like the Mane of a Grass Horse ridden by the Night Mare, and all to save the Trouble of combing the entangled Scare-crow once in a Week, through his Aversion to Cleanliness, or that for seven Years he had made the sweaty Mop do him the Service  
of



of a Night-cap. A fourth, with his own natural Rats-tails hanging by the Sides of his Cheeks, twisted into greasy Ropes, that divided about his Ears like a tag'd Knot upon a Footman's Shoulder. A fifth, with a Belly like a Church-warden of *St. Giles's* Parish, and a Pair of pouting Cheeks, puff'd up with swallowing full of *Winchesters* at a Draught, till they were grown as unsizeable as the swanking Buttocks of a *Wapping* Hostess. A sixth, without a Neckcloth, to shew the unbotton'd Collar of a dirty Shirt, that was as black and as sweaty, as if the Beast that wore it had taken an Oath of Abjuration against Soap and Water. A seventh, with blood-shot Eyes, and a fottish Countenance, whose fadden Face look'd as if it had been stew'd in hot Ale, or coddled in burnt Brandy. An eighth, secur'd up in an old Frieze Coat, whose Buttons had slipp'd Shell by long Thumbing, and his Noddle cover'd with a notch'd Hat, like a Butcher's Slaughter-Man's running Post to the Bear-Garden. A ninth, with a Vulturian Phiz, like a *Newgate* Solicitor's, adorn'd with powder'd Carrots, that look'd as if they were Part of the Hangman's Fees the foregoing Sessions, much honour'd by the rest, for his pretended Knowledge in Law Quirks and Quiddities. A tenth, who had Grace enough to work for his Living, and to keep his Family from the Parish, with his Hands and Face as white as a Plaisterer's, being just stepp'd to a Game at All-fours from his pasting of Band-boxes. Thus mix'd together, they us'd to sit over their Cards and their Liquor, drinking, rattling and swearing, like a Crew of Buccaniers between Decks, gaming in fair Weather.

Whenever a fresh Bankrupt, with the Remains of his Stock, happens, by the Wheel of ill Fortune, to be toss'd into their Territories, he is as heartily welcome into the Avery of Cormorants, as a brawny cast-away *Dutch* Skipper, that swims ashore upon a Wreck, is to a hungry Crew of *Florida* Canibals; for every old Stander, as long as their new Brother can command a Groat, will stick as close to him as a Horse-leech, till they



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they have suck'd him into a Level with their own Circumstances ; and by that Time he'll have learnt to be as sharp as themselves, when his Five Shillings in the Pound is reduc'd to less than a Penny in the Hundred. When they were thus met, as soon as their crazy Noddles were a little warm'd by the narcotick Fumes of nasty Sot-weed, stinking Malt Spirits, and large Drop-fical Go-downs of mild and stale, a broken Victualler would begin to rave against the Rogue his Brother, for cheating him in bad Drink, and worse Measure. A crack'd Coffee-Man would be cursing his lascivious Wife, and swearing that she ruin'd him by treating her Sparks with Nectar and Ambrosia, Usquebaugh, and Dr. *Stevens's* Water. A half-witted Vintner, who was a good Servant, but a bad Master, would be damning his Wine-Merchant, for first putting him into an House, where he had buried all that he had sav'd in the Time of his Service, and then for throwing him out of it, to Lett it to another for a better Advantage. A Lady's Taylor would be railing against his Mercer, and confounding of Quality ; the first for seizing all with an Execution, and the latter, for their low Curtesies, large Promises, good Words, but bad Payments. A *Leaden-Hall* Butcher would be bitching his Wife, for not only opening her Placket, but her Pocket Apron to his Rogue of a Journeyman, and expensively treating the young strong-back'd Rascal at the *Ship-Tavern*, whilst himself was entering his Puppy at the *Bear-Garden*. A broken Goldsmith would be spitting his Venom at *Mercer's-Chapel*, and swearing that the Bank was a worse Grievance than the Multitude of Lawyers, or a Standing Army. A giddy young Draper would be railing at the Playhouse ; speaking bitter Words against mask'd Ladies ; and biting his Thumb-Nails, would sit damning the Dice, as bad as a young Whore does the Society of Reformation. A rattle-headed Baker, no more mealy-mouth'd than the rest of the Society, to shew the Cruftiness of his Temper, would throw out whole Batches of hard-bak'd Words against my Lord Mayor's Officers,



Officers, for taking away light Bread, and carrying it home to their own Houses; instead of sending it to *Ludgate Prison* or the *Compters*. A decay'd Merchant would be muttering at the Fury of the raging Seas and tempestuous Winds; and damning the Custom House Officers, as a Pack of Rogues, for seizing run Goods, that would otherwise have come in the Nick of Time to a rare Market. An aviritious Brewer, who had undone himself by Concealments, would affirm, that the Officers belonging to the Excise, were as bad Rogues as Informing Constables; that the Commissioners were worse Tyrants than the *French King*; and that the whole Office was a more intolerable Grievance than the *Spanish Inquisition*. An unfortunate Bookseller, who had unhappily been crush'd between bad Plays and worse Sermons, would, with great Warmth, sit venting his Spleen against modern Authors, and flinging out as many Invectives against *Harry Hills*, and the rest of the Pirates as if they had given him Cause to think them worse Rogues than those that were hang'd last Sessions. A litigious Tallyman, undone by trusting Whores, employing Bailiffs, and seeing Attornies, would sit raving so profusely against the Law and the Lawyers, as if he thought *Westminster-Hall* a more fatal Lottery than the *Royal Oak*. Others more merry under the Hand of Affliction, would be making a Jest of their several Misfortunes, as if, like *Diogenes*, they had learnt to despise all that was truly comfortable, and to place the Happiness of human Life in Rags, Poverty, and Nastiness, Thus would they sit, some raving, some muttering, some laughing, and others gaming, till very drunk and drowsy, and then they would reel home to their dirty Rooms, sheetless Beds, and spaul'd Garrets, to feed the Fleas, as well as worse Vermin, till the next Morning, without Scratching. But as soon as they awake, they are ferreted up from their Flock Beds of little Ease, that those who have Money may return to the Alehouse for warm Purl, and those that have none, either sponge upon



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upon the rest, or undergo the Pennance of a Day's Work to provide against To-morrow.

*Who would not rather chuse to serve  
His Country, than to live and starve,  
Confin'd to such an odious Place,  
Where nothing prospers but Disgrace?  
If Dirt, and want of Liberty,  
Bad Liquor, and worse Company,  
A sorry, base, unactive Life,  
The Taunts of each proud Tapster's Wife,  
Damn'd stinking Air, and miry Streets,  
Buggs, lousy Rags, and nasty Sheets,  
Are Comforts that can ease the Weight  
Of those that prove Unfortunate,  
Then well might Debtors fly the Teaze  
Of Business, to enjoy thsir Ease:  
And fond of such a happy Place,  
There sit and dream away their Days:  
But since they're sure to meet the Curse  
Of making their Misfortunes worse,  
By spending first their small Remains,  
Then starving thro' Neglect of Pains,  
'Till by an idle Habit made  
Unfit for Labour or for Trade,  
Designing, treacherous, and unjust,  
Too knavish for the World to trust;  
Fit only to frequent an Alehouse,  
Or do Things worthy of a Gallows;  
By Foes despis'd, by Friends forsaken,  
In Dread of being surpriz'd and taken,  
That a close starving Gaol may be  
The End of all their Misery.  
Who then, that is not quite bereft  
Of Sense, and to his Follies left,  
When once he finds himself decline,  
Would not his whole Remains resign  
To those of whom he owes the same,  
And so preserve an honest Name,*

*Much*



*Much rather than by Night to carry,  
His Goods to such a Sanctuary,  
And then o'er Ale in Clouds of Smoak,  
Blown from their Pipes of Oronoke,  
Sot away idly what they ought  
To pay, and not conceal a Groat?  
But those who once have run astray,  
Still chuse some strange unlucky Way,  
That leads on to their Undoing,  
As if predestin'd to their Ruin.*



*The MAN-HUNTERS Club.*

A Parcel of wild young Rakes, whose principal Education had been in *Chancery-Lane*, among those virtuous Academies the sober Offices of the Law and Equity, frequenting a Tavern near the Tennis-Court Playhouse, on the back of *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, at length settled a Club there, that they might every Evening, project new Extravagancies to exercise the ungovernable Fury of their uncultivated Youth. Among the rest of their wild Maggots, and whimsical Contrivances, that they put in Practice, to entertain the Brutality of unpolish'd Nature, they had formed a new Sort of Pastime, which was Hunting of Men over *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, that they should happen to meet crossing at Ten or Eleven o'Clock at Night; so that about those Hours two or three Couple of the Hair-brain'd Puppies us'd frequently to be commanded out by the Chair-Man, (to which honourable Post the first Comer was entitled) who were to beat about for Game, and to report, upon their Return, what Sport they had met with, for the Diversion of the Company. When the mischievous Fools had thus shaken off their Humanity, and taken upon them the bestial Imitation of Hounds, Wolves, and Tygers, they would lie Perdue upon the Grass in  
one



one of the Borders of the Fields, till they heard some single Person treading along the Path-way, then up they would all start with their Swords drawn, and running furiously towards him, would cry aloud, *That's he: Bloody-wounds, that's he.* Upon which, away would run the Person, whether Gentle or Simple, as if the Devil drove him, with the Pack of two-leg'd Whelps making such a Noise at his Heels, that the persecuted Mortal, to escape the Fury of his Followers, would spur on Nature, with his Fear, to such a violent Speed, that, with over-straining, the poor hunted Run-away, especially if a Coward, generally dropp'd something in his Breeches, that made him stink as strong as either Fox or Pole-cat. Thus they scour'd him along like a Buck in a Faddy Course, till he had taken Sanctuary in some of the adjacent Streets, where he would run commonly into an Alehouse, half dead with Fear, to recover Breath, and to mundify his Breeches, and there amuse them with such a terrible Story, as if he had not only run, but fought the Gantlope through a Regiment of Ruffians, and bravely defended himself, by his Hands as well as Heels, from a Gang of Rogues, or a drunken Company of Madmen. If they happen'd to bolt upon a sturdy Gentleman, that would rather chuse to die in the Bed of Honour, than to owe his Safety to a nimble Pair of Heels, the Cowards would sheer off; cry that they were all mistaken; that it was not he: But whoever ran for it, they pursu'd as close as if they were fully resolv'd both upon Robbery and Murder, that their Game, being terrify'd with dreadful Apprehensions, would scour over the Fields like an insolvent Debtor before a Herd of Bailiffs, or a new-marry'd Seaman from a Gang of Press-Masters. And when the Rake-helly Hunters had thus delighted themselves with the mad Recreation of three or four such Chases, then, tir'd with their Sport, they would return to the Club, and entertain their Associates with the Particulars of their Pastime.



How wild is Youth ! How wicked and prophane,  
When savage Nature only governs Man !  
And unreform'd by Education, steers :  
How base to others ! To himself unjust ;  
Mad in his Cups, and Daring in his Lust ;  
Bold, stubborn, haughty, insolent, and pert,  
Slighting to Age, and scoffing to Desert :  
Wise in Opinion, handsome in Conceit ;  
Rash in his Judgment, foolish in his Wit ;  
Void of all Care, and destitute of Grace,  
Vain in his Air, fantastick in his Dress :  
In Talk, contentious, when provok'd, a Bear,  
Fickle in Love, a Tyrant to the Fair :  
Hot in Pursuit of all his fond Desires,  
Makes vig'rous Onsets, tho' he quickly tires :  
Esteems no Merit, but the Worth that dwells  
In some Fencer's Hands, or Dancer's Heels :  
In Night Adventures does his Courage shew,  
And flicks at nothing that a Rake can do :  
Kicks Whores, breaks Windows, bullies where he may,  
Revels all Night, and dozes half the Day :  
Glories in all his Madness, to his Shame,  
Till Age, Pox, Want, or Wedlock makes him tame.  
So the young fiery Colt, not broke in Time,  
Continues Headstrong, 'till he's past his Prime :  
A thousand wanton jadish Tricks will play,  
Start from the Track, and plow the miry Way ;  
Rend his strong Harness, from his Traces fly,  
And with exalted Heels the Whip defy :  
No Load behind his strenuous Shoulders take,  
No Rider bear, or Saddle on his Back :  
But young and pamper'd, will the Thong desise,  
And on his hinder Feet in Triumph rise ;  
Till Poverty and Age his Vigour waste,  
Stiffen his Limbs, and tame the vicious Beast :  
Yet still, by fits and starts, he'll jadish be,  
Tho' patient grown thro' mere Necessity.



*So headstrong Man, that Rakes away his Youth,  
Undisciplin'd in Virtue, and in Truth;  
Though Age reforms him, yet he still retains  
Some Tincture of his Lusts, whilst Life remains.*

When this juvenile Society of mad Libertines had, by Vertue of the Bottle, given a further Spur to their wicked Dispositions, which were before unbridled: Then a fulsome Repetition of all their bawdy Obscenities, luscious Intrigues, drunken Rencounters, and amorous Adventures, were their principal Diversions, that they might vie Wickedness with one another, and value themselves the more upon those monstrous Inhumanities, which were infamously scandalous, as if the Rakes had a Notion that their Reputations ought to be measur'd by the Daringness of their Sins, and the Number of their Vices. One would pluck out an alphabetical Pocket-book, where he had register'd the Names of all the loose Ladies that ever had oblig'd him, since his first Knowledge of the pleasing Difference between a Woman's Honour and a Cart-wheel, having fairly enter'd his whole Catalogue of Punks, from Madam *Althea* down to Oyster *Moll*; which was chiefly read, that the Company might make their merry Observation, how the A's and the M's wore more flouring Letters than all the rest of the Alphabet. Another would be plucking out a Tortoiseshell Patch-box, full of divers colour'd Reliques, that had been faithfully collected from the sublunary Banks of the several deep Water-Courses, wherein he had been dabbling, pretending to discover the sundry Dispositions of his many Mistresses, by the different Crookedness of each irregular Fangle he had clandestinely taken from their cornigerous Premisses. A third would be boasting how many Fans, Masks, Rings, Pendants, and Necklaces, he had brought off as Trophies of the many Victories he had valiantly obtain'd over his Punks and Paramours, and how he us'd to rifle his old Cast-offs of their sinful Ornaments, to set up a new Face that better deserv'd them, and as soon as tir'd would



would serve her the same Sauce, to add fresh Charms to her next Successor. A fourth would be vaunting of his drunken Conquests, how many Bottles he had guzzled at a sitting, and what inebrious Victims he had knock'd down with Bumpers into their own Spew. A fifth would be magnifying his own ready Wit, in ostentatiously telling how he had banter'd a Parson out of all his Divinity, a stanch Puritan out of his primitive Holiness, and prattled a pretty young Quaker out of her starch'd Virginity. A sixth would be rattling of his Claps and his Doctors, and declare himself Father of as many Bastards as ever *Solomon* had Concubines, notwithstanding he had taken as many of *Saffold's* Pills, as would have furnish'd a Mountebank for a Journey to *Portsmouth*, upon the Arrival of the Fleet, when salt Beef and salt Bitches had made one half of the Seamen sick of the Pox, and the other of the Scurvy. Thus every one would endeavour to be as wickedly diverting as his Tutor *Old Nick*, and his own apt Genius would give him Leave, till they were drunk, and mad enough to strol from the Tavern into the Streets at Midnight, and then Hey-boys for scouring the Watch, battering their Lanthorns, knocking up their Whores, breaking Bawdy-house Windows, or any other Mischief that happen'd in their Way, if it was but agreeable to that whimsical Rudeness, which the Wine and the Devil had mutually infus'd into their crazy Noddles.

After this frantic Manner they carry'd on their Revels for some Time, till some of the Hunters, meeting with their Match, happen'd to be kill'd in the Chase. Others drivelling away their Lives into Close-stools and Spitting-pots; and the Army and the Navy robbing the Gallows of the rest: So that the Club broke first, and the Tavern soon afterwards; and thus the Town got purg'd of so infamous a Crew, who were only fit Inhabitants for such a frantick Nation, where Piety is held a Crime, Swearing an Accomplishment, and Drunkenness a Virtue, and where the Men are all mad, and the Women common Strumpets.



'Tis strange a Christian Country, where  
 The Laws so good and wholesome are ;  
 Where Learning has for Ages flourish'd,  
 And e'ery useful Art been nourish'd ;  
 Where Virtue, Piety, and Grace,  
 Are rooted deep, and spring apace ;  
 Where true Religion does confound,  
 And strike bold Atheism to the Ground :  
 Where Justice, Honesty, and Money,  
 O'erflow like Canaan's Milk and Honey ;  
 That such a Land should shew a Race  
 Of Libertines so lewd and base,  
 'Tis wonderful ; but yet we know,  
 That Tares among the Corn will grow ;  
 Nor can the best of Soils be freed  
 From yielding here and there a Weed :  
 The cleanest Garden ne'er was found  
 Without some Vermin in the Ground :  
 Where the most noble Fruits are planted,  
 The Trees will be by Maggets haunted ;  
 So that in Country, Town, or Place,  
 That happens to abound in Grace,  
 Old Nick will raise his wicked Plants,  
 To vex and scandalize the Saints.

Therefore, altho' we find a Brood  
 Of wicked Sons among the Good,  
 E'en let's suspend our Admiration,  
 Till Heav'n has prun'd our pious Nation.





## The YORKSHIRE Club.

THIS acute Society of Northern Tikes was held at one of their Countrymen's Houses in the Rounds in *Smithfield*, upon every Market-Day; that, by consulting one another, they might be the better able to exercise their Cunning in this Southern Air, and maintain that Character they have justly deserv'd from the credulous Bubbles of this half-witted City, whose unpolish'd Cocknies play the Knave so foolishly, as if they had never travell'd farther North than *Barnet*, or *St. Alban's*. The most flourishing Members among the Razor-mettled Blades of this Catch-penny Society, were Needle-pointed Inn-keepers, Nick and Froth Victuallers, honest Horse-Courfers, and pious *Yorkshire* Attornies; the rest good harmless Master Hostlers, who us'd to measure their Oats with the Bottom of the Peck upwards, and two or three innocent Farriers, who had worm'd their Masters out of their Shops, and themselves into their Business. When they were met together in their Room next the Market, all ground as sharp as the Knives and Scissars in a Cutler's Shop, Horse-Flesh, for certain, was the first Subject that was started in the Company; and blind Eyes, Spavins, Founders, and Malenders, the never-failing Concomitants that were interwoven with their Discourses. One perhaps had an old batter'd Jade stuff'd up with hot Grains and Mashies, curry'd up to cheat some *London* Shop-keeper that wants an out-side Beast to carry his Wife in Triumph to *Dulwich-Wells* or *Epsom*, that his Horns may be new tipp'd against the next Winter. Another furnishes the Market with an old crippled Hunter, in order to cozen some Merchant's prodigal Apprentice, that he may have the Honour to halt after my Lord Mayor's Hounds upon the uneasy Back of his two or three leg'd Galloper, or Titup down



to *Hackney-Marsh* to lose his Money like a Fool at a Crimp-Horse-match. A third, it may be, has a Boy-rider upon a dimfighted Pony, a little higher than a Bear-Dog, hoping that her easy Amble may tempt some young Citizen to buy the pretty Creature for the Use of his Mistress, that he may carry some little Crack out of *Exchange-Alley* to see *Windser-Castle*, without galling the Premises, that she need not be shy of imparting her Favours, for fear the Pain should be greater than the Pleasure. A fourth, with a poor shoulder slip'd, or broken winded Hack, just set upon his Legs, for the Market Day, by a little Northern Horse-Doctorship, that some Cockney Ale-House-Keeper, who lets out dull Jades for fifteen pence a Side, may be cozen'd out of three or four Pounds of his Brewer's Money. A fifth, with a blundering fat Gelding, between a Coach and a Saddle, with a *Dutch Dock*, and Buttocks near as strong as an Elephant's, in Order to cheat some of his Majesty's new Captains, by selling him into the Service. A sixth, perhaps with an odd pacing Coach-Horse, of a sorrel Colour, fit for the little grave Chariot of any Physician that can match him; or for a Rope Dancer to ride upon after a travelling Mountebank. A seventh with a sinking Pad, under the Size of fourteen Hands, as merry as a young Midwife, yet as gentle as an old Cuckold, fit for any Court Leacher to present to a kept Mistress. Thus every one turns Jockey in some Measure or other; and seldom fail upon their Club-Day, to have their Scrubs, Jades, and Hobbies, scowering round the Market, and when the Rider brings a Chap, tho' the batter'd Beast has as many Faults as a rigid Fanatick is able to find in the Church Liturgy, and is scarce so sound as an over ridden Strumpet, yet the friendly Society are so ready to swear one for another, that they'll warrant a lame Horse to have as sound Limbs as ever ran upon *New Market Heath*; and a blind Jade to have as good Eyes as Sir *William Read*, the Oculist. When they discover at the Window, where they sit upon the Watch, any likely Bubble hankering about any of  
their



their Tits, then down steps a Member, and, to raise the Price, takes a wonderful liking to the same Beast, bids more than he is worth before the other's Face, on Purpose to spur on the Chap, and to make him the more fond of being confoundedly cheated; for as certain as he deals with a *Yorkshire* Jockey, if he wants Judgment, and puts his Confidence in the Honesty of the Tike, he need not doubt of having sufficient Cause to curse his Bargain, and to blame himself for a Fool, as much as the other for a Knave.

When the Business of the Day is pretty well over, and every cunning Member has top'd his Jade upon some Bubble or other; and those who wanted, have furnish'd their Stables, by tricking and swopping, with better Horse-Flesh than what they've parted with, then the *Yorkshire* Stingo is push'd briskly about, and every one, o'er his Cups, begins merrily to expatiate upon the Windgales and Infirmities of the several dull Animals they have so luckily dispos'd of, and seem equally pleas'd that they had brought their Horses, instead of their Hogs, to such a Market, till at length the Liquor getting into their Noddles, makes them change their Discourse, and then, like Whores at a Buttock-Ball, they begin to vie Honesty one with another, as if they thought it a Scandal to their Country to have a Knave amongst them; now the Healths of my Lord *Sharp* of *Halifax*, Sir *Thomas Notable* of *Aldbrough*, and the worthy Esquire *Quitwit*, of *Skipton* upon *Craven*, and the rest of the honest Gentlemen in all the Ridings in *Yorkshire*, are bowl'd about the Company, till their tan'd Faces begin to look of a rusty red, like their *Martlemas* Hung-Beef, or their worse Bacon: Then they begin to rattle, and fall foul upon one another's Pedigrees, and, after a bantering Manner, to upbraid their own Brethren with their Pack-horse Journies, and penniless long Walks out of a sharp Air into a thriving Climate. *Marry*, cries one to his next Brother, *you have thriven well, to rise from liquoring Carriers dirty Boots, to be the proud Landlord of the best Inn in Smithfield.* *Marry, that's*



nought, replies the angry Host, *I did not rob my Father of his Bridle, my Uncle of his Boots, and my Brother of his Spurs, and then steal a Horse from my next Neighbour to bring me to London, there sell him for Money to buy a clean Shirt, a new Frock, and a Stable Broom to sweep an Inn-Yard for fat Scraps and the Bottoms of Mugs, till you got in to be the Hostler, and from thence rais'd yourself, by stealing of Oats, till you were able to lay down the Dunk-fork and Curry-comb, and to make yourself Master of a topping Victualling-house.* By the Mass, cries a fat Attorney to a Weather-beaten Horse-courser, *Times are well mended with you, since your Mother us'd to send you to Mr. Frampton's Stables, to pick the Oates out of the Horse-dung, to make Oatmeal Puddings for your Father against he came Home from Sheep-stealing.* Marry hang you, replies the Jockey, *how many times has your Mother sent you, when a little snivelling Bastard, to pick the Wool off other Peoples Hedges for your Sister to knit Night-caps of for the old Cuckold your Father?* Thus, when in their Cups, they sit bantering one another, between Jest and Earnest, till, with much Talk, and much Liquor, their Tongues and their Legs, but not their Cunning, begin to fail 'em : Then away reels a Horse-Courser in his Iron-grey Coat and flapping Hat, with his long Swich, disguis'd, on purpose, like a Country Putt, the better to play his Knaves Tricks the more unsuspected upon the Market-Day ; after him an Attorney in his Weather-beaten Wig, with his Tun-belly hoop'd round with a Horseman's Belt, for Fear the Weight of his Guts should break the Waistband of his Breeches ; after him a Fustian Frock'd Ale-house-keeper, with a freckled Face like a Scotch Pedlar, very prim about the Noddle, with his best Hat upon his Flaxen Bob, but his Coat a little discredited behind with the Mark of his Apron-strings, which leave a Seam in his Back, as if he had been cut in two, and afterwards stitch'd together again ; next him an Inn-keeper in his Plate-button'd Sute, with his Trumpeter's Cheeks and *Flemish* Buttocks, giving Precedency to the Victualler, because Church-  
Warden



Warden of his Parish ; next him a lusty Master Hostler in his fur Cap, his own lank Hair, and a white Apron, to which an Hostler, tho' he frequently wears one, has but little Title, except he designs it for a Muckender to wipe the driveling Nostrils of his glander'd Horses ; after these a sweaty Crew of Tag-Rag, and Bob-Tail, who, as yet, have not had the lucky Opportunity of feathering their Nests, and are therefore forc'd, upon all Occasions, to lye and swear for the rest of their Countrymen, till they can better their Fortunes, and do the same for themselves to their own peculiar Advantage. Thus when their Bellies are full, they all blunder down Stairs, from the rich prosperous Knave, to the poor clouted Understrapper, and without Side the Groundsel mutually take Leave of one another, and so stagger Home to their Inns, Bars and Stables, to exercise their Cunning till their next merry Meeting.

*Thus some from Cart, and some from Plough,  
And some from living God knows how,  
Wrapt up in shrinking Cloth to hide,  
And keep their Knavery warm beside.  
With brawny Buttocks, cas'd with Leather,  
And Latchets ty'd with Thongs together,  
Fly from their Northern hungry Air,  
To quit Oat-Bread for better Fare.  
As Rooks forsake the barren Ground,  
For Fields where standing Corn is found,  
Or from the Hills their Wings expand,  
To trespass on the new-sown Land,  
So Northern Tikes, to shew their Wit,  
Their native Ægypt gladly quit,  
For happy Canaan's Milk and Honey,  
Or what's as good ; that is our Money.*

*Some on exalted Runlets ride  
To Town, as Bacchus does, astride,  
And sit a Story high, at least,  
Above the Carrier's groaning Beast ;*

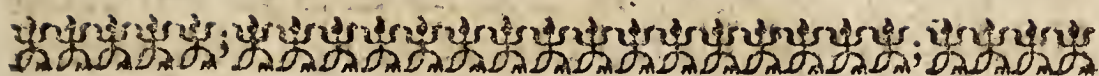


*So those who leave their dearest Friends,  
To cross the Main for noble Ends,  
Mounted on Quarter Deck they stand,  
In Triumph quit their native Land.*

*Some Tikes on Gennets make their Way,  
Borrow'd by Night from Grass or Hay ;  
And when in London, where, unknown,  
One Brute sells t'other as his own ;  
And thus each Rider's Horse or Mare,  
The Charges of the Journey bear ;  
So Men, tho' press'd to leave the Nation,  
Are forc'd to pay their Transportation ;  
And Ladies, when their Beaus bestride 'em,  
Are glad to oft treat those that ride 'em.*

*Others forsake their North Abodes,  
To beat on Foot the dusty Roads,  
And in their Journey take the Pains  
To pick up straggling Cocks and Hens :  
But if their feather'd Friends deceive 'em,  
Then humbly begging must relieve 'em,  
Till tir'd, then they address some Host  
To grant an Under Hostler's Post,  
Where, if not hinder'd by Disasters,  
They rise Gradatim till they're Masters :  
So cunning Courtiers oft supplant  
Others by Fraud, whose Pow'r they want ;  
Then, haughty grown, they lord it o'er  
Those Persons they obey'd before.*





## The MOCK-HEROES Club.

THIS heroic Society of fantastical Bravadoes was held at a Nipperkin Ale-House in *Baldwin's Gardens*, and compos'd chiefly of Attorney's Clerks and young Shopkeepers, whose juvenile Prodigality, suffering their whimsical Fancies to soar above their Stations, had infected them with an Itch of being thought brave Fellows, tho' an angry old Woman arm'd with her Distaff, would have been able to have cudgel'd the whole blustering Fraternity. To make themselves more ridiculous, their Evening Congress was kept in a publick Room, at a select Table, which was carefully observ'd by their *Scotch* Landlord for the valliant Members of this heroick Club. Every young Rattle, upon his first Admission, being honour'd by the rest with the swelling Name of some victorious *Cæsar*, or great General; every one being oblig'd, under a certain Forfeiture, to salute each other by their several Appellations, which they had thus proudly assum'd to shew their ridiculous Vanity; and because none should have the Honour to attend them but Knight Errants, Champions, and Men singular for their Fortitude. The Master of the House they dubb'd *Don Quixote* and the Esquire, his Tapster, they Nick-nam'd *Sancho Panco*; so that when the Sham-Heroes were met over their diminutive Pewterkins of treakly Hogwash, their very Manner of calling to their valliant Attendance provok'd Laughter among all the Sitters-by, who were independant of their Company: And when they complemented one another in kissing the Edges of their Half pint Tankards, and presenting their humble Services to their heroic Brethren. Each prodigal Member saluted his brother General with such singular Formality, that they were a perfect Farce to the several Companies, that sat at other Tables to observe the Motions of these Mock-

E 4

Bravadoes.



Bravadoes. One would face about to his left Hand Neighbour, with his right Hand charg'd with a brimming Tankard, crying, *Most noble Scipio, the Love and Friendship of a Soldier to you. The Thanks of a Brother to my valiant Friend Hannibal, whom I cannot but value, though I had the Honour to conquer. Most victorious Alexander, my Service to you, cries another; thank you, my most generous Adversary, Darius, whom I love, tho' I have beaten,* replies the Grecian Heroe. *My Respects to you, brave Cæsar, cries his Roman Opposite, remembering the Battle of Pharfalia. Thank you, noble Pompey,* replies the proud Conqueror, *I think I gave you enough in Spite of all your Conduct. Pyrrhus, here's to you, cries his Roman Adversary, remembering the Cabbage I was cooking in my Tent, when you sent an Ass laden with Gold to tempt me to betray my Army; and afterwards, like a poor-spiritted Prince, sent your Physician to poison me; but I was too cunning to be catch'd, in Spite of all your Stratagems. Thank you, honest Fabricius,* replies the Grecian General, *I confess you did maul me that Bout; but I think you was never the wiser for refusing your Share of the Spoils, when your Family was so Needy, that your Daughters Portions were forc'd to be paid out of the publick Treasure. No Matter for that, cries the crusty Heroe, I had more Honour by that Action than ever was won at Blenheim. Thus they us'd to salute each other, and confabulate as formerly; as if they had been so many buskin'd Heroes belonging to the Play-house, met together, over their Ale, to rehearse a Tragedy, in order to be perfect against the succeeding Night, whilst the Sitters-by, between their Blushes and their Laughter, were ready to let fly their laxative Ale at the lower End, to hear the Folly and Vanity of the proud affected Worthies, whose unfledg'd Countenances made 'em more fit for the School-Boy Exercises of Trap-Ball and Prison-Base, than to form a Society, especially of Heroes, in a publick Derby Ale-house, where a Parcel of grave old Sots meet to tell old Stories, and young ones come to hear them.*

*Should*



*Should the dead Worthies from the Grave arise,  
Shake off their Rust, and ope their drowsy Eyes,  
And find their Glories, by the Sword obtain'd,  
Sully'd by Blockheads, and by Boys profan'd,  
They'd rend their Buskins, and their Helmets tare,  
Renounce their Shields, and curse their Toils of War.*

*No more with Blood manure the dusty Plain,  
But gaze upon their Laurels with Disdain,  
To see those valliant Actions they have done.  
The Kingdoms they've subdu'd, the Battles won,  
The beauteous Captives, and the wealthy Spoils,  
They've brought from foreign Courts, and distant Isles.*

*Now ridicul'd by those, whose callow Years  
Have ne'er been dispossest of boyish Fears,  
But want e'en Courage to attack Love's Fort,  
Which when 'tis taken, yields such pleasing Sport;  
Tho' only Linnen-Walls the Place secure,  
And feeble Woman guards the joyful Door,  
Unable both to stand against a Storm,  
Made by a gen'rous Foe, that's bold and warm.*

*Therefore how wild and silly must it prove,  
In those who're Cowards in Attacks of Love,  
And when, perhaps, invited, fear to draw  
God Cupid's Sword, tho' back'd by Nature's Law,  
To thus expose the Characters and Names,  
Sully the Laurels, and eclipse the Fames  
Of Worthies dead, whose Actions ought to be  
The brave Examples of Posterity.  
But 'tis, alas, Youth's Vanity to think  
Themselves undaunted Heroes o'er their Drink,  
And to conceit that they're as wise and brave  
As those whose Laurels blossom in the Grave;  
Tho' should they once the dusty Plains behold,  
Where Lives for little Pay are bought and sold,*



*And where swift leaden Messengers of Fate  
 Make no Distinction 'twixt the Poor and Great,  
 They'd fly the Danger, stand a Distance off,  
 And reverence that Valour now they scoff;  
 Tremble to see the Brave their Ground maintain,  
 And honour those whose Names they now prophane.*

*So have I heard rash Coxcombs ridicule  
 This Gen'ral for a Coward, that a Fool;  
 And o'er their Ninny-Broth pretend to shew  
 How eas'ly Sweden may the Czar subdue:  
 But would these Heroes serve but one Campaign,  
 Beneath those Gen'als they so much condemn,  
 View their Fatigues and Conduct, they'd adore  
 Those valiant Leaders they reproach'd before.*

No sooner had our buffoonry Heroes done pleasing one another with their Battles of *Canada* and *Pharsalia*, their Sieges of *Troy*, *Babylon*, and *Jerusalem*, with as much Arrogance, as if they had been the very defunct Worthies risen from their Graves, who had been real Commanders in the former Expeditions, and that they had made an Elopement from their subterranean Grotto's, to remind the World of all their past Adventures; but our *Græcian* and *Roman* Representatives would be apt to forget themselves over their stupifying Wort, and revolt from their princely Characters after so comical a Manner, that the mechanick Dolthead, and the *Scribere cum Dasso*, would shew themselves in Spite of all their fantastical Bravery, and thundering counterfeit Distinctions: So that the noble *Julius Cæsar*, when grown almost boozy with a Repetition of his Nipperkin, would lay aside his Battles, and drop into a notable Story of robbing his Grandmother's Orchard, and what a devilish Fall he had, Head and Shoulders to the Ground, off the *Bergamy* Pear-tree, and how sadly he was whipp'd at School for hazarding his Neck so foolishly. The great *Hannibal*, to shew himself conformable, wou'd betray his Courage at once, by declaring



to the Company how sadly he was beaten, when a great Boy, by an angry Turkey-Cock. The famous *Roman Scipio*, forgetful of his Fortitude, would up with a lamentable Tale how terribly he was frightened by the Parsons py'd Bull, in crossing the Church-yard to fetch his Mother a Pennyworth of Doctor *Dumbleton's Aque Vitæ*. The unfortunate *Pyrrhus*, quite thoughtless of the Pantile that crack'd his Crown at *Argos*, would be shewing his Conduct in robbing Hen-Roosts, and how he us'd to cheat the Weazel by sucking the Eggs. And honest *Fabricius*, having digested his Cabbages, would dwindle from his Integrity, and divert his Brother Heroes with a tedious Story of his catching Ducks with long Lines and Fish-hooks, baited with young Frogs, or Bits of *Hackney* Turnips. Thus one Half-hour they would be ratling of their Battles, Stratagems and Sieges, like victorious Generals, and then ramble out of their heroick Rhapsodies into their School-boy Adventures, and the unlucky Transactions of their greener Years; and from thence into their Love Intrigues with their Mistresses Chamber-maids, when they were Clerks and Apprentices; that they were as good a Farce to the rest of the Customers, as ever was acted upon *Windmill-Hill* by Mrs. *Mims's* sworn Comedians. And that the Reader may be diverted with a *Dramatis Personæ* of the Fools in the Play, for their better Information I have here inserted it.

*Cæsar quod Damnum*, a young Attorney.  
*Julius Fondlepunk*, a Student at Law.  
*Antonius Copsywell*, a Counsellor's Clerk.  
*Maximinus Midnight*, a young Cursitor.  
*Hannibal Spattle*, a pert Apothecary.  
*Fabricius Block*, a Perriwig-maker.  
*Scipio Fipperry*, a Milliner.  
*Augustus Thimble*, a Taylor.  
*Alexander Bounce*, a Fencing-master.  
*Pompey Rhomboides*, a young Mathematician.  
*Darius Scribble-Tony*, a writing Stationer.



*Calligula Chantwell*, a Singing Spunger.

*Ninus Lackwit*, a young extravagant Heir.

*Valerius Drinkwater*, a Hackney-writer.

*Crook'd-back Richard*, a deform'd Beau.

*Clarentius Blazon*, a young Herald.

The first Part of their Names were most honourably confer'd upon themselves by the whimsical Majority of their heroick Assembly ; but the other additional Distinctions were adapted by a Gentleman who frequented the House, in order to make their fantastical Society the more ridiculous : For they were not only so vain and foolish to Nick-name one another, during the Time of their Club, but whenever they met, would salute each other, in all Companies, by their heroick Titles ; or if they came into the House at any other Time, one would be asking at the Bar, whether *Julius Cæsar* had been there to Day ; another, for *Hannibal*, or *Scipio* ; so that in a few Months their Lordships, Excellencies, and Majesties, became such publick Laughing-stocks to all the other Gentlemen who were accusom'd to the House, that they were made the common Banter of every jocular Fuddle-cap, who had a Mind to make himself merry over his Nipperkins of Ale : So that some of the leading Generals of the martial Community, taking it in great Dudgeon, that their magnanimous High and Mightinesses should be made the Scoff of every boozy Jack-a-dandy, withdrew themselves not only from the rest of their Brother Heroes, but forsook the Place of their Rendezvous, to betake themselves to a House where the Company that us'd it should know better than to make a Mock of Merit, or to disturb the Peace and Serenity of such an august Assembly : So that when the greatest *Cæsars* had once made their Retreat, the lesser Bravadoes thought it no Dishonour to their unspotted Valour, to follow the wise Example of their disgruntled Leaders, but turn'd their Arses, in Contempt, upon their unmannerly Opposers, and bolted after one another, like a Flock of Sheep through a Hedge.



Hedge-gap after their daring Ram into better Pasture ;  
upon which a pleasant Gentleman who had frequent-  
ed the House, and observ'd their Motions, thought fit  
to honour the offended Worthies with the following  
Farewel.

*And have the Heroes in disgust turn'd Tail  
Upon such gen'rous Belch, such noble Ale,  
That thus inspir'd them in Conceit to be  
Soldiers and Worthies of the first Degree ?  
Since in such Dudgeon, they are thus remov'd  
From pow'rful Ale, which they so dearly lov'd,  
And think it a Dishonour here to quaff,  
Because the Warriors see us Cowards laugh :  
E'en let the Heroes to their Homes retreat,  
For Fools will sneer, when such a Congress meet.  
Mosco's Great Czar, who visited our Isles,  
Altho' in Cog could not escape our Smiles,  
But was the common Jest of all the Town,  
Who laugh'd the more to see the Tyrant frown ;  
Became the Scoff of e'ery Lady bright,  
Down to the Punk he kiss'd so oft one Night ;  
Nor cou'd the fam'd Ben-Hamet's Phiz escape  
The grinning Manners of our English Frappe :  
Or the black Bantom shew his frightful Face  
In London Streets, or any publick Place,  
But he was scoff'd and flouted by a Herd  
Of Vulcan's Sons with Crock and Colly smear'd.*

*Why, then, should our Heroic Worthies shew  
Their Anger at our Smiles ; but since they do,*

*Let brave Quod Damnum to the Desk retire,  
There write i'th' Cold six Hours without a Fire,  
Till his dock'd Pen from his numb'd Fingers falls,  
And his warm Breath supplies the Want of Coals.*

*Let the fam'd Julius Fondlepunk decline  
His Studies, for his Fencers, Whores, and Wine,*



*Get drunk o'er Night among a Rakish Crew,  
That little have to say, and less to do ;  
Then doze next Morning, till some lustful Dame  
Pats with her Fan, to cool his am'rous Flame.*

*Let great Antonius Copywell be ty'd  
To ingross Jointures for each weighty Bride ;  
And on the luscious Tails of wanton Fades,  
Tag Settlements before their Beauty fades :  
And lest the Keeping-Cully's Mind should change,  
Or some new Face incline the Fool to range,  
Nod o'er his Parchment-skins from Noon to Noon,  
To scrape for Expedition when he's done.*

*Let Maximinus Midnight mind his Scravls,  
And loosely scribble quaint Originals,  
Cover his Desk with Swarms of useless Writs,  
Get drunk by Starts, and Bus'ness mind by Fits ;  
From Dice to Whoring, thence to Wine adjourn,  
And thus pursue each modish Vice in Turn,  
That the Rakes Office may secure its Fame,  
And to the last support its ancient Name.*

*Let Hannibal his Spattle nimbly use,  
And Plaisters spread for cripp'l'd Whores in Stews ;  
Mix nauseous Vomits, gilded Pills prepare,  
To purge both Ends of the dissemper'd Fair,  
And to extinguish those Venereal Flames,  
Kindl'd in Rakes by over-heated Dames,  
That his long Bills more than the Pox may fright  
His Patients from repeating Love's Delight.*

*Let Scipio Fippery, mew'd up behind  
His shining Compter, be each Day confin'd  
To draw on Gloves, to hide the Bacon Skins  
Of Whores, that ply among the neighb'ring Inns ;  
Who with hard Shillings, newly earn'd, supply  
Themselves with Nicknacks to invite the Eye,*

*And*



*And for small Pay their reeking Charms expand,  
That Scipio may be clapp'd at second Hand.*

*Let bold Fabricius Block court Servant-Maids,  
And sooth them till he mows their sweaty Heads ;  
Then slight the bald Pates, put 'em past all Hopes,  
And woe fresh Lasses that abound with Crops ;  
Mix with his Whores Hair, Horse Manes and Tails,  
With Beards of Goats in Sachels brought from Wales,  
That Carrot Pates in borrow'd Locks may shine,  
And Beaus by Beasts be made profusely fine.*

*Let prim Augustus Thimble dress and strut,  
That his own Clothes may shew his Campaign Cut ;  
Frequent old Grays-Inn-Walks, that Beaus and Wits  
May see how well his modish Garment fits ;  
Draw in young Fools to give his Shears the Vogue,  
Because they see himself so trim and smug ;  
That when he nicely fits an am'rous Rake,  
Or hides with Pads and Wads a Saddle Back ;  
The cully'd Spendthrifts may, without Dispute,  
Pay double Bills for each commodious Sute,  
And in a little Time their Pockets drain,  
To make their Taylor much the better Man.*

*Let Alexander Bounce, with blunted File,  
Teach Cowards to defend, and how to kill,  
And make his Pupils think they're brave at Heart,  
Because they push so well in Terce and Cart ;  
Till by affronting those they can't withstand,  
They fall at last by some more fatal Hand ;  
Or leave St. Giles's Church upon the Right,  
For pinking some poor Watchman in the Night.*

*Pompey Rhomboides, let the Rattle chalk  
His Figures down, and o'er his Angles talk ;  
On Ale-house Tables shew the nearest Way,  
From the North-Foreland into Hudson's Bay ;*

*Compute*



*Compute the Leagues betwixt the distant Poles,  
And fancy all that contradict him Fools ;  
Measure, with ease, the Circle of the Sun,  
And tell you, to an Inch, what Miles he's run :  
But never let him more perplex his Brains,  
With the sharp Battle on Pharsalia's Plains.*

*Let dull Darius Scribbletony write  
For Men of Law, to be a Beggar by't,  
Whilst sharp Attorneys swallow all the Gains,  
And scarce will pay him for his Skins and Pens ;  
But at low Wages keep him still a Slave,  
To this dull Sot, and t'other crafty Knave.*

*Let poor Caligula Chantwell repair  
To Windmill-Hill, or to some Country Fair,  
There, among stroling Players stretch his Throat,  
In an edg'd Hat, fine Sword, but Thread bare Coat ;  
For 'tis by far more Honour to commence  
Stage Songster, than to sponge for Want of Pence.*

*Let Ninus Lackwit wed a homely Bride,  
Fit for no Mortal but himself to ride ;  
But let it be alone his Care to chuse  
One that's as saving as himself profuse,  
Who with their crabbed Looks and noisy Tongue,  
May fright his Whores, and scare his Hangers on :  
Then, thro' her Conduct, he may chance to save  
Enough to bear his Charges to the Grave :  
But if he single lives, and still should run  
The Course he steers, he must be soon undone :  
Or if he weds a Damsel that is fair,  
His Follies will instruct her how to err,  
Teach her ill Humours, and provoke the Shrew  
To make him both a Buck and Beggar too.*

*Let starv'd Valerius Aquapote take care  
To drudge in Term, and stroling Punks forbear ;*

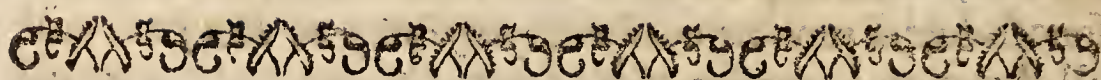


*Work late, rise early, scribble on like mad,  
 And lose no Time whilst Business may be had;  
 Learn to be saving of his scanty Coin,  
 And mount his Cock Loft e'ery Night by Nine;  
 Then in a long Vacation he may be  
 Exempt from Duns, and from his Hardships free,  
 And oft'ner change the Pump within the Rail  
 In Chanc'ry-Lane for Fullwood's fatt'ning Ale.*

*Let Crook-back'd Richard, in a faithful Glass,  
 Behold his homely Shapes and Monkey Face,  
 Strip off the Taylor's prodigal Disguise,  
 And view his Person with impartial Eyes;  
 Then would the crooked Pigmy boast no more  
 Of this fine Lady, & other charming Where;  
 Or tell, where e'er he comes, how much the Fair  
 Admire his Wit, his Humour, and his Air,  
 But rather, when a beauteous Face he sees,  
 Blush at his own uncouth Deformities,  
 And prize the gen'rous Lady of the Town,  
 That will comply to lay her Honour down,  
 To such a quaint Babboon for half a Crown.*

*Let pert Clarentius Blazon study hard,  
 To tell us why such Arms were first confer'd,  
 And strive to prove it worth a wise Man's while  
 To know what Bastard Dukes have grac'd our Isle,  
 What Nobles have been Traytors to their Prince,  
 And how their Coats came blotted Ages since;  
 What mighty Heroes, and what honour'd Clans,  
 Have been the spurious Broods of Courtezans;  
 That when grown learn'd in such old Tales as these,  
 And skill'd in Guillim's Curiosities,  
 Then to reward the Knowledge of his Brain,  
 The Fool may starve in Little Charter Lane.*





## The B E A U S Club.

THIS sinking Society, or Lady's Lap-dog Club, is now kept at a certain Tavern, near *Covent-Garden*, where every Afternoon the fantastical Idols, so much worshipp'd and admir'd by our female Beauties, assemble themselves in a Body, to compare Dresses, invent new Fashions, talk luscious Bawdy, and drink Healths to their Mistresses. At the upper End of their Club-Room, which is always kept as clean as a young Countess's Bed-chamber, there stands a Side-Table, which is constantly furnish'd with a Dozen of Flannel Muckenders, decently folded up for rubbing the Dust off their upper Leathers, or an unfortunate Speck off the Scabbards of their Swords, that their *Spanish* Pumps, and their Hogs-skin Sheaths, may be kept as Spot-free as a *Dutch* Hussif does the Outside of her Kettle. Upon the same Table, which is every Day cover'd with a fresh *Damask* Cloth, there lies two or three Dozen of *Seville* Oranges and Lemons; and by the Side of the Table, under a bright Pewter Cistern, a white glaz'd Bason, that if any spindle-shank'd *Narcissus* has been contaminating his Fingers by any digitizing Exercise, he may rinse off the savory Remains with the acid Juice of the Fruit, and mundify the defil'd Member, that has been tickling the Honour of some over-frigid Lady into an amorous Uproar. Next to these cleanly Necessaries stands an Olive-box full of the best perfum'd Powder, crown'd with three or four mighty Combs, that their Crispicapillary Wigs may be new scented, and every straggling Hair that has been ruffled by a Storm of their Mistresses Breath, or any windy Accident, be timely reduc'd to Obedience, and carefully restor'd to its primitive Station. Round the Edges of the Table lies strew'd, by way of Garnish,

Scissars,



Scissars, Tooth-pickers and Tweezers, Patches, Essences and Pomatums, Points, Pastes and Washes, and all the useful Implements that Pride and Folly can invent to turn Men into Monkeys, or to change the Features and Complexions that God hath given them, into artful Countenances : So that the *Sir Fopling Flutter* and *Sir Courtly Nices* are no sooner met, but there is such tiffing of Wigs, wiping of Shoes, brushing of Stockings, and managing of Faces, as if they were so many Stage-players patching up stern Looks and heroic Phizzes, for Plumes, Buskins, and *Roman* Mantles, that they might rant and strut till they were soundly clapp'd by some of the Box Ladies, to reward their sham Fights and blustering Rodomantades. When every one has thus imbellish'd his effeminate Market-place, and adorn'd his Body to the best Advantage, then down they sit to their Champaigne, Burgundy and Hermitage, pull out their gilt Snuff-boxes of Orangeres and Brazil, that each may feed his Elephant's Trunk with odoriferous Dust, and make his Breath as fragrant as an *Arabian* Breeze to the Nostrils of a Seaman ; and when they are thus made as sweet as so many Clove-july-flowers, then a delicious Health to some celebrated Play-house Wanton, *Hay-Market* Punk, or Court Courtezan, is, with abundance of eager Shews of his passionate Lust and Affection, began with great Ceremony by the Cock of the Company, which is no sooner drank, but succeeded with a long Lecture on her heaving Dumplins, her luscious juicy Lips, and drowsy lecherous Pignies, with all the outward Signs that her charming Ladyship imparts, to signify to the World, that she's an indefatigable Bedfellow ; tho' perhaps Any-body, for Half-a-Crown, may command the Ultimate of her Favours. Then a Second gives his Toast to some cherubimical Lady, whose Name is purposely introduc'd, that she may vie Beauty with the former ; her Virtues, as well as Charms, being so amorously exemplified, as if the Mention of her Graces gave him a counterfeit Enjoyment. Then a Third, to shew his Brother Coxcombs, that he is not



so much a Self-Admirer, but that he has some juvenile Sparks of Honour for the Charms of female Beauty, administers his Toast to the Company by a sham Denomination, because the Object of his Lust is a Man of Quality's Lady, and therefore her Name is to be kept sacred. Thus every one, in his Turn, shews his affectionate Devotion to some cherubimical Fornicatrix or other, that he has selected from the rest of the tickle Fool Gender, to idolize as his Goddess, for Fear he should be thought, by his Companions, so unfashionable a Coxcomb as to want a female Conveniency. When they have pretty well tir'd each other's Ears with their Encomiums on the Charms, Virtues and good Humours of their several Punks and Paramours, then the Scene changes, and another Act of the Fools Comedy succeeds their former Vanity, wherein the admirable Cuts of their *French* Taylors, the airy Contrivance of their skilful Perriwig-Makers; the Courage of their Fencing-Masters, and the Wit and Learning of our modern Poets are raked up in Competition, that themselves may shew and magnify their own Judgments, in finding out and exposing the little Faults and Blunders of every gingling Versifyer; of which notable Discoveries they are as critically proud, as if the Follies of an Author were the only Beauties of a Book, that afforded Pleasure to the Reader. Then a new Sessions of Poets are most judiciously form'd by these fantastical Criticks, where every poor Culprit of the Rhiming Fraternity is sure to be condemn'd for some Fault or other, tho' it be but for transgressing *D———*'s new Mode of Spelling, or making an unfortunate Line half a Foot too long, thro' the Neglect of an *Apostrophe*. Thus they exercise their own Folly, by raking into the Rubbish of other Men's Wit; and only examine Books, as Hogs do Dunghill, when they rout for a Surreverence, to gratify their Curiosity; nor is the Play, or Poem damn'd alone for the Errors that they find in the Performance, but as often for the Faults that they find



find in the Performer: For one Author shall offend them for being such a filthy Sloven, that he goes open breasted with a dirty Shirt, as if he was the reverse of all beauish Nicety, and delighted to carry in his own Bosom a Linnen Satyr against Cleanliness. A second, perhaps, descry'd for such a confounded Sot, that his very Writings stink as strong of *Derby-Ale*, as if his only *Parnassus* was in *Fullwood's-Rents*; and that he never was inspir'd by any other Muse than his swanking Landlady. A third, despised for having so dull a Fancy in his libidinous Amours, that though he never thought any Thing worth praising, beneath a Dutcheß, or a Countess, yet he never thought any Woman worth kissing above a Cookmaid, or an Oyster Wench. A fourth condemn'd for such a clownish Blockhead, that rather than shew his poetical Obedience, in waiting four Hours every Morning, for a Week or a Fortnight in my Lord *Fondlewit's* Buttery, would choose to expose his Works naked, without the Armour of a Dedication, as if he was too proud to scrape away the Soles of his best Shoes, and to lose ten Guineas worth of Time, to get half the Value of some generous Mecænas. A fifth, reproachfully censur'd for being such a damn'd Jacobite, that he was not fit, in these pious Times, to write a Protestant Play for such a sanctify'd Stage, whose verdent Carpet has scarce been defiled with the Foot of a Strumpet, since their last Reformation. Thus the Faults of the Author are made Errors in their Works; and as Trials are often canvassed by partial Judges, the Cause is made bad, because the Client is obnoxious; but at last the Bays are given to some Poetizing Fop, for hammering out the inimitable Song of *O happy Groves*, or some such fashionable Piece of *Lyrick* Poetry, that shews his modish Writings as fantastically Prim, as his nice effeminate Air, and his quaint beauish Habiliments.

When



*When feppish Apes presume to judge of Wit,  
 Merit should fly the Stage, and shun the Pit;  
 For partial Fools against the Wise prevail,  
 And by the Dint of Number turn the Scale:  
 Where Beaus unite, a rhiming Fop is safe,  
 His friendly Swarms without a Jest can laugh;  
 Commend a wretched Play without a Plot,  
 And clap the loudest when he's most in Fault.  
 So when some Brewer for the Senate stands,  
 Whole Crouds of swanking Vict'lers he commands;  
 And the worse Man, the more the drunken Rout  
 Cry up his Virtues, and in Triumph shout,  
 Whilst honest Merit oft gives up the Day,  
 For some Sir Hops, and Grains to come in play.*

When the modish Amorettoes have drank enough of sham Wine, instead of Champagne at Seven and Six-pence a Flask, to elevate their Spirits, sublime their Wits, and put their Tongues in Tune, that they may be every way qualified to attack the mask'd Ladies, who hang about the Theatre in their Second-hand Furbiloes, to open the Wicket of Love's Bear-Garden, to any bold Sportsman who has a venturesome Mind to give a Run to his Puppy; then they pay their Reckoning, tiffle up the Fore-tops of their Wigs with their Alabaster Fingers, and walk Bare-headed to the Play-house, where they commonly arrive about the third Act, by which Time the Ladies, who care not much to appear by Day-light, are bolted from their Stews and Drury-Lane Allies, to sneak into the Pit and Eighteen-penny Gallery, without Tickets, at the Courtesy of the Door-Keepers. When the cringing Peacocks are thus met with their Match, they tattle away the Play-Time among their Half-Crown Punks, and intriguing Dulcibella's, till one of the Fraternity of sham Heroes makes an humble Bow to the Box Ladies, and declares to the whole Audience the Title of the Fooleries they intend to present them with To-morrow; and then the  
 Beauish



Beauish Shallow-Wits, according to Custom, divide themselves between Drinking, Whoring, and Gaming, till the next Morning.

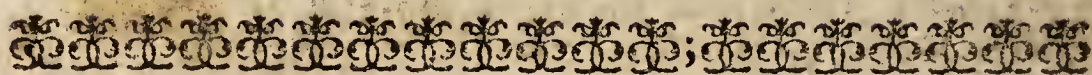
To be a modish Fop, a Beau compleat,  
Is to pretend to, but be void of Wit :  
'Tis to be squeamish, critical, and nice  
In all Things, and fantastick to a Vice ;  
'Tis to seem Knowing, tho' he nothing knows,  
And vainly lewd, to please his Brother Beaus ;  
'Tis in his Dress to be profusely Gay,  
And to affect, Whore-like, a wanton Way ;  
'Tis to be charm'd with each new-fashion'd Whim,  
And to be Modish to a vain Extream,  
That each gay Punk a lustful Eye may roul,  
And for his Shapes admire the pretty Fool ;  
'Tis to attack the Ladies with a Grace,  
And still tranfer his Love to each new Face,  
Flutter about her Charms, till, like a Fly,  
Burnt by the Flame, he's scorch'd amidst his Foy ;  
Then cursing of the B—ch, is forc'd to cool  
The pocky Heat, by running oft to stool ;  
Till with repeated Purges, by Degrees  
The pricking Pains and Inflammations cease.

Then pleas'd to find that he so Sound is made,  
Resolves, in vain, to grow a cautious Blade :  
So Wives in Travail vow to kiss no more,  
But soon forget the Torment when it's o'er.

Thus eas'd by Powders, Bolus, and by Pill,  
He damns the Whore, and pays the Surgeon's Bill,  
But soon forgetting the Venereal Smart  
That teaz'd and bridl'd the unruly Part,  
Renews his Courage, still pursues the Game,  
Makes Lust his Leader, Maidenheads his Aim,  
Till caught a second Time by some lascivious Dame.

}





## The WRANGLING OF HUSSEL-FARTHING Club.

THIS promiscuous Society of contentious Mortals, meet every Night at the two bowing Block-heads in *Shovel-Money-Street*, where they wrangle over their Claret about the Grand Preliminaries, and so earnestly dispute the new Articles of Peace, till, like Whores about their Vertue, they are ready to fall together by the Ears about their several Politicks; and the Variety of Schemes they have projected upon their Pillows, by the help of their Wives, to bring those important Affairs, under a present Negotiation, to a good and prosperous Issue. When they have thus for an Hour or two, made the *French King* as lousy as an *English Mumper*; shov'd the poor Pretender into the Arse of the Universe; jostl'd *Phillip* out of *Spain*, and divided *Mexico* and *Peru* with such equitable Exactness, that we may have our Share; the Talk of the *Indies*, and the Riches thereof generally infects them with such an Itch of Covetousness, that they can't forbear endeavouring to improve one anothers Pocket Money, by falling into the *Tower-Hill*, Sport of old primitive Hussef Farthing; that of a sudden, such warm Disputes arise about Cross and Pile, such a confounded Roaring, of Half-penny Betts, between those who are for Heads, and others who have chosen Tails, and those who, like Moderators, have taken a Chance between both, hoping to win all by crying *Halves*; that it is common for strange Customers, upon hearing the Noise, to enquire of the Drawer whether there is not a Cock-Pit kept above Stairs? And if the Cockers are not raving, and betting in the Height of their Sport: For when they are once begun, such a Confusion of Tongues fills the wrangling Company, as if they



they were ambitious to make themselves as noted as either *Babel*, or the *Bear-Garden*. For nothing is heard among 'em, for two or three Hours together, but, *hide Mr. Common-Counsellman ; toss up, Mr. Alderman ; Cross for a Penny, Mr. Churchwarden ; done with you Mr. Constable ; you owe me Two-pence, Mr. Deputy ; give me Change, Mr. Foreman, and there's Sixpence ; Hide fair, Neighbour Cloudy ; hold your Thumb out of the Hat ; I scorn your Words ; do you think, Mr. Scrapeall, you're at Play in Morefields ; now up Tails all, for Cross is my Chance ; the Devil take Fortune, all Pile by the Mass ; if it be so, Brother Burley, then take off your Glass*. Thus they make a Rattling with their Tongues, like so many Red-Coats at a Whimsy Board, and such a Clattering with turning down their *Famulus Numorum*, that instead of grave Citizens, fit to attend a Lord-Mayor in their Livery-Robes, upon the Day of his Triumphs, they would be the better Companions for a Parcel of *Tower-Hill* Cripples, who are generally expert Gamesters at the same School-Boys Sport.

*Thus some, who grow from Boys to Men,  
Do into Children turn again,  
And still delight to play the Fool,  
As much as e'er they did at School.  
Then, since they're Infants, tho' they've Wives,  
And still affect such boyish Lives,  
They ought to bear the Muses Flog,  
When past the Firk of Pedagogue :  
For when they are so big and lusty,  
So disobedient and so crusty,  
That no stern Pedant durst to thrash 'em  
It is the Poet's Right to lash 'em.*

When the Lateness of the Night has put a Stop to their puerilous Pastime, and the Drawers old Hat without a Lining, is, by the grave Consent of the Majority of the Company, most thankfully return'd, with Two-pence for the Lent of it: Every one, by pulling



out his Pocket Furniture, begins to separate his Silver from his Farthings, that he may readily determine, with the greater Certainty, to what Purpose he has hussled away his Time. One boasting of his Nine-penny Winnings ; another fretting at his Five-penny Losings ; a third, pleas'd that he has sav'd himself ; a fourth, upon Thorns to be at Home with his Wife, for Fear he should not be early enough in his Bride's Arms, to avoid a Curtain-lecture ; a fifth, ringing for the Reckoning in all Hastē, that he may be in Bed time enough to rise the next Morning by Five o'Clock, to run with his Angle to *Hackney* River, that Mr. *Sly*, the Cuckold-maker, may be kindly invited to a Fish Supper ; a sixth, wrangling for t'other Quart, contending for the Reasonableness of one half hour between that and Bed-time. Thus, when they have done hussling, they fall to bustling, that they are as bad a Plague to the Bar and the Drawers, by their ringing and ratling, as so many *Northern Attorneys*, got half drunk, are to a *Yorkshire* Inn-keeper ; some stealing down Stairs, having drop'd Eight-pence instead of Nine-pence ; others calling loudly after them at the Stair-head, to return up again, and pay t'other Penny ; some filling their Pipes with a Resolution to tarry one Pin-basket Pint, and peremptory Whiff, in Spite of all the whispering Summons they should receive from their Wives, by the Mouths of their Apprentices. Thus some fly the Pit, in seasonable Time, to avoid nuptial Contention ; and others, inspir'd with more Courage by the Wine, run the dangerous Risque of a Week's Clamour, for a little Midnight Enjoyment, which they are apt to continue till the Vintner puts an Embargo upon his Cellar-door ; and then the sottish Remains of the wrangling Society reel mutering Home for want of t'other Quart ; and instead of rewarding the diligent Attendance of the drowsy Drawer with a few transitory Half-pence, they give him an angry Mouthful of hard Words at parting, because he cannot furnish them with a further Supply, so adjourn from hussling of stamp'd Copper to  
the



the Jostling of Female Cruppers, that the Exercise of the Tail may allay the Fury of the Tongue; and the Forwardness of their Love excuse the Lateness of the Hour, which would otherwise be unpardonable.

*Ladies who love, as most good Women do,  
Their Husbands should the nuptial Bonds renew,  
Are always pert, and ready, if they've Sense,  
To take Advantage of a Man's Offence,  
Knowing kind Nature to oblige the Fair,  
Allows but one soft Way when Husbands err,  
To sweetly reconcile the marry'd Pair.*

*Therefore, when Men the nuptial Laws transgress,  
And angry Wives put on a moody Face,  
Warmly attack the faulty Spouse's Ear,  
And preach loud Lectures on the Wrongs they bear;  
They scold not to employ the restless Sting,  
But merely quarrel for the other Thing.*

*Why then should Man, whose Fortune 'tis to take  
A Female Partner for Enjoyment's sake,  
Fear Woman's teasing Tongue when he offends,  
Since ev'ry Fool knows how to make amends,  
And with an angry Wife may be so eas'ly Friends.*



## The QUACKS Club : Or, The PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

THE Empricks of the Town, *alias*, licens'd Physicians, as (to the Scandal of the College) they are pleas'd to call themselves, that they might be the better able to promote the Interest of Quackism, thought it absolutely necessary, some Years since, to hold a weekly Correspondence at a certain Tavern near the Change, that, by an amicable Club, they might not



only be able to be of mutual Service to each other, but to defend their Pretensions to Physick, Chymistry, and Pharmacy, against the Clamours and Insults of the regular Physicians, Chymists, and Apothecaries, who are the principal Enemies that cast their Dirt upon the pasted Bills, as well as the Reputations of the Mundungus Publishers of, not only ineffectual, but destructive Medicines. Upon their first meeting Dr. *Scaffold's* Successor, because he had just, at that time, the Impudence to publish a *Latin* Book of Anatomy, in his own Name, in order to wipe off the true Aspersions of his not being able to read a Line of *English*, had the Honour to be chosen, by the Majority of *High-German* Cobblers, *Dutch* Tumblers, and *English* Rope-Dancers, Prolocutor of the Society, and took his Place at the Board in an Elbow Chair accordingly, where he sat in as much State, as if he had been the learned President of Physicians College, or a fat phthisicky Alderman invited by Mr. *Foreman* to a Quest Treat. Every formal Student in the twin Sciences of Physick and Astrology, having so strict a Regard to the Gravity of their Profession, that they grac'd their solemn Juncto with their Ebony Canes and Bands, and all their Querpo Formalities, as if they were going to dine with my Lord, and to beg Leave of the City to pull down the Statue of King *Charles* the Second, and to erect a Mountebank's Stage in the Middle of the *Exchange*, that by selling Packets of a noble Cathartick, call'd *Pilula Honestæ*, they might purge all manner of Knavery out of the canker'd Consciences of *Change* Brokers and Stock-jobbers. When Rhimatical Doctor *John* had thus assum'd the upper Seat at the Table, surrounded with such an Empirical Mixture of all Nations, that they were a perfect Resemblance of the Confusion of Tongues that happen'd once at *Babel*. The poetical Purger of Town Sinks and Stallions, would be loudly repeating some new Verses, hammer'd out of his dull Noddle for next Bumfodder Bill, that it might first make People laugh till they were ready to bedung themselves, and do them the Service of a Paper Muckender,



to mundify their Funs. Doctor *Sal Volatile Oliosum* would be jabbering in broken *Englisk*, such hyperbolical Encomiums on his chimical Infallibility, as if his all-curing Secret was the very Quintessence of the Philosophers Stone, most wonderfully extracted by no other Heat, than that of the Dog-Star; and therefore good to be taken in the Dog-Days, when Lunaticks are most mad, and Women most wanton. Dr. *Aurum Potabile*, with the Grace of a Stage Orator, would be setting forth the Virtue of his golden Elixir, and would be ready to swear 'twas the same Cordial that *Venus* always administer'd to *Mars*, to prepare his Appetite when the beautiful Goddess have kindly invited the strong-back'd Heroes to an *Old-Ling* Supper. Dr. *Pulvis Benedictus*, just come from simpling, out of *Hampstead* Ditches, after he had rowl'd about his Eyes like a wild Cat, would, with a Tongue as loud as a Kettle Drum, cry, *here's a blessed Powder to purge the Bug-Bears out of Children; it brought forth a Monster, the other Day, from a red hair'd Girl, that had Horns like a Snail, a Head like a Snake, and was as long in the Body as half a Pound of Pack-Thread, and I have it now in my Study, quail'd round upon a Sheet of blue Paper, that any Body may behold what wonderful Maggots often lurk in the Tails of young Wenches.* Doctor *Aqua Tetrachimagon*, your old Friend and Physician, would also blunder out the Fame of his *Græcian* Water, and swear that it would conquer an inveterate Pox, in less Time, than a fore-ey'd Punk could cure her Sight or cool her Leachery, at *Crowder's* Well, or *Lamb's* Conduit. Dr. *Orveiton*, with a Voice as hoarse as a double Curtail, as forward as the rest to magnify his Skill, and extoll his Medicines, to shew his Learning, would undertake to tell 'em, in false *Latin*, what a Number of *German* Princes he had flux'd for the *French* Scurvy; and how many foreign Queens he had infallibly cured of the King's Evil; and all by that admirable Hodge-Podge, his *Orveitanum*. Amongst the rest, that famous Physician, Doctor *Panacea*, whose generous *Noltrum* cures every



Thing with as much Certainty as it does any Thing. He is an untelligible Jargon, between *Dutch* and *English*, would be stuttering out the Infallibility and Universality of his wonderful *Catholicon*, and like a true Low-Country Protestant, ascribe to his Pill what he had deny'd to the Pope. At the lower End of the Table, paying Difference to the rest, sat an humbler Class of quacking Operators, as Doctor *Couch-Eye*, Doctor *Dentidrawer*, Doctor *Cornucut*, &c. One pulling out a Handful of nasty rotten Stumps, most learnedly expatiating on the manifold Defects which so oft had been the Occasion of the Patient's Misery, and had cost, among the Maids, more Sighs at Midnight than the Unkindness of their Sweet-hearts, or the Want of lusty Bedfellows, and made many a poor Bride, in a breeding Condition, curse the unhappy Minute that ever she follow'd the Steps of her Grandmother, since the amorous Pleasures of the nuptial Bed, had so highly provok'd her Tongue to complain of her Teeth. Next him, a famous Corrector of *Toe-Almanacks*, would be pulling out a Handful of the horny Pearl he had dug out of the Pedestals of fine pinch-footed Ladies, and old crippled Aldermen; and would hold forth so judgmatically, upon the Extirpation of Corns, and the various Causes of those knotty Excrescencies, that a Stander-by, from his quaint Terms, and unintelligible Speeches, might have thought there was as much Conjuraton in the Art and Mystery of Corn-cutting, as there is in the manual Operations of an expert Sow-gelder, or in the dark and intricate Mazes of that blind Science, call'd Judicial Astrology. Sir *William Couch*, among the rest, would be brandishing his Needle, with his Heathen Black-amoor at his Elbow, and would exhibit to his Brethren, such a Catalogue of Eye-sores he had cur'd in his domestick Travels, that a Man might reasonably have guess'd his Worship had gain'd his Knighthood by opening the Eyes of a blind People, who had not Sense enough to discern the Difference between an illiterate Pretender and a learned Physician.

*Thus*



*Thus the fam'd Quacks, who by their senseless Bills,  
Proclaim the Virtues of their worthless Pills,  
And knavishly deceive the foolish Town  
With Med'cines, even to themselves unknown :  
Met in a Body to contrive new Ways :  
To live and thrive by short'ning others Days :  
So Lawyers, skill'd in Quarrels and Debates,  
From ruin'd Numbers draw their own Estates.*

*In this sharp Age it is a standing Rule,  
For Knaves of ev'ry Kind to bite the Fool.*

When the medicinal Coxcombs had exemplify'd, at large, the infallible Virtues of their popular Pills, universal Powders, and sundry Sorts of Panaceas, Nostrums, Hodge-podges, and Catholicons ; then the wonderful Skill and Cures of our defunct Mountebanks, such as the fam'd *Ponteus Salvator Winter*, *Rodocanace*, and all those eminent Worthies, who had, long since, advanc'd the noble Art of Quackery, were made the pleasing Subjects of their physical Discourses, and were also quoted, upon all Occasions, with as much Reverence as a young Divine does *St. Gregory* and *St. Austin* ; or a learned Physician, *Galen* and *Hippocrates*. For as the High-Church are beholden to their Popish Saints and Fathers, and the Low-Church are justify'd by the Reverend Authorities of their *Baxters* and their *Bates's*, so our modern Empyricks have their travelling Ancients, such as aforementioned, to countenance their Practices, foreign Interlopers, who, with their Pills, Dentrifices, Worm-Powders, and Eye-Waters, perform'd, when they were living, such inimitable Miracles upon Country Chubs, old Nurses, sick Chamber-maids, and lame Mumpers, that are never to be forgotten, whilst we have a worshipful *Sir William* in his Coach and Six ; or a famous Doctor *Gately*, with his numerous Retinue of Vaulters, Tumblers, and Rope-Dancers, to support the Memories of their empyrical Predecessors. For



when our modern Operators mount the County Scaffolds, with their Train of *Bartholomew* Fools, and *Parrot-prating* Orators, surrounded with a gaping Crowd of Dairy-drudging Jugs, and rural *Coridons*; then, that their Pacquet Speeches may be larded with Something that may seem learned, *Cessante Tellitur, Causa effectus*, says the Plush-jacket Doctor, *was the great and good Maxim of that famous Physician, Doctor Carleus, who, for his Country's Good, travell'd publickly, as I do; which is as much as to say, If you take my Physick you may be certain of a Cure.* Thus they back their own Impudence with the scandalous Authority of other ignorant Pretenders, to whose Memory they ascribe abundance of Honour, that the People may learn from thence how to reverence the Dunce who is gulling them, at present, after the same Manner. Among the rest of the Services that they did each other, when they were met o'er the Bottle, if any of the Fraternity, through their long Study, and Experience in Physick and Astrology, had happily discover'd a new Plaister for the Corns; a precious Ointment for the Itch, or any other infallible Medicine, much better than the best; then the Assistance of the Society was most humbly entreated, to adapt some whimsical Name to the most admirable Secret, and to compose a Compendium of its singular Virtues, that the infallible *Aliquod* might be usher'd into the World for the Benefit of the Doctor, much rather than the Publick. For the sake of these, and such-like Advantages, they continu'd their weekly Meeting during one whole Winter; but the Summer coming on, the greater Part drawing off to go their several Country Circuits, to distribute their Pacquets among the foolish Multitude, and the rest, in their Cups, contending about their Skill, and the Excellency and Efficacy of their never-failing Remedies, fell together by the Ears on the First of *April*; and so, with black Eyes and broken Heads, contentiously divided, and put a Period to their Meeting, verifying the old Proverb, That *two of a Trade can seldom agree.* Thus they met like Friends,

convers'd



convers'd like Brothers ; till, at length, they fell to Pieces like Enemies ; fought like Drunkards ; maul'd one another like Butchers ; parted full of Knocks and Bruises, like wrangling Clowns from a Cudgel-Playing, and so return'd like Fools as they were, to their dark Alleys about *Moorfields* ; where there Habitations are as well known to their Customers, by their orbicular Signs, as themselves are to the World for their Ignorance and Impudence.

*Of all the Plagues with which our Land is curst,  
The Frauds of Physick seem to be the worst :  
For tho' the Law, 'tis true, abounds with Weeds,  
And from Astrea's Rules too oft exceeds,  
Yet those keen Foxes of such sundry Sorts,  
Who hang in Swarms about her awful Courts,  
By their male Practice, and prolix Debates,  
Can only hurt our Pockets and Estates.  
But baneful Quacks, in Physick's Art unread,  
To Weaving, Cobling, or to Tumbling bred ;  
Or else poor Scoundrels, who for Scraps and Thanks :  
Swept Stages for their Master Mountebanks :  
These to the World destructive Slops commend,  
And do their poy's'nous Cheats to Life extend ;  
By vain Pretences pick the Patient's Purse,  
And with sham Med'cines make 'em ten times worse.  
So the Quack Preacher, who pretends to heal  
The wounded Conscience, scorch'd with too much Zeal,  
For Want of judging rightly of the Cause,  
Inflaming Corrosives, from Scripture draws,  
Which, wrong apply'd, for Want of Skill and Care,  
Fill the sick Mind with Horror and Despair.*





*The Weekly* DANCING Club : or BUTTOCK-BALL in St. Giles's.

**T**HIS capering Society consisting chiefly of Bullies, Libertines, and Strumpets ; also Quality's Footmen, who shifted off their Masters Liveries to appear Gentlemen, and Chamber-Maids, who had stolen on their Ladies Cloaths, to set up for Gentlewomen. Though I call it a Club, because every Body paid alike to the Master of the Revels, for his Trouble, Candles, Dancing-Room, and Musick, yet there was no select Company, or was there any Limitation as to Number or Quality ; but any Person was free to shake their Rumps, and exercise their Members to some Tune, and from the Gentleman Rake to the *Water-Lane* Pick-Pocket ; and from the Lady's Confident, called her Woman, to *Oyster Moll*, whose crinigerous Clift was ready to run the Gantlope thro' a Regiment of Foot-Guards ; so that all that would come were welcome, in Masquerade, or otherwise, if they were but able to cross the Door-Keeper's Hand with Six-pence for their Admittance, which was all their Expence, tho' the Men danc'd till they were as bad tir'd as *John* the Coachman with his Lady's Chamber Favours ; and Women as much weary'd with their swimming Activity, as a fresh Whore, in a noted Bawdy-House, with a whole Day's Exercise. The Variety of Figures that were to be seen, every *Thursday* Evening, were so well worthy of any Man's Observation, that, like a publick meeting at *Port-Royal* in *Jamaica*, most of them look'd like the Purgings of our Goals, and the Spewings of our Bawdy-Houses. In would step a brawny Bully, equip'd, at second Hand, in *Monmouth-street*, or *Long-Lane*, with his twisted flaxen Wig, just comb'd and powder'd,

fold,



fold, perhaps, by the Hang-man into *Middle-Row*, and from thence bought by some of his Whores Pence, to adorn the Hector's Blockhead, with a lac'd Hat, Beaux like, under his left Arm, and in his right Hand a *Grays-Inn* Sempstress tiff'd up with taudry Laces, old Ribbons, and black Bugles, as if she was dress'd to act a flatterns Part in some old slovenly Comedy. By and by, in would bolt my Lord *Scatterwit's* Butler, in a Cast-off Wig, and *Spanish* Shoes, given him by my Lord's Valet for making his Friends Welcome in my Lord's Wine Cellar, handing, in great State, my Lady *Firkinton's* waiting Woman, most richly adorn'd in some of her Lady's best Rigging, which she hopes to defile before she goes Home, if her Mate has but Time to give her a Tavern Treat, and wants not the Courage, when he has her upon a Chair, to attack her Watering Place, which she has not Sense or Modesty enough to value; tho' that, with a few old Cloaths, are the utmost of her Fortune. Amongst the rest, a Lawyer's Clerk, who had ventur'd to make a Loose from the Finger Drudgery of Pen Ink and Paper, would usher into the buxom Daughter of some *Chancery-Lane* Victualler, in hopes to be rewarded for his Trouble with a Taplash Maiden-Head, perhaps impair'd, long since at *Pancras-Wells*, or by her Father's own Tapster. Next these a Beau Apprentice in his *Sundays* Cloaths, new wash'd and powder'd, handing in his Mistress's young tallow faced Kinswoman, that the Fortuneless Maukin, as soon as her Gallant has bury'd his Indentures, may decoy the amorous Nisey into the matrimonial Shackles, and so prevent him setting up for himself to the Disinterest of his Master. Besides these, who were the Top of the Quality that ever frequented this revelling Academy, every now and then a fluttering Fool or two of both Sexes would bolt in, masqueraded in strange antick Dresses, borrow'd, for the Night, out of some *Moorfields* Musick-House, by such who were ashamed to appear in their own tatter'd Garments, or to shew their scandalous Faces without a Mask; and to swell



the Number to a Spring-Tide of Confusion, such an Inundation of shabby Rakes, Town-Sharpers, Weather-Beaten Punks, and young Strumpets, were perpetually flowing in, that the sweating Dancers could scarce mind their Steps, for guarding of their Pockets ; or a *Libertine* shake his Heels with his charming *Blowzabella*, without treading upon the Corns of some other trading Harlot. When the promiscuous Variety were thus met together, especially on a Summer's Day, when the Heat of the Weather requir'd Air more than Exercise, such an unfavoury Mixture of contrary Scents arose from powder'd Locks, and plaister'd Ulcers ; perfum'd Snushes, and stinking Breaths ; sweaty Socks, and *Hungary-Water* Handkerchiefs ; rotten *Old Ling*, and odoriferous *Pomatus* ; Fiddlers Farts, and Ladies sweet Bags ; *Brandy* Belches, and Caraway-comfits ; sublunary Fumes, and scented Gloves ; stinking *Gonorheas*, and *Harts-Horn* Bottles ; that the Nostrils of the Company were at once saluted with all the Essences of a Perfumer's Shop, and all the Stenches of an Hospital.

*No sick Man's Chamber, when a hard bound Stool  
Has eas'd his Brain, and does his Body cool,  
Whilst Nurse with flaming Rosem'ry does disguise  
The nauseous Fumes that from the Pan arise.  
Could the nice Nose with such a Mixture touch,  
And with strange Whiffs confound the Sense so much :  
Or could the fam'd Pandora's pois'nous Box,  
That fill'd the World at first with Plague and Pox,  
Tho' mix't with sulph'rous Vapours that are sent  
From Ætna's Mountain to the Firmament,  
Met by a sweet and salutary Breeze,  
That from Arabian Shores perfumes the Seas,  
With more Surprise upon our Senses fall,  
Or yield a Nosegay like the Buttock-Ball,  
For there each Whiff that to the Nostril comes,  
From sweaty Toes, foul Breaths, and pocky Bums,*

*Engender*



*Engender with Perfumes, that e'ry Minx  
Wears to correct kind Nature's flowing Sinks,  
And to confound the Nose, beget a thousand Stinks.*

}

*So savage Indians lustful Brutes embrace,  
And oft amuse us with a monstrous Race.*

When a Set of Dancers were wantonly engaged in their Shake-Tail Exercise, it was well worth the while of a Sitter by to observe their several Motions. One ill-shap'd Clown, with Mill-Post Legs, much fitter to tread Mortar than to stomp it about after the celebrated Tune of *Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies*, would be turning about his fat Partner, dripping-hot, with wadling like a Cow, without Step or Figure. Another, with an affected Air, as stiff and as formal as a moving Wax-Work Figure, would be very busy in recovering his Mate, who, for Want of Skill made as many wry Steps in her Dancing, as she had done in her Modesty; and would give her such Tugs to him, and then such Cast-offs from him, as if, like a loving Husband, who has a handsome Wife that Cuckolds him, he was neither pleased with her, or without her. A Third, perhaps, would seem to be a finikin Drawer, turn'd out of Place for his over Gentility, who had got for his Part'ner a Tavern Cook-Wench, distinguishable so, by her swelling Dugs being burnt by the Fire to a copper Colour, and by the Lace of her Shoes being greasily tarnished with the Drippings of the basting Ladle. A Fourth, by being bred in a Gentleman's Family, would handle his Heels like an expert Performer, and slide about the Room with such an Air of Quality, which he had learn'd of his Master; that the flatternly Chambermaid he had chose for his Partner was as proud to think she was so nicely gallanted, as if she had the Vanity to fancy herself envy'd by all the Whores in the Company. A fifth, being a dapper Blade, would scorn to let his Heels have any Contact with the Floor, but cocking up his Chin would stretch his Body to its utmost Length, as

if



if he thought, by dancing upon his Tiptoes, to add a Cubit to his Height, and would so bristle up to his light Hufwife of a Partner; as if he had made a Bargan before Hand to take a half Crown Rubbers as soon as dancing was over. A sixth would riggle about his Rump, as if a Gentleman's Companion had been preying about his Buttocks, whilst his Lady to humour him in his fantastical Gestures, would screw her Body into so many answerable Postures, as if a Colony of Crabs had unhappily taken Possession of her *Mons Veneris*; and that she shuff'd about her Arse to extenuate her Uneasiness, for Want of an Opportunity to remove her Enemies by scratching. A seventh would tread as gingerly upon the Floor with his Feet, as if he was a *Roman Catholick*, enjoyn'd the Pennance, by his Priest, of wearing Pease in his Shoes; and that he had not been inspir'd with *Protestant* Wit enough to give them true Boiling, match'd, perhaps with a Partner of the same Religion, who was lew'd enough to commit the venial Sin of Fornication, and wise enough to conceal it from the Ears of her holy Father. An eighth, a merry *Libertine*, with a Heart as light as his Heels, and his Countenance as chearful as the Looks of a young Council that has gain'd a Cause for his Client united in Partnership with a high-Church Whore, that would rather chuse to be corrected with the Scourge of Reformation, than contaminate her Honour with old Justice *Sly-Boots*. A ninth, with the solemn Air and Gravity of a *Puritan*, with his Fingers extended to their utmost Length, and his *Arms* hanging down, like a dead Criminal's upon a Gibbet, would be stepping to the Musick, as if he was walking to the Meeting, most agreeably link'd to such a precise Counterpart, that the Demurity of her Dress, and the Sanctity of her Countenance made her look like the great Grand-Daughter of *John of Leyden*, or his contemperary *Knipperdoling*, as if they were only come to pry into the Vices of the wicked, on purpose to reform them. A tenth, with a loose Coat on, to shift off upon Occasion, with the out-side  
of



of one Colour, and the Lining of another, dress'd up *Parte per pale*, like a Moderator's Conscience, who shuff'd backwards and forwards, and from one Side to the other, as if he had a Maggot in his Head, and a Worm in his Tail, and that he had a Mind to dance the amphibeous Part of an *Hermophradite* between both Sexes; yet had chosen out a Partner so very like himself, that she had a Gown on as white as a Surplice, and a Petticoat as black as the Devil, and squinted so confoundedly, that when she had one Eye upon her Partner, the other was expressing her affectionate Tenderness to some more fashionable Gallant. Thus the mottl'd Diversity of Rakes, Beaus, grave Hypocrites, and Apprentices; Pimps, Bullies, Stallions, Valets, Butlers, and disguis'd Livery-Men; Thieves, Gamesters, Sweetners, Town Traps, and Highwaymen; Procurers, Punks, Cooks, Jades, and Chambermaids; damn'd filing Whores, still Sows, and Fireships; lew'd Widows, wicked Wives, and whorish Daughters; these larded, by Chance, with here and there a Maid, but the fewest of that Sort of any. The chief Motives that induc'd such a swarm of two leg'd Caterpillars to give their constant Attendance at this School of *Venus*, was not so much the Pleasure of exercising their Pedestals, and refreshing Nature with a little wholesome Activity, but to ogle, prattle, wheedle, give convincing Testimonies, by their airy Agility, of their being charming Bedfellows; the Women to draw in Cullies; the Men to furnish themselves with new obliging Mistresses, to put their Arses by one Sort of dancing, into Tune, for another, and then to make Assignations; or for the hot codpiec'd *Libertines* to carry off their Doxies to some Bawdy-House Conveniency, where, without the Danger of Surprise, they might dance *Adam's Jig* to no other Musick than the harmonious creaking of a crazy Bedsted. This *Buttock-Ball*, or *Diabolical Academy*, where all Manner of Vice was promiscuously Taught at a small Expence, by the exemplar Levity of such Persons who were absolute Masters and Mistresses



of all that was infamous and wicked, was begun, above thirty Years since, by a half bred Dancing-Master, over the Cole-Yard Gateway into *Drury-Lane*; a Place so conveniently seated among Punks and Fiddlers, that the mungril Undertaker was always sure of Musick, and equally certain of a Crow of Whores to dance to it; and as to lewd Rakes to match 'em, there could be no want of 'em; for where should the Crows come but where the Carrion is to be found; so that the Project of Iniquity was no sooner put on Foot, but it had such wonderful Encouragement from those obliging Ladies, who delight to expose their Wares and Commodities to sale at all public Market-Places, that the Eighteen-Penny Gallery at the Play-House began to be as thin of fat Bawds and Vizards, upon the Cole-Hole dancing Nights, as the Church Pews are of loose Sparks and wanton Ladies on an *Asb-Wednesday*, who rather chuse to tarry at Home, than to begin their *Lent* with cursing one another; insomuch that the Undertaking took mightily, and every publick Day was throng'd with more Sinners than Doctor *Burges's* Meeting-House; so that at length, the Master of the Ceremonies thinking the Place too scandalous for so commendable a Vaulting School, took a more commodious Habitation in *King-street* in *St. Giles's*, where he had not only the Conveniency of a more noble dancing Room, but also two or three spare retiring Rooms, where a favourite Scholar, or Customer, might whisper away a Night or two with a young Lady upon a reasonable Consideration. Thus the Undertaker of the Project went prosperously on with his dancing *Bear-Garden* for near thirty Years together, and got abundance of Money without any Interruption, till at last, being persecuted by the *Reforming Society*, he was forced to break up his Revels, and let his *Firking School* to an independant Teacher, that the unhallow'd Room might be cleans'd of it Polution, and attone, in its latter Days, for its former Iniquities.



*Thus all terrestrial Things of Course,  
Soon change to better or to worse.*

*Churches have heretofore, by Rebels,  
Been turn'd to Garrisons and Stables ;  
And Schools to make Maids fit for Spouses,  
Have been reform'd to Meeting-Houses.  
The Godly ev'ry Day we see,  
Will start from Grace to Liberty ;  
And the poor Whore sometimes repents,  
And claims a Place among the Saints :  
Knaves, tho' unpunish'd by Afflictions,  
Turn Puritans by strange Convictions ;  
And Puritans, tho' near their Graves,  
As oft turn Vice Versa Knaves.  
So that in Spite of all our Noses,  
What wicked Satan one Way loses,  
To keep his Int'rest at a Stand,  
He gains again on t'other Hand :  
So cunning Gamesters, Satan's Sons,  
Recover by the Devil's Bones,  
What at his Books they've thrown away,  
Or squander'd at some other Play.*

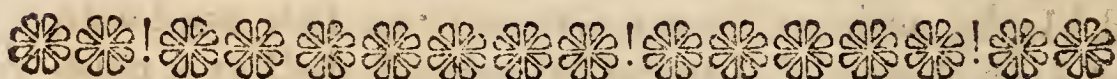
*The Coward who in one King's Reign,  
Is fearful of a sharp Campaign,  
Perhaps i' th' next his Weapon draws,  
And swaggers in another Cause :  
The Traitor may in Time, grow just,  
And change into a Man of Trust ;  
Or he that's now so just and wise,  
Turn Fool, or Rebel, e'er he dies :  
The very Priest that wins our Hearts,  
Extol'd for Honesty and Parts  
May prove in Spite of all his Grace,  
A Janus with a double Face ;  
Religion once a popish Whore,  
We see is now made very pure :*

*Who*



*Who knows but that again she may,  
 One Time or other, run astray?  
 Therefore, since Manners, Men and Nations  
 Are subject to such strange Mutations,  
 Why should we wonder that a Place,  
 So infamously lewd and base,  
 Should now be made a Shop of Grace.*

*Nothing unalter'd long can rest;  
 All are but Changlings at the best.*



*The BIRD-FANCIERS Club: And their  
 annual Feast.*

**A**MONG the many whimsical Societies that, by the different Maggots of conceited Persons in this Town, have been advanc'd and promoted, there are a select Company of gentle and simple, Tag, Rag, and Bob-Tail, who have a weekly Meeting at a little Ale-House in *Rosemary-Lane*, and are pleas'd to call themselves the *Bird-Fanciers Club*, none being admitted Members thereof, but such, whose Affection to the Feather-Kind render them fitter Company for *Jack-Daws* and *Magpies*, than for their own Fellow-Creatures, especially those who have shifted off those puerilous Recreations, of searching Hedges for Birds-Nests, and bringing Sparrows to Hat. When the Society are met, they generally consist of as odd a Mixture as a Broker's Wardrobe in *Long-Lane*, or *Monmouth-Street*, where a beaush Sute, sold by a Gentleman's Valet, shall hang up in View between a patch'd Doublet and a leathern pair of Breeches; and a fine lac'd Cloak be dishonour'd with the scandalous Company of a Soldier's lousy Coat, or an old Thread-bare Livery; so it frequently happens among those comical Admirers

of



of the harmonious Quire ; for a well dress'd Gentleman, though with no more Brains in his Skull than there are in an Owl's-Nest, shall sit wedg'd in between a Couple of lousy Bird-Catchers, whose Cloaths on their Backs scarce good enough to be remov'd from the Dunghill into a Rag-Merchant's Ware-house. Next these a cuckoldy Shop-Keeper out of *Cheapside*, so in Love with Pidgeons, that he keeps them in his Garret, hemm'd in between a Couple of *Newgate*-look'd Scoundrels, that cry Singing-Birds about Streets, and make it there Business to cheat barren Wives, and fanciful old Maids, with twittering *Green-Birds*, sick *Sky-Larks*, and Hen *Linnets*. Adjoining to these shall sit a maggoty Ale-house-keeper, who, to pleasure himself much more than his Customers, has turn'd his publick Room into a great *Avery*, that the Birds may shite flying upon Peoples Heads ; and now and then muddy their Drink with a *Hempseed* Surreverence. Next him shall sit, in great State, a famous Bird Doctor, who, after twenty Years Experience, by the Blessing of Providence, can infallibly cure *Canary Birds* of a Hoarseness ; fullen *Sky-Larks* out of the dumb Melancholy : all feather'd Songsters of a molting Drowiness, or any other Distemper ; Poultry of the Pip ; and Pidgeons, when they are lousy. Opposite to the Doctor, it may be, sits a *Canary-Bird* Merchant, entreating his Assistance on the Behalf of a poor Cage Patient, who was frighted out of a Song by the horrible Assassination of a terrible boar Cat. Next him, perhaps, is seated an old Cobler who has taught in his Time as many *Black-Birds* to whistle *Walsingham*, as ever Dr. *Blow* did Boys to sing the Church Litany. Among the rest a Journeyman Flute-maker, with his Pocket full of Bird-pipes, trying now and then a Tune, as if he whistl'd for a Customer. Next him, a famous Projector of Wire-Goals, otherwise call'd a Bird-Cage-Maker, chalking out upon the Table the newest Model of Wicker-Building for an Owl or a *Magpy*, and chattering as learnedly of Cage-Architecture, as if there was as much Judgment in raising a little



little Cottage for a poor *Jenny-Ren*, as in the Excellent Contrivance of a pompous *Escorial*. These mix'd with a noisy Crowd of Nest-Robbers, and Pigeon Merchants, some talking of their *Spanish Runts*, *Rough-Foots*, *Copple-Crowns*, and *Carriers*. Others contending about the harmonious singing of their *Linnets*, *Woodlarks*, *Finches*, *Nightingals* and *Canary-birds*: A third Sort boasting of the admirable Elocution of their *Parrots*, *Magpies*, *Jack-Daws* and *Sterlings*. A fourth Cabal, boasting of the excellent Beauty of their *Muscovy-Ducks*, *Frizl'd Hens* and *Peacocks*. Among the rest, a Knot of Gardeners extolling the *Lapwing* above all other Birds, for an officious Worm-Picker; asserting they are as necessary in a Gentleman's Garden, as an *Owl* in a Barn, or Cat in a Cheese Loft. Thus altogether, like a *Dover Court*, every one would be setting forth the great Acquirements, as well as the natural Qualifications, of those Kind of Birds which has most engag'd their Affections, whilst a fresh supply of full *Winchesters* were flowing every Minute to their several united Tables, which were patch'd together for the Entertainment of the Company, some higher, some lower, like the Stools and Chairs in a Country Farmer's Parlour.

*How can we blame our infant Sons  
 For loving Tops, and Inkhorn-Guns :  
 Or think them foolish when they cry  
 For this, or that fantastick Toy,  
 Since Fathers, old enough for Grandfires,  
 Of silly Birds can be such Fanciers,  
 And, Children-like, disturb their Brains,  
 About Tom-Tits and Jenny-Rens ?  
 'Tis true the old Egyptian Wizards,  
 Paid Homage to their Bats and Buzzards,  
 And reverenc'd fair Minerva's Bird,  
 As if the Owl had been a Lord  
 But in this Age, when Christian Souls  
 Adore their Gold instead of Owls,*



*And Men improve the Art of Thinking,  
By little Study and much Drinking,  
'Tis Time that Man should bend his Mind  
To Pleasures of a nobler Kind ;  
And not to whistle Time away,  
With feather'd Voices Day by Day,  
To teach poor silly Birds the Tune,  
Of Pudding-Pies, or Bobbing-Joan,  
When his apt Scholars may at last,  
Perhaps, but break poor Puss's Fast ;  
Who in one short, but fatal Minute,  
May snap his Black-bird or his Linnet,  
For which, perhaps, the foolish Ninny,  
Had just before refus'd a Guinea ;  
Then in a Passion swears the Tongue  
That bid the Gold was ev'ly hung.*

*So when Gaff Crump, by Gammer Brig,  
Is bid the Value of his Pig.  
And he the Money does deny,  
Because the Beauty of his Sty,  
Next Day, perhaps, some fatal Murrain  
Turns the poor Gaffer's Sow to Carrion ;  
Then Crump in Anger, runs to claw  
The Hog, that he her Blood may draw,  
In Hopes to baulk the Witch, and save  
His other Swine from Dunghill Grave.*

Once in a Year, our musical Admirers of Cage-Harmony, who are charm'd so unaccountably with a little Twitter and Chearup, entertain not only themselves, but any that will take Tickets, with a most sumptuous Feast ; where a Comedy call'd, *Confusion*, is so naturally represented, that setting aside the Variety of Languages, *Babel* itself was never acquainted with a greater. One half of the Company generally consists of all Sorts and Degrees of infatuated Lovers of the chirping Quire, from the fantastical 'Squire down to the merry Transla-  
tor



tor of old Shoes and Spatter-dashes ; the other Mole of the promiscuous Guests are commonly made up Men of large Stomachs, who have good Stowage guzzling Carmen and Porters, who have wide Swallows, and such who out of Curiosity come to observe the Disorder, and to delight themselves with the odd Variety that never fails to arise among the mix'd Rattle of such irregular Societies. The House, in Comparison to most that are converted to publick Uses, no bigger than a Bird-Cage, for which Reason, I suppose, it was the rather chosen by the *Bird-Fanciers*, for their Place of Rendezvous. So that, upon their Festival-Day, there is not a Nook in either the Boozing Ken or the Yard, big enough to hold a crooked Pigm about the Height of a Ninepin, but what is occupied by some Ticket-Guest or other, who, rather than lose their Twelve-penny Dinner, will crowd into an Auger Hole. Every Room in the Coney-Borough Mansion upon this solemn Occasion, is stuff'd so full of Seats and Tables, for the Victuals and the Company, that when they are crowded into their Places, they sit as closely wedg'd as a Firkin of Figs, or a Barrel of Red Herrings. The principal Table for the better Part of the Guests, such as the worshipful 'Squire *Avery*, Mr Deputy *Love-Linnet*, Captain *Magpye* of the Hamlets and as many more of the *Bird-Fancying* Fraternity, and Heads of the Parish, as can crowd in amongst them, is spread up two Pair of Stairs, in the most commodious Room, though not much larger than a Brewer's Copper : However, to make amends, these are honour'd with wetted Knives, whose Variety of Handles discover all the Diversity that can possibly be found from the Elephant's-Tooth, and *Bucks* Brow Antlers, to the Tip of the Bullock's Horn, and Wooden Twopenny *Birmingham* : Also decently entertain'd with clean Linen, that looks of as many Colours, as the patch'd Sails of a *Newcastle* Collier refitted after a Tempest : Some of the Napkins appearing as gray for Want of Whitening :



Whitening ; some as blue with over Starching ; some as yellow, with long Lying ; and others as white with good Washing, as if all the Huffwives in the Neighbourhood unlock'd their Trunks to supply the Feast with their home-spun Flaxen, which they had carefully laid up against the Marriage of their Daughters.

In other Rooms, or rather Closets, which are seldom furnished but upon this Occasion, the Leaves of the Tables are rough Deal-boards ; so full of ragged Splinters, for want of planing, that there is as much Danger in laying down a Hand without Caution, as there is in grasping the Branches of an old stubborn Gooseberry-Bush ; for the Ceremony of a Table-Cloth was quite laid aside, as if it was as obnoxious to the Company as a Surplice to a Conventicle ; so that nothing appears besides batter'd Plates and crack'd Trenchers, to hide the shagged Boards, which are just in the same Condition as they were brought from the Saw-pit, and only loosely laid on upon empty Buts and Barrels, that as the Guest sit at their Tables, when over-gorg'd they may piss into the Bung-Holes to make Room for more Liquor. Whoever proposes to make a hearty Meal ought to take special Care to bring a Knife in their Pocket ; or, notwithstanding the Feast, they may chance to make a Fast-Day of it, if they depend upon the Borrow ; their Seats have hitherto been an odd Mixture of little Forms, Crickets, Buffet-Stools and Runlets ; the last of which are commonly chosen by the greatest Guzzlers, because when Nature is so oppressed that they want Leakage, they may turn their Conduit-Pipes into the Tap-Holes of the Casks they sit upon, without giving themselves the Trouble of a Remove to the Chamber-pot. Most Parts of the House, besides the Club-Room above, and the Boxes below, are furnish'd upon the Festival after the foregoing Manner, and I make no Doubt but some of the Society, whom my Landlord dare trust, are glad to squeeze into the Cellar, there to stand among Tap-Tubs, devour  
their



their Dinners upon But-Heads, and to wipe their greasy Fingers betwixt their Legs upon their patch'd Breeches. Their Provisions consist always of the best Substantials, as Beef, Pork, and Mutton, for they are seldom troubled with such squeamish Stomachs that require the Cookery of a *Pontac*, or *Locket*, to toss up Dainties for their Appetites; there being some of the Company who, for their own single Shares, would eat a *Rumford Calf* cut into *Scotch Collops*, besides an answerable Proportion of forc'd Meats and Bacon; for which Reason the Bill of Fare, as it is ordered by the Stewards, is most commonly a true *English* Catalogue of noble Sir-Loins, huge thundering Legs of right *Hampshire* Pork, and astonishing fat Giggets of rare *Leicestershire* Mutton: As for Lady-picking Wild-Fowl, Venison-Pasties, and such expensive Superfluities, they leave them to the Court Quality, and rich gormondizing Citizens, who have little else to do with their Money but fool it away upon nice Bits, Raggoes, and Kickshaws: As to Liquors, like true and faithful Subjects, they never exceed the natural Products of our own Country, but cheerfully content themselves with full *Winchesters* of good Mild and Stale, the rare corroborating Juice of wholesome Malt and Hops, such that strengthens the Backs of jolly Watermen, Porters, Coachmen, Carmen and black thirsty Vulcans, who drudge at the nuptial Anvil, like Slaves in a Plantation, to hammer out lusty Boys for the Defence and Service of their Country, and abandon all inglorious Lusts after foreign Clarets, those costly Occasions of Fevers, Gouts and Rhumatisms. The last Dish which is brought up two Pair of Stairs to the principal Table, is a live Bird Pye, which contains such Variety of feather'd Songsters, that no sooner is the Lid cut up, and the little Prisoners set at Liberty, who lay before immur'd between Pye-Crust Walls, but the Room, in an Instant, is turned into an *Avery*, whilst the Company like wild Cats tumble all into Confusion, and madly leaping over one another's Heads, claw,

fight



fight, and scramble, in their Hair-brain'd Pursuit of their poor frightened Quarry; who to escape the Hands of their contending Enemies, dodge them for a Time till some of the fattest of the Company, quite tir'd with the Chase, are forc'd to give out, and sit puffing, hawking and coughing, ready to discharge their full Stomachs of those greasy Dabs they had so plentifully eaten; whilst others, who have more Breath, and are more active, catch the best of the Birds, that they may carry them Home as Tokens of their Affections to their Wives and their Daughters; upon the Dispatch of this Ceremony, which is commonly attended with broken Shins, much Laughter, and abundance of Disorder, the Dinner is concluded, and then the Plate is handed about for the Relief of the poor Widow of some deceas'd Bird-Fancier, which has no sooner made its Way thro' the several Branches of the well-stuff'd Society, but a Period is put to the grand Solemnity; and you are heartily welcome Gentlemen.

*How fond is eve'ry Fool to be a Guest,  
Where wild Disorder Crowns the noisy Feast?  
As if indecent Scrambling with each Clown  
And rude Confusion makes the Meat go down:  
Sure Wife and Children, whom we ought to love,  
Vexatious Mess-Mates to the Husband prove;  
Or else no Spouse would rather chuse to dine  
Among such greedy Herds of two-leg'd Swine,  
Where dirty Boards or musty Vessels lye  
As Tables, some too low, and some too high;  
And where coarse Towels of a Groat a Yard,  
Are only to the Parish Dons prefer'd;  
Whilst those of lower Rank have neither Cloth,  
Or Napkin, but are destitute of both;  
Yet all sit easy o'er the Fare they find,  
And gladly lick their Fingers when they've din'd:  
Drink with their Lips unwip'd till greasy Oil  
Glazes the Surface of their powerful Swill:*

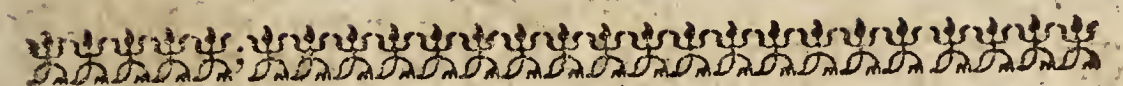


*Yet no nice Guest, like squeamish Beau finds Fault,  
But swallows down the Fat that crowns the Malt;  
Why not? since each Man, lest the Proverb lyes,  
Must eat a Peck of Dirt before he dies.*

*But if at publick Feasts we can agree  
With such coarse Usage and Indecency;  
And tho' we pay, yet be content to bear  
With Slights and Failings when our Hosts shall err.  
Why then at Home, when Trifles prove amiss,  
Should we grow angry and disturb our Peace?  
What tho' the Capons are in Roasting spoil'd;  
Or the Calve's-Head too much, or little boil'd?  
What if the Cloth be neither clean or fine,  
When some dear Bottle Friend's brought Home to dine:  
Or that your Wife should at the Table frown,  
Because, perhaps, undrest in Morning Gown,  
For Want of timely knowing she should be  
Oblig'd to entertain strange Company,  
Why should such Female Follies vex our Hearts,  
And make us mad at Home by Fits and Starts?  
Since we abroad, at our Expence, can bear  
A thousand Faults that more provoking are,  
To the proud Madams of the Bar bow low,  
But to our Wives morose and slighting grow:  
Wink at great Errors for a Vic'tler's Gain,  
But oft at Home without a Cause complain.*

*Therefore, since guzzling Spendthrifts can dispence  
With dirty Ale-House Sights without Offence,  
When Maudling drunk they from their Revels come,  
They should not crow and tyrannize at Home:  
For he that snubs his Wife he ought to prize,  
Is born to be a Cuckold e'er he dies*





*The LYING Club, and how it came to be  
establis'd.*

SIR Harry Blunt, a witty Gentleman, and very famous in the Art of *Mendaciloquence*, being under an Obligation to give a Tavern Treat to some foreign Travellers, who were come over into *England*, to make themselves acquainted with our Customs and Curiosities, did accordingly invite, in the Year sixty-nine, his outlandish Guests to the *Bell-Tavern* in *Westminster*, to a plentiful Entertainment, their Dinner consisting of a huge over-grown *Carp* stew'd; three Brace of *Partridges* and a *Leverite* in the Middle, for the second Course, and a butter'd Apple-pye to conclude the Feast. When each of the Company had suffic'd Nature, and their Tongues began to be at their usual Liberty, the Dainties which so lately had oblig'd their Appetites, occasion'd them to fall into a Discourse of Fishing, Fowling, and such Sort of Sports, as 'tis reasonable to believe the Creatures they had eaten must naturally introduce, especially among such Persons that happened to be Sportsmen; so that every one being fond of amusing the rest with some extraordinary Adventure, as an Evidence of his Skill in those rural Recreations, a forward Gentleman, who was willing to break the Way, begins the following Story, to shew what miraculous Success he had once met with in his Hunting, *viz.*

About seven Years since, when I lived in *France*, a few Leagues from *Mompellier*, in the County of *Languedock*, an unhappy Gentleman, who was my near Neighbour, happen'd to be murder'd by his own Servant, who also broke open a Casket, and carry'd off some Jewels of a considerable Value; but public Intelligence being immediately dispatch'd throughout the whole



Kingdom, there was no Possibility of his attempting to get over Sea from any of the Ports, but he must of Necessity have been taken. About a Week after this horrid Villany was perpetrated, the Sea being agreeable, I had a strong Desire, mov'd by some secret Impulse, to take out my Dogs, being inwardly assur'd, that in such a distant Wood I should meet with a wild Boar that would yield us excellent Sport, accordingly one Morning an Hour before Sun Rise, having given my Huntsman Notice over Night, we were all in a Readiness to take the Field; and prepossessed of infallible Success away I marched, with only my Huntsman, a Relation and my Servant, in Quest of the Game I had already row'd in my Fancy, we had not long been enter'd into the Avenues of the appointed Wood, but the Dogs, who were beating in one of the thickest Copses, began to open, and no sooner had the Huntsman given them Encouragement, but away they went full Cry, tho', what Game they met with was but as yet Conjecture, at length, hearing them all open in the Middle of the Wood a long Time together without any Cessation, and much about the same Place, as near as we could guess, we judg'd by the Eagerness of their Mouths, that they had something at a Bay, upon which, fir'd with the Resolution of keen Sportsmen, we bolted thro' the under Wood, leaving here a Bit of Coat, and there a Bit of Skin, to back the Dogs against their powerful Adversary, who, as we thought, was defending himself with his Tusshes; at last, after many painful Scratches, and other implacable Difficulties, we came in to the Hounds, who were all spending and tearing at a Bottom of a high Tree as if the Devil had possess'd them; but finding no Signs of any Thing that could warm the Dogs with such unusual Fury, we were ready to conclude they had hunted some old Witch in the Shape of a Boar, who had given them the Drop in that Place, by mounting upon a Wither, and riding o'er the Tops of the Trees to take Sanctuary in her own Cottage; but as we were thus standing under



under the Umbrage of the Oak which the Dogs had surrounded, all strangely amus'd at this uncommon Disappointment, down drops a Surreverence from the Top of the Tree upon the Withers of my Horse, just under my Nostrils, which in plain *English*, stunk much worse than ever I smelt a *Pole-Cat*; Morblu, thought I, what unlucky Bird is this that has dishonour'd my Galloper with such an ignoble Crest? And with that, looking upwards, I beheld a uge bald Pair of Buttocks, with the other Appurtenances hanging dangling down like a Lyon's Tongue when he has been well hunted, perched upon a crooked Bow instead of a House of Office, to prevent the unsavory Fruits of his Labour from dripping into his Trouzers. How now, Sirrah, said I, Trees were made for Birds to perch upon, and not such Beasts as you are, who cannot elevate your unmannerly Rump, but you must pour down your Dendelylon Dung upon the Heads of your betters. *Pray Sir forgive me*, crys the poor Fellow, *it was nothing but the Overflowings of my extraordinary Fear*; and *I thought a cleanly Stool would be much more comfortable than a foul Pair of Breeches*. Sirrah, said I, come down, and let me know who and what you are, or my Man's Fusée shall fetch you off your Perch; upon which Threat, he only beg'd Leave to button up his Breeches, saying, he would then descend, and submit himself to our Mercy; accordingly the frighted Refugee quitted his lofty Station, and slid down the Trunk with as much Agility as a Monkey; but, no sooner had he drop'd himself upon *Terra Firma*, e'er I presently discovered him to be my Friend's Servant who had robb'd and butcher'd his Master; upon which, I positively charg'd him with the Fact, and with a sorrowful Countenance he confessed himself Guilty; I then enquir'd of him what was the Meaning that the Hounds persu'd him, to which he answered, he could assign no Reason, but these Two; the first was, *that his Pumps were made of the tann'd Hide of a wild Bear, and by the Heat of his Feet left a Scent, as he suppos'd upon*

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*the Ground*, which the Hounds had been us'd to ; or else, *that Providence had ordain'd that a Man who had kill'd his Master should be hunted by Dogs into the Hands of Justice* ; so, in this miraculous Discovery we ended the Sport of the Day, and deliver'd the Offender into the Power of the Law, who, in a little Time, was broke upon the Wheel, as he justly deserv'd, for his most treacherous Villany.

No sooner was this Story ended, but another Gentleman, with the License of a Traveller, succeeded it with a second, no less remarkable for its surprizing Contingencies, that what might be observ'd in the preceeding Amusement, *viz.*

About nine Years since, being order'd from *Holland* to negotiate some Business in *Nova Hollandia*, in the *East-Indies*, I was oblig'd to reside for several Months, in the *Dutch Factory* ; in which Time being curious to inspect a little into the adjacent Country, I got an honest Fellow, who was a neighbouring *Indian*, that could speak a little *Dutch* to bear me Company ; and willing to give myself some Diversion in my Ramble, I took with me such Fishing-Tackle as the Country afforded, that we might please ourselves, by the Way, with an Hour or two's Recreation by the Sides of such Rivers as we should chance to meet with, Angling being a contemplative Pastime that I always delighted in. When we were thus equip'd for our wandring Expedition, away we jog'd upon our Pedestals, till at last we came to a pleasant River which the *Indian* was acquainted with, who told me, it abounded with a delicious Fish in the Language of the Natives call'd a *Posuton*, which signifies a Glutton ; so nam'd, because a voracious Fish that would frequently prey upon its own Kind ; walking by the Banks to pick out a shady Place that might give us a little Umbrage from the scorching Sun-Beams, we at length came to a curious Bed of Osiers, where we might stand with Pleasure, and there accordingly we prepared our Tackle, and resolv'd to try our Fortune. The *Indian* being but



a Bungler at this Sort of Sport, could not get himself in a Readiness so soon as myself ; so that I was enter'd upon my Pastime, whilst he was very busy in fumbling out his Implements ; nor had I laid into the River above two Minutes, e'er I found, by my Float, I had a swinging Bite, but, as ill Fortune would have it, I happen'd upon my Head to have a feather'd Cap, much worn in that Country, and as my Noddle was moving among the Tops of the Ofsers, a swinging Hawk, which are generally very large in those Parts, hovering aloft, just over me, and taking, I suppose, the Plumes upon my Noddle to be some strange Sort of Bird, and having a Mind to taste whether it was good Food, or not, came swooping down, and made such a furious Stroke at her new Quarry, that I thought, for a Minute or two, she had left my Shoulders Headless ; under which Surprize I dropp'd my Angle-Rod, and so lost my Fish ; but coming, by degrees, a little to myself, I began to scratch my Ears to feel whether I had a Head on, and in groping after that, I found I had only lost my Cap : I was very much amaz'd at this unaccountable Assault, and gazing around me to discover the Assailant, but seeing No-body near me but my *Indian* Companion on the other Side the River, I turn'd my Eyes upwards, and at a considerable Distance, there I saw the feather'd Thief sailing upon the Wing to the next Wood, I suppose to examine into his Booty : My Fishing-Mate was so busy that he perceiv'd not the Disaster, and was as much surpriz'd when I told him what had happen'd, as I myself was who had surviv'd the Danger ; however, having no great Damage, I stood again to my Tackle, and apply'd myself to my Sport, but remember'd the Sportsman's Saying, *viz. Ware Hawk*, and kept my Eyes about me, for Fear the hungry Rapparee who had snatch'd away my Cap, when she found herself disappointed, should come again for my Head, which, as empty as it is, I was very unwilling to spare her ; I had not long been return'd to my Pastime, e'er I had another Bite, but



just as I struck I found a strange flouncing in the Water, and such a Weight pulling at the End of my Line, that I did not fear to weigh what I had fasten'd for fear of shivering my Tackle, so that I play'd with my unknown Supper down the Stream, till at length we came to a gravelly Shallow, where, with eager Eyes, I beheld the Monster I had tir'd with my Management, upon Sight of which in stepp'd my Companion, and it was as much as he could do to give him a Heave upon the Shore; when we had thus secur'd him, he had so gorg'd my Hook, that I was forc'd to rip him open, or must have broke my Line, but found, upon the Defection, that the least of seven Fish had first taken the Bait, and being well fasten'd was swallow'd by a bigger; these two by a third; the three by a fourth; the fourth by a fifth; the fifth by a sixth, and all those by an over-grown large one, which compleated the Number afore-mention'd; so that I caught a Nest of Fish one within another, at one fortunate Stroke, to make myself Amends for the Loss of my feather'd Cap, at which Success I was so highly pleas'd, that we put up our Tackle, and return'd homewards with abundance of Satisfaction; but that which happen'd to be the most fortunate Miracle that attended our Adventure, was, that just as we came within Sight of the Factory, my Cap, which I had lost after so odd a manner, came tumbling down in a perpendicular Line, from a lofty Distance, and chuck'd as close upon my Noddle, as a new Hat fitted on by an *English* Haberdasher; being strangely startled to find something clapp'd upon my Head, and my Companion before me, I pull'd off my Bonnet in a great Surprize, and perceiv'd it to be the very individual Cap which the *Hawk* had robb'd me of, and viewing it all over, for my better Assurance, found that the merry Bird had muted in the Lining, and, either thro' Design or Accident, had crown'd me with a Surreverence: I presently recollected the old *English* Proverb, *viz. That shitten Luck was good Luck,* and highly commended the good Humour of the *Hawk*,  
that



that would not suffer me to return into the Factory with a callow Pole, which being new shav'd was as bare as a Bird's Arse, so I wip'd off the Soil, put on my feather'd Mounter, and was pleas'd I had met with a Bird of Prey, that had much more Honesty than some of my fellow Creatures. Upon the Conclusion of which Story, *Indeed, Sir, says Sir Harry Blunt, had not the Hawk been so civil as to return your Cap, I would have given you mine, for I think you deserve, for the Wonders you have told us, all the Caps in the Company.*

Sir Harry being a Gentleman of ready Wit, and quick Invention, and it now falling to his Turn to entertain the Company, considering it highly concern'd his Reputation to oblige them with something that might be worthy of his Character, accordingly he presented them with a Specimen of his Genius, after the following Manner, *viz.*

As for my Part, Gentlemen, the only Exercise that I particularly delight in, is drawing the long Bow, in which Piece of Archery, by continual Practice, I am so expert, that I have oftentimes, with an Arrow, taken a single Jack-daw from the Weather-cock of a Church Steeple, so that I as frequently go a Fowling with my Bow and Arrow, as other Gentlemen do with their Nets or Birding Pieces, and as often return Home with unaccountable Success: It happen'd no longer since than Yesterday Morning, that my Man and I cross'd the River into Surry, to try if we could meet with any tolerable Sport on that Side the Water, where we rang'd the Woods and Fields for several Hours, before we met with any Sort of Game that was worth our shooting at, insomuch that we were quite tir'd with our fruitless Endeavours, and to ease our Legs, had taken up our sitting upon the pleasant Bank of a narrow Rivelet; also to consult which Way we should steer our Course, that we might mend our Fortune: As we were thus talking and refreshing our weary Limbs, casting my Eyes around me, I happen'd to espy a *Woodpecker* very busy at work upon the Trunk of an



Apple-Tree, whose Boughs were laden with very beautiful Fruit, growing by Chance in a Meadow on the other Side of the River; so that, tho' I very well knew a *Woodpecker* was no Food, yet, to exercise my Hand, I resolv'd to let fly at her, accordingly drew my Bow, at which Instant up leap'd a swinging Carp, a great Height above the Stream, in a diametrical Line to the Mark I had taken Aim at, that my Arrow very luckily took the Fish in the Head, carry'd that to the *Woodpecker*, and peg'd them both fast into the Body of the Apple-Tree, being greatly overjoy'd at this unexpected Success; by the Help of my Man's Grane-Staff I took a running Jump, and sprung over the River, and pulling out my Arrow with some Difficulty, down dropp'd my Fowl and Fish both as dead as a Herring; Upon this, stooping for a little Grass to wipe off the Blood from the Peg of my Arrow, I happen'd to catch a young *Leverite* by the Ears, who finding himself taken, did so claw my Hands in struggling for his Liberty, that, being vex'd at the Smart, I gave his Neck a Twist, and flinging him in a Fury a few Yards from me, cast him, by good Fortune, among a Covy of *Partridges*, and by the Violence of the Throw kill'd three Brace: Being strangely astonish'd at this miraculous Event of one single Shoot, I toss'd back the Staff, that my Man might come over to me, who, with lifted up Hands, beheld the bleeding Wonder, and picking up the Game, put them into his Hawking-Bag. By this Time the Heat of the Day, and our tiresome Walk having made us drowthy, we began to remind ourselves of the Apples over our Heads, so that I order'd my Man to climb the Tree, who mounted accordingly, and shook down as much Fruit as we could well bring off with us; thus highly satisfy'd with our unexpected Success, we return'd Home last Night, on Purpose to entertain this good Company with the Fruits of our Labour; so that the Carp, the *Partridges*, the *Leverite*, and the *Apple-Pye*, which were brought to the Table this very Day, I hope will convince



convince you, that I scorn to tell less Truth than the rest of my Neighbours.

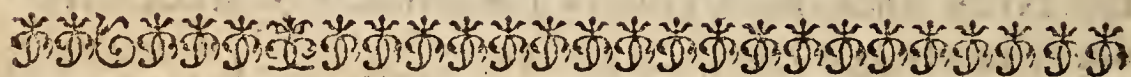
Pray, Sir Harry, says one of the Gentlemen, *what did you do with that Woodpecker?* Poh, poh, replies Sir Harry, I intend to dry him in an Oven, then hang him up in my Hall with a Parchment Label about his Neck that shall convey the Miracle to succeeding Generations.

A sober grave Gentleman sitting next to Sir Harry, who had no extraordinary Talent in such Sort of Stories, but it being his Turn to continue their Mirth, the Company were very importunate with him to oblige them with a Relation of some Adventure that might be agreeable with the former; but the Gentleman conscious of his own Insufficiency, and perceiving the rest to be all Masters of the Art of Amusement desired to be excus'd, but they still persisted in their troublesome Entreaties till they teas'd him into a Passion, inso-much, that he wraps out a great Oath, and breaths out this Expression, *viz. I verily believe every Tittle you have said to be infallibly true, and that since I must be conformable, I think as great a Lye, as any I have heard yet.*

The foregoing Sarcaasm being spoke with Warmth, it put the Company into a Fit of Laughter: Well, says Sir Harry, *since we are all Travellers, and so happily met together, let us constitute a Meeting once a Week in this very House we are now so merry in, that we may refresh Nature with a chearful Bottle, and exercise our Faculties to one anothers Satisfaction;* to which Proposal the whole Company assented; but hark ye, Sirs, says the Gentleman whom they had teas'd with their Importunities, *a Society without a Name, is like a Book without a Title; therefore if we intend to hold a constant Meeting, it is necessary we should assume some certain Denomination;* upon which, one would have it the Gentleman's Club, another the Traveller's Club: No, no, says the fleering Satyrift, *let us call it the Lying Club, and chuse Sir Harry for our Chair-Man;* Being all very



Merry over their Wine, they were best pleas'd with the last Distinction, accordingly resolv'd themselves into a Club under the same Title; and before they parted settled all the Preliminaries, and agreed to be govern'd by the following Orders, *viz.*



*ORDERS to be observed by the LYING-CLUB, holden at the Bell-Tavern in Westminster.*

**T**HAT the Chair-Man shall be oblig'd to wear a blue Cap with a red Feather in it, or upon his Refusal to do the same, shall for such Contempt, be turned out of the Society.

II. That no Person shall be admitted as a worthy Member of this worshipful Society, till he has given sufficient Testimony of his Qualifications to the whole Board.

III. That whosoever shall presume to speak a Word of Truth between the establish'd Hours of six and ten, within this worshipful Society, without first saying with an audible Voice, *by your Leave, Sir Harry*, shall, for every such Offence, forfeit one Gallon of such Wine as Mr. *Chair-Man* shall think fit.

IV. That when any worthy Member shall modestly introduce any stupendious Improbability, beyond what the *Chair-Man* shall be able to parallel, that then the said *Chair-Man* shall resign his Cap, and deliver up his Chair to so deserving a Member, who shall hold the same, till some other Member, by his extraordinary Merits shall happen to oblige him to the like Resignation.

V. That



V. That any worthy Member of this worshipful Society, who shall presume to swear during Club Hours, except to grace a Lye, shall, for every such Offence, forfeit one Bottle of such Wine as the *Chair-Man* shall appoint.

VI. That if any Member of this worshipful Society, shall neglect to appear upon the Club Night, between the aforesaid Hours of six and ten, that every such Aggressor, upon the succeeding Club Night, shall for such Contempt, be amers'd four Rhodomontades off Hand, or forfeit five Shillings to the Servants of the House, and in Case he doubles his Neglect by not attending the Board upon the next Club Night, then to be amers'd upon his next Appearance, as many thumping Lies as the *Chair-Man* shall think fit, or to be expell'd this Society.

VII. That no Person be admitted a Member of this worshipful Society, except Doctor *Oates*, or such as shall bring under the Doctor's Hand and Seal a Testimonial of their Qualifications.

VIII. That this worshipful Society be duly adjourn'd at ten of the Clock, or the *Chair-man* to forfeit a Gallon of Claret to the Board, and his Cap and Feather to his right Hand Neighbour.

Upon this Footing the *Lying-Club* was at first establish'd, over which Sir *Harry Blunt* presided as *Chair-Man* above a Twelve-month, till at length, a merry Gentleman, who was an absolute Master of the lying Faculty, disrob'd him of his Authority; but Sir *Harry* in a little Time recover'd his Reputation, and re-in-stated himself in the Chair, which he held successively for several Years after, till he had the Honour to become the Patron or Mæcenas of all the Fictions in the Town, therefore, since I have given you the Rise and Constitution of this memorable Society, I shall now  
proceed



proceed to some of their fabulous Stories, deliver'd by certain Members upon their first Initiation; also several remarkable Extravagancies that pass'd to and fro, between the famous Knight, and such of the witty Members as contended for the Chair.

In a short Time after the Society was establish'd came a Couple of young Gentlemen to desire their Admittance, being well qualify'd, as they thought, to perform their Exercise according to the Custom of the Club, upon sending up their Business by a select Drawer that attended the Society, they were admitted to the Board, to give Proof of their Endowments; upon which the most forward of the two began to exercise his Talent (after paying his Compliment) in Manner following, *viz.*

Gentlemen, about five Years since, I had the ill Fortune to marry a very beautiful Woman, in whose delightful Embraces, for a considerable Time, I thought myself not only secure, but extreamly happy, till at length, as I was walking early one Morning in my own Grounds, according to my Custom, I happen'd to meet with an old Woman, who was sauntering towards my Dairy-house to beg a Pitcher of Butter-milk. *Good-morrow to ye, old Mother,* said I; *Good-morrow, Master,* quoth the beetle-brow'd Beldam; adding, if I would cross her Hand with a Piece of Silver, she would tell me my Fortune, which accordingly I did; but more out of Charity, than any Curiosity I had to hear my Destiny; no sooner had she receiv'd a Token of my Bounty, but, in plain Words, she told me I was Cuckold; you're a lying old Hag, said I; and I could find in my Heart to have you lash'd at the next whipping Post. *Since you will not believe me,* cries the furl Witch, *I'll make you see your Horns, e'er you go much further;* and so we both parted, muttering at each other; but I had not gone above two hundred Yards, before I came to a curious Spring, which tempted me to refresh my Eyes with some of the running Water, which I had no sooner done, but stooping to the Stream to

repea



repeat the same, I saw myself in the Water perfectly transform'd into a mighty Buck, with a Load of Antlers upon my Head sufficient to have set up a Knife Cutler ; I was strangely astonish'd at this unaccountable Change, and began to consider that I was certainly bewitch'd by that confounded Sorceress, who had told me my Fortune ; for I still found I had my Memory left, though I was depriv'd of Speech, and totally divested of my human Appetites, so that my Brains run upon nothing but shady Woods and fresh Pastures ; and were so strangely possess'd of unaccountable Fears, that the Barking of a Dog frighted me much worse than a Clap of Thunder ; I now, to hide myself from the Sight of the Passengers, made the best of my Way to a neighbouring Cover, where I lay in Solitude for several Days and Nights, and was glad to nibble off the Bark of my own Trees, for a starving Sustenance : In this unhappy State of a timorous Brute I liv'd for several Months, till it began to be rutting Time with me, that I found my Dowsets itch as much after a Doe, as ever my Concupiscence did after a Woman, and was grown of a sudden so Horn-mad withal, that I was ready to run a Tilt at every Thing that came near me ; so that I left my Cover in the Night, and jump'd over the Pails into my own Park, in Hopes to match myself with a Mate, where I had not been above a Quarter of an Hour, but I heard a strange Voice over my Head, crying, *Marcum, Marcum, draw Blood of thy Rival, and the same shall restore thee to thy former Shape* : I listen'd, you must believe, with all the Ears I had, and was glad to be inform'd, that there was any Possibility of being once more recover'd into a State of Humanity, but was still as ignorant which Way to prosecute the Advice that the Witch or Devil had given me, as I was, before I was instructed, how to shift off my Brutality ; so that I was ready to fancy, the Hag had only scoff'd me, for I could not foresee any Prospect that I had of pursuing her Directions ; but the next Day proving excessive



cessive hot, and I, who ought to have been the Master Buck, being a Stranger to the Herd, was beaten by my horned Brethren, from all the Covers of the Park, that, for my Ease as well as my Security, I ventur'd to leap over a lofty Pale, that fenc'd in an Orchard adjacent to my House, there couch'd myself amidst a Thicket of Curran-bushes, where I had not lain long, but my Rival and my Lady came sailing along the Grass, link'd so amorously together, as if they were retir'd with a mutual Desire of giving their Arses a Sallet : Just as I imagin'd, so it prov'd, for no sooner had they screen'd themselves behind a thick Holly-Hedge, but down he lays my Lady, and just as he was going to add one Sprought more to my unmerciful Crest, up rouses I, and with the revengeful Fury of a Horn-mad Cuckold, run full tilt at the Posteriors of my Rival, and goring his brawny Drivers with my Brow-Antlers, I was immediately restor'd to my pristine Humanity, which the Adultress beholding, in a strange Confusion, skipp'd as nimbly from the Ground as a *Dutch Tumbler* ; and flying in a Fright, with her Gallant halting after her, happen'd to plunge into a deep Well, over-grown with Nettles, and her Spark upon her, so I clapp'd on the Lid, for fear they should struggle out again, went into my House, reconcil'd myself to my Servants, and came to Town on Purpose to oblige you, ingenious Gentlemen, with this amusing Relation, in hopes to become a Member of this worshipful Society.

*Truly, Sir, replies the Chairman, this Story may pass for a substantial Lye amongst some ignorant Pretenders, who are not able to distinguish between Truth and Falsehood ; but we cannot here, by the Laws of our Society, admit any Gentleman, who is so careless, in the Performance of his initiating Exercise, as to corrupt his Genius with the least Probability : No adulterated Lye, dash'd and brew'd with Truth, will pass current in this eminent Society ; though a great Part of this Story is fabulous enough in Reason, yet nothing is more likely than*  
that



that you may be cuckold, and the Probability of that destroys the Incredibility of all you have reported; for as Truth out of a Lyar's Mouth ought scarce to be credited, so nothing can deserve the Sanction of a Lie, but what is resist'd with Judgment from all manner of Probability; therefore I hope, Sir, you will excuse us, for we cannot possibly admit you.

This unexpected Disappointment so dash'd the poor Gentleman out of Countenance. that he had nothing further to offer in his Defence, but up he started, and stepping abruptly out of the Room, Z———ds, says he, if such Lies as these will not pass Muster among you, the Devil himself is only fit to be your Chairman; so went hastily down Stairs, left his Friend behind him, and marched off, muttering, very much dissatisfy'd.

No sooner had the Society dispatched this Gentleman, but Silence was commanded, and his Companion that came in with him was called upon to report to the Board what he had to offer, that might recommend him to the Society; upon which, though he was a little dispirited to see his poor Friend come off so unsuccessfully, yet, having a pretty good Assurance, he resolved to give them a Specimen of his Talent, and thus began his Amusement, viz.

My Father, being a *Darbyshire* Gentleman, happen'd to have an old Seat near the *Peak*, and a plentiful Estate in that County; behind the House, among other Wonders, there remains a deep Well, into which, not only our Family, but many of the Neighbours, in the intestine Wars, cast the best of their Treasure to secure it from the Rebels; but, when the Troubles were over, attempting to recover what, as each believ'd, they had so carefully dispos'd of, they found upon their Search, the Gulph that had swallow'd up their Wealth was of such an immensurable Profundity, that all the Cart Ropes in the Country, join'd together, were not long enough to fathom it; upon which my Father, being troubled at his Neighbours Losses as well as his own, sent up to *London* for a Waggon Load

of



of Hemp, and had it spun and twisted into a strong Line in Order to reach the Bottom; when he had thus far proceeded, he erected a Windless over the Mouth of the Well, had a Bucket made as large as a *Gravesend* Tilt boat, furnish'd it with a good Featherbed, a Runlet of *Derby Ale*, a Peck Loaf and a *Cheshire* Cheese, Pipes, Candles, and Tobacco, and offer'd five Pound to any Country Fellow that would venture to travel to the End of this infernal Thoroughfare, but notwithstanding the Provision he had made, and the Reward he promis'd, yet the Country People had such frightful Notions of this terrible Descent, that none of them would engage in the subteranean Expedition; at length, a poor *Scotch* Pedlar, being robb'd of his Goods, as travelling to a Fair, came in great Distress to my Father's Door, and beg'd for a hard Onion and a little Oatmeal to help him forward in his Journey, upon which my Father told him the whole Story, offered him the Gratitude aforementioned, and, for his further Encouragement, a Tythe of all the Riches he should happen to recover; these joyful Proposals so readily prevail'd with the indigent Pedlar, that he presently undertook his perpendicular Journey, and swore, were it the Fundament of Hell, and he should meet the De'il by the Way, yet, if it were possible, he would earn the Money: Upon this his Resolution, my Father bound him to his Bargain by an Earnest of ten Shillings; so the Tackle was got ready, and after a little Repast, the Pedlar, without Fear, stept into his Cabbin with his empty Wallet upon his Shoulder, and was let down Gradatim for two Days and two Nights, and then the Line slackened, from whence we concluded that he was arrived at the Bottom, where we suffer'd him to remain the best Part of a Day to gather up the Riches; at last, we found he gave the Rope a Pull as an *Item* of his Willingness to return, accordingly we wound up, and to our great Satisfaction, found him much more ponderous than in his Passage downwards, from whence we reasonably conjectured he had discovered



covered the Wealth, and made a profitable Voyage; by this Time the Neighbours were collected in a Body, all gaping for the fortunate Resurrection of the bold Adventurer, like the Rabble waiting at the Foot of the Mountain for the Sight of a strange Monster; some enliven'd with the pleasing Hopes of sharing the wealthy Returns he had recover'd from the Deep; others expecting to hear wonderful News from the *Neather Recesses* of the lower World; all equally importunate to behold the Undertaker of so dangerous an Expedition; at last, after three Days Labour to reduce him from the Deep, up came the Vehicle, and out stept the *Scotchman*, with his Pack upon his Back very richly laden with *Muslins, Callicoes, and Silk Handkerchiefs*, but without a Tittle of the lost Treasure for which he had been diving; we presently attack'd him with a thousand Questions, about what Discoveries he had made in the subterranean Travels, particularly how he came to be so well furnished with such a Stock or Commodities; in Answer to which, he told us, he had met with nothing remarkable in his long dark Passage, till he came among the *Antipodes*, where he happen'd to find a Parcel of *Indian Weavers* selling their Goods at a Fair, so that he improv'd the Opportunity by buying good Penny-worths, and had replenish'd his Pack with several *Indian Manufactures*, at the small Expence of what my Father had given him; but, as for the Treasure he went in Search of, what had been pour'd in on this Side the Globe, was taken upon the other Side, and past all Recovery, so that every Body was forc'd to be content with their Losses; as soon as he had given us this sorrowful Account, beholding himself surrounded with such a Number of Spectators, he fell to opening his Pack, and all People present, being curious to purchase something of what was gain'd so miraculously, bought up all his Wares at his own Prizes; upon which, the Pedlar was very importunate with my Father to give him the Liberty of going a second Time to Market; but my Father, being a Man



of a covetous Temper, deny'd the *Scotchman's* Request, and resolv'd to go himself, but the Tackle breaking in the Middle of his Descent, let him drop at once to his Journey's End, beyond all Recovery; so that I lost my Father, but got the Estate, and am now come up to London to offer this *New-found Passage*, upon reasonable Terms, to the *East-India Company*.

His fictitious Story being thus ended, *truly young Gentleman*, says the Chairman, *considering your Youth, I think you have given a sufficient Testimony of your Qualifications; and, because so promising a Falsiloquent should not be baulk'd of his Matriculation, we admit you as a Member of this worshipful Society; so my humble Service to you, and you are welcome Brother.*

Upon another Night, when there was a full Board, and the Fumes of the Wine had inspir'd the Society with much Wit and Pleasantry, some, who were ambitious of being seated in the Chair, resolv'd to make a home Push at Sir *Harry Blunt*, and by the Dint of extravagant Lying to thrust him out of his Authority, the Chairman being obliged to resign his Post, if he attempted a Tale that he could not make passable, or when another told a Lye that he could not readily parallel. Pursuant to this Design, which was agreed on by some Travellers, one of the Undertakers, who was warm'd with Emulation, began as follows, *viz.*

As I was once travelling upon the *West India* Continent, I happened to behold a Cabbage whose Leaves were so extensive, that it was at least a Months Journey for a *Snail*, or a *Slug* to cross the least of 'em; and that one single Leaf, in Case of a Famine, was sufficient to subsist a whole Country for a Week; but that which was most remarkable, the Stalk was as thick as a Church Steeple, and as high as the *Monument*; out of the Sides of which, beneath the Cabbage that grew upon the Top of the Stem, sprung a plentiful Excreescency of such delicious Sprouts, that a Mess of them boiled with a Gammon of *Bear-Bacon*, was the best Victuals in the Universe.



*'Twas a thumping Cabbage, indeed,* reply'd Sir Harry, *but I once met with as great a Wonder in my late Travels through Prester John's Country, viz. As I was riding upon an Elephant, with my Man behind me upon the same Beast, in my Passage from Chimaza to Tottimoza, I happened, by the Road Side, to espy a brazen Wall of so stupendous a Height, that I got a Crick in my Neck by gazing at the Top of it: When we had rid by the Side of it about a League and a half, we came to a very tall Ladder erected against the Wall, and pitch'd against a Hole half a Mile below the Cornish, through which I imagin'd the Inhabitants of the City, so miraculously fortify'd, pass'd in and out; being strangely amus'd at this wonderful Sight, I stop'd my Elephant, and leaving the peaceable Brute to the Care of my Servant, mounted up the Ladder to satisfy my Curiosity by a Peep on the other Side, and having climb'd to the Port in about half an Hour, with an Aching Heart and a giddy Brain, I cast my Eyes downwards from my lofty Promontory, but could discover nothing at so great a Distance, but a great Number of little black Things, who were pecking like so many Rooks in a new sown Pease-field; but finding another Ladder on the contrary Side, I took Heart of Grace and descended down amongst 'em, and when I came there, what above I took to be Crows, I found below to be Tinkers very hard at Work; and what I had foolishly conjectured to be brazen Walls of some rich and populous City, proved nothing more, upon a clear Enquiry, than an old Caldron, about a League in Diameter, which had sustain'd some Damage by careless Usage, and so an Army of Tinkers were employ'd by the Owner to stop its Leaks. A Caldron, cry'd the Author of the foregoing Story, a League in Diameter too! Zouns, Mr. Chairman, pray what could it be for? Sir, reply'd Sir Harry, it was made on purpose to boil your great Cabbage in. By which witty return Sir Harry maintain'd his Honour and secur'd his Chair from the Invasion of his Rival.*



Upon this Disappointment, another of the Combiners, to back his Confederate, thus began his extravagant Fiction, in hopes to win that Honour which his Friend had fail'd of.

Being sent into *Persia*, some Years since, to negotiate an Affair concerning the Silk-Trade, with an Eminent Merchant of that Country, and hearing, when I was there, an incredible Account of the *Sophy's* Palace, I had a great Curiosity to behold the same, accordingly gave myself the Trouble of a Day's Journey to gratify my Desire; but when I came within Sight of the magnificent Pile, I was much more astonished at its wonderful Appearance, than I was at the Description; for the *Alps* are no more to be compared to it in Height, than a Mole-hill to Mount *Caucasus*. The *Sophy* being retir'd to his rural Palace, by seeing of a Servant I had an Opportunity of viewing the Inside; but the Foundation of the Edifice was so vastly deep, that it cost me a Week's Time to go down into the Wine-Cellar, where we could hear the *Antipodes* hallow over their Liquor, as if they had been hunting: From thence we were six Weeks Time in climbing into the Garrets, which stood above all the Clouds so extravagantly high, that the *Moon* had until'd the House, but the Night before, by knocking her Horns against the Roof of the Building: I took but little Time in looking about me, for our Provisions falling short, we were forced to return hastily, for fear of being starv'd before we got down again; and though we trip'd it as nimbly as a Ploughman from Church to a Bag-Pudding, yet we made it a full Month before we could recover the Ground-Floor; so I thank'd my Conductor for his great Civility, and return'd to my Merchant's House as heartily tir'd, as if I had been rowing six Months in a *French* Gally.

*I confess, Sir, replies the Chairman, this is as strange a Palace as ever I heard of: But as I was once travelling in the Country of Maurusia, I happened to take a view of a Giant's Castle, which had formerly been the noble*



noble Seat of that Monster of a Man, Antæus, who was slain by Hercules, that he might Kiss his Wife Tagenna, who, as well as her Husband, was about seventy Cubits high; and there indeed to my great Wonder, I saw one Banquetting-Room, where they us'd to entertain their Friends upon Festival Days, which to oblige my Curiosity, I measured exactly, and found it to be something above a Mile in Length, but that which was more remarkable, it contain'd a Table which, upon full Extention, was two Miles long.

Now, Sir Harry, cries his laughing Antagonist, I am sure we have caught you: How can a Room that's but a Mile long, contain a Table that is two Miles long? I must tell you, Gentlemen, replies Sir Harry, you may quit your hold, for it was a drawing Table, and happen'd to be skut in half a Mile at each end.

No-sooner had Sir Harry, by his witty Come off, preserv'd his Reputation, and defended his Chair, from the Usurpation of his Rivals a second Time, but a third renew'd the Challenge by the following Amusement, viz.

As I was travelling in the *East-Indies* from one of our Factories further into the Country, I happened to meet upon the Road an overgrown Tyger, as big as *Homer* reports the *Trojan Horse*, with as many Fortune-tellers riding upon his Back, as ever the other carried Warriors in his Belly, yet the Beast was so very Tame, that he bore them all quietly without the Government of a Bridle, and went Purring along like an old Cat, as if he was proud of his Servitude; I took the Liberty to ask them what they had fed him with, to nurse him up to that prodigious Magnitude? to which they answer'd, that they never gave him any thing; for that he only lived by licking his Whiskers. There happening in the Company to be a lusty Gentleman with a huge Pair of Whiskers, who had spent his Fortune by consulting of the Stars among *Gadbury*, *Cooley*, and the rest of the *Wise-akers*, who pretended to *Astrology*, and was often forced



forced to depend upon the Society for Want of Money to pay his Club, who, finding the Story so applicable to himself, steals down Stairs, and shave of the Ornament of his upper Lip at the next Barbers, returns again to the Company, who presently observing the mighty Alteration, took the Freedom to ask him what was become of his Whiskers; Z——s, says he, *that honest Gentleman in his Story of the Tyger, gave me so hard a Pull by 'em, that I went immediately and cut them off, to spoil his Hold for the Future.*

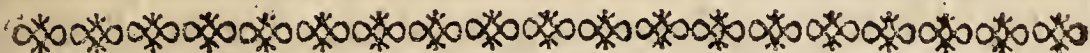
Sir Harry according to the Custom of the Chair, now entered upon this Story in answer to the Challenge, viz.

*I confess I never beheld such a large Tyger as that worthy Member has reported to the Board, but I have often seen in the West-Indies, to my great Admiration, what has been equally wonderful, which are a Sort of monstrous Bees of such a prodigious Magnitude, that they are commonly as big as our English Bull-dogs, and have their Arses fortify'd; Dragon like, with such extensive Stings, that they can dart a Man through at one Thrust, as if he was stuck with a Rapier. Pray, Mr. Chairman, says a thwarting Member, what Sort of Hives have they in that Country? Just such, replies Sir Harry, as our Bees have in England; with that the whole Society burst into a Laughter; crying, how can such monstrous Bees creep into such little Hives? Nay, nay, cries Sir Harry, let the Bees look to that.*

In these Sort of merry Jest, and extravagant Fables, the Rodomontading Society us'd to spin out their Club-Hours, judging the Largeness of a Man's Genius by the Mightiness of his Lyes; in which preposterous Talent they so plentifully abounded, that they furnished the whole Town with their fictitious Stories, and rais'd their fabulous Society to such a Pitch of Reputation, that scarce a Lye could pass Muster that had not the Honour to be fathered upon their judicious Assembly. Thus they made themselves famous for several Years, till at length



length, Sir *Harry*, who was the principal Supporter of the diabolical Faculty, pik'd over the Perch, and then the Club dwindled into publick Contempt for Want of the great Example, as well as Direction, of such another *Chairman*.



*A POEM in Praise of the Art of LYING ;  
written by a Member of the Lying Club.*

O Muse ! inspire me with a brazen Face,  
For good Assurance is a Lyar's Grace ;  
No painful Studies can our Thoughts refine,  
Or gild our Wits like Impudence and Wine :  
Such Pow'rs united blefs us double fold,  
One makes us bright, and t'other makes us bold :  
O ! Let me neither want, that I may praise  
The Art of Lying in Romantick Lays ;  
That ancient Art, which has in Fashion been  
E'er since fair *Eve* was Monarch *Adam's* Queen :  
That noble Art, which taught them first to know  
Forbidden Springs, where Tides of Pleasures flow ;  
And how by mutual Struggles to improve  
The Force of Dalliance, and the Joys of Love.  
What tho' it is by *Saints* and *Priests* decry'd,  
And by the Great to meaner Slaves deny'd ?  
Yet well-bred Lying is an Art that's us'd  
By those the most, by whom it's most abus'd ;  
It hides a thousand Faults from publick View,  
And adds a Grace to ev'ry Act we do ;  
It is the *Statesman's* Friend, the *Lawyer's* Plea,  
The *Poet's* Muse, the *P*——'s Security ;  
The *Trader's* Conscience, and the *Woman's* Veil,  
That hides the Failings of her wanton Tail :  
It conquers Beauty, carries on Intrigues ;  
It leads to Battle, and consummates Leagues ;



It Merit gives to Fools of high Degree,  
 And yields the *Pope* Infallibility;  
 It draws the Crowd into a wild Belief,  
 Quickens our Joys, and moderates our Grief;  
 It does the *Bibliopolæ's* Wealth encrease,  
 And starves the Author to enrich the Press;  
 It paints the Patron of a glorious Hue,  
 And makes him learn'd in Arts he never knew;  
 It gives a Sanction to the wealthy *Knave*,  
 Bleaches the *Dowdy*, makes the *Coward* brave;  
 It shews the *Harlot* in a modest Dress,  
 And weaves a Covering for her foul Disgrace;  
 It oft appeases Jealousies, and finds  
 Pleasing Excuses, and a thousand Blinds,  
 Preserves the Comforts of a nuptial Life,  
 And makes the *Cuckold* hug the *Filt* his Wife.

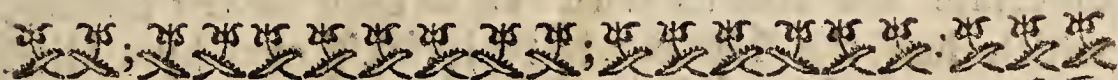
What tho' of *Hellish* Race, as some do hold,  
 And the first Lye was by the *Devil* told;  
 Yet should the Art of Lying be suppress'd,  
 And us'd no more in Earnest, or in jest;  
 A thousand hurtful Truths would then arise,  
 Which now are skreen'd by necessary Lies;  
 My Lady could no more with Cousin hide,  
 And by her Maids and Footmen be deny'd;  
 Our *Teachers* no fictitious Tales impose,  
 To lead believing Thousands by the Nose;  
 No fulsome Praise from *Poets* Pens would flow,  
 To flatter this rich *Knave*, or that fine *Beau*;  
 No nauseous Adulations shame our Schools,  
 To raise the Fame of undeserving Fools:  
 In short, the greatest then must low'r their Pride,  
 And hear those Truths they would be glad to hide:  
 The Lady then that feasts her Lover's Arms,  
 Would seem no more all Innocence and Charms,  
 But her brib'd Confidants, when ask'd, betray  
 The shameful Secrets of each sinful Day;  
 Nor could the honour'd *Fool*, or wealthy *Ass*,  
 Thro' the whole Nation for a *Season* pass;

But



But all appear, if stript of their Disguise,  
Empty and vicious to the vulgar's Eyes :  
Then why should busy Mortals be enjoyn'd  
To follow Truth, since in this Age we find  
Officious Lyes so useful to Mankind ?

}



The BEGGARS Club.

THIS mendicant Society of old bearded Hypocrites, wooden leg'd Implorers of good Christian Charity, stroling Clapperdudgeons, lympling Dissemblers, sham disabled Seamen, blind Gunpowder blasted Mumpers, and old broken limb'd Labourers, hold their weekly Meeting at a famous Boozing-Ken in the Middle of *Old-Street*, where, by the Vertue of sound Tipple, the Pretenders to be dark are restor'd instantly to their Sight ; those afflicted with feign'd Sicknes recover perfect Health ; and others that halt before they are lame, stretch their Legs without their Crutches. When the jovial Crew are met, no sooner are their aching Heads unbound ; their dirty Handkerchiefs and Night-Caps slip'd into their Pockts ; and their crippled Legs and Arms taken out of their Slings, and return'd from their cramping Postures to their Ease and Liberty ; but every drowthy Mortal whips off a *Winchester* at a Draught, that they may drown Sorrow at once ; wash away the Thoughts of Beggary, and the terrifying Fears of Justice *Moody* and the *Whipping-Post*, and wholly resign themselves to Mirth and Jollity, without any Interruptions. When their extended Gullets are pretty well liquor'd by a hasty Repetition of large Go-downs, and their Hearts begin to be light with the powerful Effects of rare sound Beer, deliciously improv'd with a Dash of humming two Threads : Then he who is, amongst 'em, the most celebrated Songster, to exhilarate the rest, begins to open his Pipes, rumbling out a groaning

H 2

broad



broad Bass, with running his stubbed Fingers along a smooth Table, whilst his merry Companions, by bearing a Bob, make up the Hogsty Harmony, which is generally so singular, and the Songs they sing so well adapted to themselves, that I think it not amiss to entertain the Reader with one of their newest Ballads, which had the Honour to be lyric'd over by a blind Fidler, and some of the jolly Members at their last Quarterly Feast, *viz.*

Tho' Begging is an honest Trade  
 That wealthy Knaves despise,  
 Yet rich Men may be Beggars made,  
 And we that beg may rise :  
 The greatest King may be betray'd,  
 And lose his sov'reign Power,  
 But we that stoop to ask our Bread,  
 Can never fall much lower.

### C H O R U S.

Then on with your Night-Caps, and tie up your Legs,  
 A Begging let's go for the *Smelts* and the *Megs* ;  
 When the *Mauts* and *Rum Culls* have recruited our Store,  
 We'll return to our Boozing. *O pity the Poor.*

What lousy foreign Swarms this Year  
 Have spoil'd the begging Trade ?  
 Yet still we live, and drink good Beer,  
 Tho' they our Rights invade :  
 Some say they're for Religion fled,  
 But wiser People tell us,  
 They're only forc'd to seek their Bread,  
 For being too rebellious.

### C H O R U S.

Then on with your Night-Caps, &c.



We hug our Ease, secure from Care,  
Whilst Numbers lose Estates ;  
And some who our kind Masters were,  
Become our jolly Mates :  
If these good pious Days should last,  
As most believe they will,  
Hard Times will others Fortunes blast,  
Whilst we are Beggars still.

C H O R U S.

Then on with your Night-Caps, &c.

Let heavy Taxes greater grow,  
To make our Army fight ;  
Where 'tis not to be had, we know  
The King must lose his Right :  
Let one Side laugh, and t'other mourn,  
We nothing have to fear,  
But that great Lords should Beggars turn,  
To be as Rich as we are.

C H O R U S.

Then on with your Night-Caps, &c.

What tho' we make the World believe  
That we are Sick or Lame,  
'Tis now a Virtue to deceive,  
The Righteous do the same :  
In Trade dissembling is no Crime,  
And we shall live to see,  
That begging, in a little Time,  
A common Trade will be.

C H O R U S.

Then on with your Night-Caps, &c.

Come



Come fill a Bumper, Brother *Mump*,  
 And let us be as merry  
 As *Cavaliers* that burnt the *Rump*,  
 And sung, *Hey down-a-derry* :  
 Let *Soldiers* fight, and *Sailors* cruize,  
 Whilst *Cowards* curse the Taxes,  
 We'll stay at Home, tope humming Boose,  
 And hug our *Mauts* and *Doxies*.

## C H O R U S.

Then on with your Night-Caps, and tie up your Legs,  
 A Begging we'll go for the *Smelts* and the *Megs* ;  
 When the *Mauts* and *Rum Culls* have recruited our Store,  
 We'll return to our Boozing. O pity the Poor.

When with Drinking and Singing they have given Nature a Fillip, and elevated their beggarly Souls far above the Pitch of their scandalous Profession, then up starts the nimblest of the jovial Crew, and to make Sport for the rest of his mendicant Brethren, entertains them with a Dance, wherein he expresses by Variety of Grimaces of a Beggar's Life, sometimes affecting a sorrowful Look, and a dissembled Lameness, halting along the Room, Cap in Hand, as if he was at the Arse of a miserly Alderman ; then biting his Nails, and shaking his Head, puts on a grinning Countenance, as if he curs'd him in his Heart, because he had not the Charity to reward his Prayers with a loose Half-penny. Next, flinging away his Crutches with abundance of Contempt, he cuts as many wild Capers as a Punch-drunken Seaman, shewing his Musick-House Activity before the Mast, to pleasure his proud Commander ; then suddenly, as if bitingly attack'd by his eight-leg'd Enemies, he fell to fingering his Collar, conveying his little Foes that he happens to take Prisoner between Finger and Thumb, from his Neck to his Mouth, that he may bite the Biters, which he dispatches so naturally, that



it is hard to distinguish whether he is in Jest or in Earnest : Thus he recreates himself, and diverts the Company, who cannot forbear shrugging at the lousy Performance, as if they itch'd by Sympathy.

No sooner is this Scene ended, but the Stewards of the Club require every Member to shew his Manner of Mendication, that by an ingenious Discovery of their several Shams and Wheedles, they may prevent their interfering with each others Way of Begging ; so that every poor Stroler may be the more secure of the Pity-moving Wheedles he commonly makes use of, as if the same were his own Right and Property : Upon which Demand of the Stewards, the oldest Mumper being allow'd the Precedency, each takes his Turn according to their standing ; so, pursuant to their daily Practices in the Streets, every one, in his Way, shews a distinct Method of opening his miserable Case to excite Christian Charity. The first, with an *Abrahamick* Beard down to his Leathern Girdle, thus begins the Comedy ; *Good your Worship cast an Eye of Pity upon a poor decay'd Tradesman, who has been the Husband of three Wives, the Father of thirty Children, the Master of eighteen Apprentices, and has kept six Journeymen at work for many Years together, till at last, undone by long Sickness, and severe Creditors, was kept a Prisoner in Ludgate for sixteen Years ; and now, in the Winter of my Age, forc'd to beg my Bread through downright Poverty, and incurable Lameness.* Then follows a Second, whose Legs are dismaliz'd with artificial Ulcers, a dirty Handkerchief bound about his Head, and his Face gilded of a *Termerick* Complexion, *viz. Good Christian People, shew your tender-hearted Charity to a disabled Wretch, who has been troubled these twenty Years with the running Evil : Pray look upon my deplorable Condition : I have been touch'd by two Kings ; have been in all the Hospitals about London, but turn'd out as incurable ; have been brought to Beggary and Want by ill Surgeons, and unkind Relations ; and am now in a starving Condition, unless the Lord opens the Hearts of some good charitable Christians*



*to relieve a poor distress'd Creature under a Load of Miseries. After him a Third, who has lost one Eye in a Flux, and counterfeits Blindness with the other, leaning upon a Quarter-staff, and turning up the Sight of the best under the upper Lid, thus exhibits his deplorable Story, viz. Pray pity the poor Blind, who lost his precious Sight in the late Wars at Sea, by a Blast of Gunpowder; bestow your Charity upon a poor Soul who has lost his Eyes in the Service of his Country, and now wanders about the World in perpetual Darkness. Then a Fourth, dress'd up like a decay'd Shop-keeper, with his Right Arm bound up in an old filken Sling, thus sets forth, in a soft Voice, the humble Manner of his hypocritical Complaint. Pray, worthy Sir, compassionate the Sufferings of a poor decay'd Citizen, who, after many Crosses in his Family, and Losses by Trade, had his House burnt down by the Carelessness of a Servant, and the Use of his Right Arm taken from him by the Dead Palsy; and now forc'd to ask the Charity of well-dispos'd Persons, not only on the Behalf of my poor self, but a distress'd Wife, that has lain Sick and Bed-ridden above these two Years. A Fifth, with a wooden Leg, and but one Eye, having lost the one by Wrestling, and the other by Boxing, with a Thrum Cap upon his Head, a Pair of Mittings upon his Hands, and a Seaman's Handkerchief about his Neck, makes a blunt Repetition of his fabulous Oration, viz. God bless you, noble Captain, remember a poor Seaman, who has lost a Limb in the Service, and an Eye in the Battle; was I able to fight, I'd scorn to beg; I have been a whole Man in my Time, therefore, pray Captain, bestow your Charity upon what the French have left of me. Next these, a Sixth, to shew his Qualification in the Art and Mystery of Begging, by screwing up his Limbs, seems to dislocate his Joints, and crumples his whole Body into such a lame distorted Posture, as if he had been broke upon the Wheel, and his Life afterwards preserv'd by some Dutch Mountebank, puts on a sorrowful Look, like a Playhouse Ghost, and in a frightful Tone thus informs the*

*rest*



rest how he implores your Charity, viz. *O pity a poor Labourer, who, by falling off a Scaffold from the Top of Pauls, had my Bones broken, my Skull crack'd, my Limbs crippled, and in one Moment's Time, was made this miserable Spectacle, who is now forc'd to crawl upon his Crutches to beg your tender Charity.* After him, a cleanly old Fellow with a Copper Countenance, silver Hairs, a broad brim'd Hat, clean Band, but a Coat patch'd with as many different Colours as are to be seen upon a Herald's Mantle, starts up among the rest, uncovers his Grey-head with abundance of Deliberation, makes an humble Bow, and with singular Formality, begins the following Story, viz. *Pray, Sir, vouchsafe to look upon a poor decay'd Gentleman, who was once blest with a good Estate, kept an Hospitable-House, and had many Servants; but by my over Kindness to an ill Wife, my Friendship to poor Relations, and being bound for ungrateful Friends, have unhappily brought me to Want and Misery in the Winter of my Age.* Next to this Lying Hypocrite, up starts a ragged old Fellow, with a Lousy Look, whose Beard is shap'd like an old Stable Broom, and rowling about his Eyes, without saying a Word, down he drops at the End of the Table, clinches fast his Hands, foams at Mouth like a French Prophet in a Fit of Inspiration, and beating his Head against the Floor, most artificially dissembles the Falling-Sickness till at length recovering, up he gets upon his Breech, sets his Back against the Wall, and sweating with the Pains he had taking in his Mimickry, falls into abundance of *God help me's, and Lord bless ye's*; and then re-assumes his Seat at the Board, among the rest of the Society.

Thus every one, in Turn, acted his Begging Part, using such agreeable Gestures, apt Words, sorrowful Looks, and moving Cadencies, performing their Hypocrisies with so much Humour, Art, and Liveliness, as if some had been Educated in *Drury-Lane* Theatre, and others train'd up in some fanatical Seminary. By that Time they have concluded this diverting Part of



their Evenings Exercise, their Six-pence a-piece, which is their common Club, is pretty well exhausted; then those who, through the Badness of their Day's Work, are a little Deficient in the Pocket, begin to exclaim against the Pulpit Cacklers, for not exciting the Rum-cullies to more Charity. One crying, That he had known the Time when he could but have step'd into *Moorfields* for an Hour, and have pick'd up a Hog with more Ease than he now could eight Jacks upon an *Easter* Holiday. A Second, shaking his Head, crying, Ah! *Tom!* I shall never forget King *James's* Reign; those were blessed Times, when a Man might have hopp'd to *Wild-House*, about eleven o'Clock step'd in, and cross'd himself with a little Holy-Water, stood at the Chapel-Door, when Mass was over, and have got Half a Crown before Dinner; and now a Man may put on a sanctify'd Look, and wait a whole Afternoon at a Meeting House Door, and not get enough to buy a Knapper's Nul for Supper. A Third Mumper of a more ancient Date, saying, He had always observ'd, that when Vice was most rampant, Charity was most fluent, extolling King *Charles's* Reign for the most glorious Days, when Trading flourished, and Whores could afford to be charitable, and when Great Men spent their Estates, and Beggars got 'em. Thus the poorest of the Crew turn Commentators upon the Times, and are glad to try their Credit for eight Jacks, or a Teaster, among their richer Brethren, so that tho' their Club is adjourn'd when their Six-pences are in, yet every one has the Liberty of running into such exceedings as himself shall think fit, provided he wants neither Money nor Credit to satisfy the Maut, that is, the Mistress of the Boozing Ken: So that they commonly Tipple on till as Drunk as Lords, and then some to Huffle-farthing, and others to All-fours, till by Wrangling and Squabbling, they wake the Children, and disoblige my Landlady, so that the Smith's Daughter is turn'd in a Huff upon the Cellar-door, and then away Hop the Jovial Crew, upon their Wooden-Legs  
and



and Crutches to their Ally Habitations, where they sleep contentedly without the Danger of Thieves, or the noisy Interruptions that attend much Business.

Since begging Vagrants, who alone depend  
On Providence, that universal Friend,  
Can be content to glean their daily Bread,  
And bless the bounteous Hand by which they're fed ;  
Sing and be joyful when their Store's but small,  
And with a gen'rous Freedom spend their all,  
How wretched must the Miser be, who lives  
In dread of Want, and neither spends or gives,  
But vainly hugging of his useless Store,  
Starves, tho' he's rich, thro' Fear of being poor.

The Beggar for to Morrow takes no Thought,  
Thinks himself rich if Master of a Groat,  
Because when Hunger craves, he dares to part  
With his whole Substance to revive his Heart.

The Miser, tho' encompass'd round with Gold,  
Doats on his Bags of Wealth that lie untold,  
In fetter'd Trunks the tarnish'd Dross secures,  
And pines beneath those Wants his Gut endures ;  
T' improve his Hoards does Nature still abuse,  
And vainly worships what he ought to use.

The poor Man needs but few Things to compleat  
A happy Life, and make his Labours sweet ;  
Has the true relish of his homely Food,  
And thinks his mouldy Scraps extreamly good.

But he that's Rich, and covetously bent,  
Wants all that's needful by his own Consent ;  
Denies that Sustenance which Nature craves,  
And makes himself to Wealth the worst of Slaves.

The Beggars Wishes seldom are profuse ;  
He only covets what he dares to use ;



Limits his Hopes according to his Sphere,  
 And when he's able will enjoy good Chear ;  
 Ne'er starves to multiply his Pence to Wealth,  
 But gladly drinks his Benefactors Health.

The Miser's Lust to greater Sums aspires,  
 The more he has, the more he still Desires :  
 Is ne'er content, but still improves his Pounds,  
 And grows most stingy when he most abounds ;  
 Torments his Body till his Sands are run,  
 Then leaves his Hoards to some unthankful Son,  
 Who finding Bags on Bags in Coffers heap'd,  
 Profusely squanders what the niggard'd scrap'd.

Then who'd not chuse a gen'rous Beggar's Fate,  
 Much rather than a Miser's wretched State ?



*The SCATTER-WIT Club.*

A FEW Years since a Parcel of young Gentlemen, who were Pretenders to Wit, and great Adorers of the Muses, form'd themselves into a Society, which they kept at the *Rose Tavern* in *Covent-Garden* chiefly, because it happen'd to be so near a Neighbour to *Apollo's Session-House*, where our celebrated Wits are forc'd to take their Trials, and abide by the Judgment of a Herd of Criticks, who assume to themselves the judicial Power of *Damning* or *Saving* any *Stage-Author*, according to their Prejudice or Partiality ; so that, upon every Occasion, they were ready to strike in with any Pit-Faction, that by the additional Assistance of their Claps, or Hisses, they might be able to over-rule the more candid Part of the Audience, and, according to the Mode, put a modest Poet to a repenting Blush, or advance the Reputation of some forward Block-head above the Standard of his Merit. When the Scatter-

Wit



Wit Society were met over the Flask, and the Wine had inspired them with a strange Conceit of their own pregnant Genius, then a Pipe of Tobacco could scarce be fill'd, a Glass of Wine drank, or the Drawer snuff the Candles, but a Pun, or a Distick, was hammer'd out upon the Occasion. One, perhaps, having furnished himself with a notable Collection of *Swan's* old Cunnundrums, which he had muster'd up at Beau *Coffee-houses*, and Gaming Ordinaries. A second, by the witty Conversation of *Dan Gummot Flat* had acquir'd such an admirable Knack of turning upon a Syllable, that a Man should not say Cant but he would *inuendo* the *a* into a *u* Vowel, to make the Company Laugh. A third, perhaps, had pick'd up so many Scraps out of the *Diverting-Post*, and the *Plain-Dealers Miscellany*, that he would have some Dogril or other to apply to all Purposes; and could not speak a Sentence but he must tag it, like the End of an Act, with superexcellent Couplets. A fifth, having made himself such an absolute Master of old celebrated *Hudibras*, that he could no more forbear tickling the Ears of the Society with the Silver Hairs he had pick'd out of *Butler's* Beard, than a Country Pedagogue can decline a *Latin* Sentence, without giving the Authority of a Rule in Grammar. Thus every one had his peculiar Talent, either in fashionable Banter, punning Wit, ready Rapertee, or dull petition; and now and then, perhaps when their Thoughts were elevated to a poetical Pitch, then the Drawer was call'd in haste to bring Pen, Ink, and Paper, that they might unburthen their Brains of some seraphick Ditty upon my Lady *Suckbottle*, for enriching her Nose with Carbuncles, by drinking *Cold-Tea*. A Piece of lyrick Bombast in Praise of *Juniper-Ale*: A comical Dialogue between *Whig* and *Whiffler*: Or a quaint Prodigy of a Poem upon some such like Subject, that might shew, at once, the Nicety of their Choice, as well as the Greatness of their Wit, and the Sublimity of their Invention: And that some of their singular Performances may be made known to the Curious, I have here inserted some



of their whimsical Products, for the Entertainment of the Reader; the first being written by the Cock of the Company under the following Title:

*A Hobby Horse Ditty in Praise of Juniper-Ale.*

*To the Cow-Dance Tune of Gallup and Shite.*

I.

Come all ye grave old gouty Dons,  
Lame Aldermen and Beadles,  
Clap'd Beaus and Rakes, by butter'd Bums  
Inflam'd with Pins and Needles.

II.

Come ye Misers that find  
You have nothing but Wind  
In your Guts, by neglect of good Eating:  
And you Tun belly'd Swine,  
Who as oft as you dine,  
Stuff your Bellies with more than is fitting.

III.

If Cholick Pains, or aking Brains,  
The Dropfy, Stone, or Gravel,  
Bruises or Smarts, i'th' upper-Parts,  
Or Ails below the Navel;  
Or if hard bound by toping round  
Bad Punch, or costive Clarets,  
Or Midnight Joys, have made your Eyes  
As Blood-shot as a Ferrets.

IV.

Drink my *Juniper-Ale*,  
Not too Mild, or too Stale;



It gives ease in the worst of Conditions,  
Mends the whole Mass of Blood,  
And will do you more Good,  
Than the College of *Quacks* and *Physicians*.

V.

Come all ye merry Dames that drink  
Too much *cold Tea*, or *Coffee*,  
And baren *Jezabels* that think  
All fruitful Women scoff-ye.

VI.

Come ye whither'd old Jades,  
And ye tallow fac'd Maids,  
Who are sick for a lusty young Lover,  
And ye Saint looking Tits,  
Who are wicked by Fits,  
And repent when the Pleasure is over.

VII.

Come you that find, by being Kind,  
Your Guts begin to grumble;  
And you that cry, when kifs'd, *O fie*,  
But yet will backwards tumble.

VIII.

Come High-Church, Low-Church,  
Trimmer, no Church,  
Libertines and Quakers,  
I'll cure you all, both great and small,  
From Lords to Kennel-Rakers.

IX.

C H O R U S.

Drink my *Juniper-Ale*, and 'till open the Tail,  
Turn a Hypocrites Zeal into Farts;  
Make a canting old Cuff, if he drinks but enough,  
Out chatter a Master of Arts.



It will cool a Man's Veins, purge his Belly and Reins,  
 And infallibly root out the Scurvy,  
 Give a Husband new Life, make him sinuggle his Wife,  
 Till he tumbles her Topsie-turvy.  
 It is brisk in the Mouth, very good to quench Drouth :  
 Is most excellent after a Fuddle :  
 Take a little 'twill cool any Feaver by Stool,  
 And a Dose will climb into the Noddle.

When such a merry Piece of Drollery, as the foregoing Whim, had been lug'd out and read to the Satisfaction of the Company, it commonly put the rest upon producing some deform'd Off-spring or other, lest one, above the rest, should plead a Title to the Bays, which they had the Equity to think ought not to be ingross'd, but shared among the Society : So that no sooner had the former been conn'd over with Applause ; but it was seconded by the following Rapture, which was compos'd by one of the Members, as he was cooling his Intrails upon a Close-Stool, after he had taken Physick, *viz.*

## I.

O that my Rump had but an Eye to weep,  
 And that my Farts like mighty Guns could roar,  
 My Arse no Councils for the great should keep,  
 But echo Wonders from the *British* Shore.

## II.

Some Night-man's Doxy would I dub my Muse,  
 She should my Guts, instead of Brains, inspire.  
 A Painter's Pencil for a Pen I'd chuse,  
 And dawb whole *Fools-Cap* Reams with T—d and  
 [Mire.

## III.



## III.

My Tail prophetick Poems should excrete ;  
I'd rise Arse upwards ev'ry Day by times ;  
On Boghouse Walls I'd digitize my Wit,  
And shitten Luck should wait upon my Rhimes.

## IV.

The Pope with Heath'nish Scandal I'd besmear,  
And with *Dutch* Morals poison *Jews* and *Turks* ;  
I'd make each modern Saint a Knave appear,  
And *H—y H—ls*, should pirate all my Works.

I'd sing of Lady Jilts, and lustful Kings,  
Justice to Knaves, and Wit to Blockheads teach,  
At Stool I'd fizzle out a thousand Things,  
And with Quack's Bills, then mundify my Breech.

The next Member in his Turn, perhaps, of a more  
amorous Disposition, would signalize his Art in a most  
exquisite Sonnet upon some bouncing Doxy, who, with  
the Glance of an Eye, or a Jut of her Bum, had kindled  
more Fire in his Heart, than he could vent out at his  
Codpiece ; and therefore could not be easy without  
plaguing his cherubimical *Dulcibella* with some of his  
rhiming Impertinence : As for Example,

## I.

Tho' *Phillis* my Request denies,  
I'm sure she hugs me in her Thoughts ;  
Sh'as Nests of Sparrows in her Eyes,  
And in her Heart a Herd of Goats ;  
For when I ask her to be kind,  
Tho' her deceitful Tongue crys no,  
Yet to the Joy she seems inclin'd,  
For something else crys yes below.

## II.



## II.

O that she would but let me know  
 How much she does the Bliss desire,  
 With balmy Drops, as white as Snow,  
 I'd add fresh Fuel to her Fire :  
 Therefore since she my Flame can cool,  
 And with new Pleasures fan her own,  
 Is not the silly Nymph a Fool,  
 To long for Man, yet lie alone,

## III.

I see by e'ery Step she treads,  
 And e'ery Glance the Gypsie throws,  
 That tho' she's rank'd among the Maids,  
 She sins in Fancy as she goes :  
 Her Bubbies heave, her Buttocks move ;  
 Her Belly cleaves the yielding Air ;  
 Her wrinkling Eyes dissolve in Love,  
 And shew the Joy she finds elsewhere.

## IV.

O how her luscious Charms will melt,  
 When she the nuptial Dart receives.  
 What Man, for Millions, would be gelt,  
 Whilst such a lovely Creature lives ?  
 What tho' she's coy, and does withdraw  
 Her Smiles, when I entreat and pray,  
 Yet Virtue, when she's warm will thaw,  
 And drop like melting Ice away.

No sooner was this salacious Ditty lyrick'd over to some Tune, but another Member of this *Scatter-Wit* Society, to shew his poetical Knack in tagging Meteor with a little Sonivious Gingle, would be tendering to the Board the newest Off-spring of his working Brains, that  
 the



the rest might pass their Judgment upon his Brat of  
Fancy ; which happen'd to prove the following Piece of  
Monstrosity, by Way of Riddle, *viz.*

I.

There is a Thing that's seldom seen,  
Felt, heard, or understood ;  
Yet 'tis a Place we've all been in,  
E'er we were Flesh and Blood.

II.

It's a warm pleasant House that has  
Seven Chambers on one Floor ;  
And tho' it is so wide a Place  
It opens but one Door.

III.

It is an easy Mansion, where  
Both Sexes live and dwell ;  
It has no Window, I aver,  
But is as dark as Hell.

IV.

The Door three Quarters of a Year  
Is very oft kept shut,  
And then what enter'd lifeless there,  
From thence comes living out.

V.

Whoever dwells within its Walls,  
Meat Drink, and Cloathing find ;  
But when the Dame that keeps it calls,  
They leave it all behind.

VI.



## VI.

Tho' Moneyless, to Food they're free,  
 But never chew one Bit ;  
 They live and thrive, but cannot see  
 What 'tis they drink or eat.

## VII.

They often kick their dearest Friend,  
 Till they can bear no more,  
 Who then does for Assistance send,  
 And turns them out of Door.

## VIII.

But when the Tenant's forc'd to quit  
 Their warm and thriving Station,  
 The Messuage in a Month is fit  
 For further Occupation.

A fifth, unwilling to be behind the Lighter, being skill'd enough in Flattery, to be a Gentleman Usher to some Countess Dowager, would oblige the Company with a most accurate Panegyrick upon my Lady *Fiz-zleton's* Lap-Dog, which ought for its Singularity, to be honour'd with a Place among the other notable Performances of his Brother Poetasters ; therefore I have here recommended the rhimatical Fangle to the Judgment of the Reader, *viz.*

*Jewel*, how charming is thy cole-black Nose ;  
 How moist it looks ; how prettily it grows ;  
 Shap'd like an *Æthiopian* Lady's Snout,  
 And shines like polish'd *Ebony*, or *Jut* ;  
 Flat in the Middle, rising at the End ;  
 Cool as the Waters that from Rocks descend,  
 And to the sweaty Palm a pleasing Friend.



Contiguous to this beauteous Feature hangs  
A lovely Mouth, well arm'd with *Ivory* Twangs,  
Whose Lips are honour'd oft with kind Salutes.  
To Man deny'd, tho' granted thus to Brutes :  
A Mouth whose Tongue my Lady's Wants supplies,  
But never tell the Freedom it enjoys ;  
Pleases much better than the *Spanish* Art,  
Tickles at once and mundifies the Part.

Large rowling Eyes the fav'rite Puppy wears,  
Whose flowing Juices gum the neighb'ring Hairs,  
Which Miss, to shew how far her Love exceeds,  
Wipes with her Tongue to cleanse the pretty Beads,  
Kindly rewards the little four-leg'd Beau,  
For secret Service he performs below ;  
Who at the Monster does half frighted stare,  
And cries *Barw-waw*, as Butcher's Dog at Bear.

Like modish Wig, his flapping Ears hang down  
Below his Nostrils, from his curling Crown,  
Comb'd every Hour with so much Art and Care,  
'Tis difficult to find one straggling Hair ;  
But fall so nice, are such a charming Grace,  
To ev'ry Feature of the Puppy's Face,  
That no Bel's Pinner tiff'd half a Day,  
Can make the am'rous Wanton look more gay.

His pretty Paws, like Hoof's of *Flanders* Mare,  
Or something else, are cover'd o'er with Hair,  
That as he treads 'twixt Chimney and the Door,  
Like little Brooms they sweep the dusty Floor ;  
And gather in his Range the nimble Flees,  
That hop for Air from Madam's Thighs and Knees  
And when he's comb'd are by the Whelp convey'd  
To the flabby Bosom of her wither'd Maid,  
Who shakes them off upon the Coachman *John* ;  
So thro' the House the high-bred Vermin run,



Left a wet Finger does their Lives betray,  
And Thumb-Destruction meets 'em by the Way.

His Body does a Party-liv'ry wear,  
Made up of white and liver-colour'd Hair,  
Oft trimm'd by S—g—w—k, that the Cur may prove  
An Object worthy of his Lady's Love :  
Who with her own soft Fingers parts his Crest,  
And curls the Rudder of the fondled Beast,  
Whose Stern, to make amends, must bear the Blur,  
When Madam drops by Chance a gentle Slur :  
So cunning Statesmen to preserve their Fame,  
Find Puppies, when they Err, to bear the Blame.

O happy *Jewel*, to be thus carest,  
And by so fair a Dame so highly blest :  
Pamper'd at Table with the nicest Bits,  
And made Partaker of expensive Treats ;  
Hug'd in the Lap of Pleasure by the Fair,  
As if God *Priapus* himself was there :  
Stroak'd as thou slumberst 'twixt thy Lady's Knees,  
As if thou hadst some secret Power to please ;  
Fondled all Day, and then at Night prefer'd  
To sleep in Holland, and be Honour's Guard,  
That none without thy Notice should approach  
The Seat of Joy, which thou hast Leave to touch,  
And with thy icy Nose presum'st to kiss,  
Without Offence, the very Gates of Bliss.

O ! that I might thy happy Place supply,  
Where many a Christian would be glad to lie.  
Like thee I'd start at e'ery Noise I heard,  
And snarl at each new Rival that appear'd ;  
Ingross those Charms which you so oft salute,  
And hang thee for a bold aspiring Brute.  
For, who that loves without Revenge can see  
A Cur enjoy more Happiness than he,  
And not expel thee from the Sheets design'd  
Only for Mortals of a nobler Kind.

And



And should the charming Dame that hugs thee now,  
At my Commands, but shew an angry Brow,  
I'd scorn the Quean that should so foolish be,  
And wholly give her up to Dogs like thee.

For she that does her Beauty such Disgrace,  
As in her Bed to give her Whelp a Place,  
And tho' her angry Lover does complain,  
Will still commit the Folly o'er again,  
E'en let her live with Dogs despised by Men.

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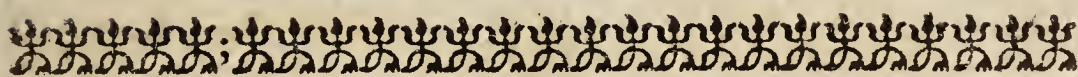
Thus the whole Society were such notable Versifiers, that when any one ventur'd to pull some new Excrement of his Brains out of the poetical Side of his *Spanish* Breeches, the rest as naturally follow'd his Example, as the Beaus do at *Man's* Coffee-House; when any one disfolulates his Watch to enquire nicely after an Assignment Minute; or as Sheep do, when one bolts a Hedge all the Flock run after. Thus when every Member, to shew the wonderful Respect he had for those old-fashion'd Gentlewomen, called the Muses, had either read or repeated one of the newest of their Products, they began to be pretty well tir'd with their whimsical Performances; so adjourned their Club till the next succeeding Night, and commonly had Recourse early enough to the Play-House to furnish their Memory with new theatrical Jests, and their libidinous Desires with taudry half Crown Mistresses.

Rimings become a *London* Plague,  
That spreads like Knav'ry at the *Hague*;  
Mechanicks, whom *Apollo* knows,  
Ought only to romance in Prose;  
Have now improv'd the Gift of Lying,  
Into the Knack of Versifying,  
As if, cause Trading is no better,  
They were resolv'd to starve in Meter.



The Bankrupt Trader, heretofore,  
Ufs'd to turn Law Solicitor ;  
Manage bad Causes in the Hall,  
To gain at last the Dev'l and all ;  
Bribe Witnesſes to ſay and ſwear,  
What's uſeful in a legal War,  
That an ill Cauſe mayn't want a Lye  
To ſteer the honeſt Jury by.  
But now, as ſoon as left his Shop,  
And giv'n his Creditors the Drop.  
He tags his Brains, and up there ſtarts  
A poetizing Aſs of Parts,  
Who ſtorms the Church with grinning Satyr  
And ſo becomes a Saint-like Creature.  
For he that would be reckoned witty  
By the grave Goofe-Caps of the City.  
Muſt learn of *F*——— to ſcandalize  
All Truth and Honeſty with Lies ;  
Then ſhall the Saints his Cauſe eſpouſe,  
And fix the Lawrel on his Brows ;  
For 'tis not Wit, in theſe dull Days,  
But Malice, that muſt gain the Bays ;  
Therefore thoſe *Scatter-Wit* Buffoons,  
Who deal ſo much in Church Lampoons  
Cannot do leſs, to pleaſe their Party,  
Than damn themſelves to ſhew they're hearty ;  
And then to make his Fame the brighter,  
They'll ſwear he's a Saint-like Writer.





## The FLORISTS Club.

THIS odoriferous Society of *Pink* and *Tulip* Worshipers, who can walk ten Miles to see a new Stripe in a *Clove-gilly-flower*, or gaze away whole Hours upon an odd colour'd *Dasie*, preserve an amicable Conversation, at the Sign of the Bloody-King of the *Quadrupedes*, near *Hoxton* Hospital; it being a noted House where our luxurious Citizens carry their plump Wives and buxom Daughters to feast them, in the Holidays, with hot Cheese-Cakes, that themselves may have the Opportunity of stuffing their own Guts with rare *Lincoln-Ale*, which the jolly Landlord keeps on Purpose to fatten up lean Shopkeepers to the graceful Bulk of a Churchwarden or Alderman, as he has puff'd up himself, by the same Liquor, to the ostentatious Stature of a Trainband Lieutenant, that his Tun-belly might become a Marshal-Sash, as well as a Hogthead does a Hoop, or a Vintner made a military Commander, does the Print of his Apron-strings. These Knights of the Nosegay, or floriferous Gentlemen, who are as seldom to be seen without a Flower in their Mouths, or stuck into their Button-Holes, as a Horse-courser without a Swich, or a Gentleman's Footman without a tag'd Shoulder-knot, assemble not themselves weekly like other Clubs, but have their several Festivals dedicated to the Honour of such certain Flowers which are highly esteem'd by the most judicious Worm-pickers, and other whimsical Garden-groppers, for excellent Beauty, and reviving Fragrancy; as in particular, they have their *Tulip*, their *Auricula*, their *Rose*, their *Gilly-flower*, their *Carnation-Feasts*, &c. which are held Annually at the *Marygold* and *Colly-flower*, the *Snail* and *Cabbage*; the *Artichoke* and *Thistle*:  
I the



the *Radish* and *Dungboat*, or at such sort of Houses, kept in the neighbouring Villages by some of the Muck hill Brethren, who, finding it difficult to pick up a sweet Penny out of a T——d, are glad to sell *Brandy*, *Ale*, and *Cyder*, that the Town Sparks and Ladies may have recourse to their Gardens, and there, without the Danger of a reforming Constable, give their Arses a Salad. But the principal and most flourishing of these fragrant Feasts, being held in *Hoxton* Fields, at the Sign of the four leg'd Emperor aforementioned, I shall therefore only entertain the Reader with the diverting Humours of this particular Society: For who would treat separately of a Bear-baiting, Bull-baiting, and a mercenary Combat between a couple of Gladiators, when all may be handsomely included in the natural Description of the noisy Bear-garden. About the meridian Hour, upon the Day of their Triumphs, Tickets having been given out, and Provision made by the Stewards of the Feast, the scatter'd Members, with prepar'd Appetites, begin to assemble themselves at their general Rendezvouze, from the Military Major to the Snail-crushing Adamite; and from the honest High-church Doctor, who dares to speak Truth in the worst of Times, to the little low Church Ignoramus, who has scarce Sense enough to know a *Primrose* from a *Helly-bock*. The Doctor stepping in with a *Carnation* in his Mouth, as big as the Rose of his canonical Hat-band; the Major with an *Auricula* tucked into his Button-hole, as beautiful and gay as his Sash and Feather, and as flourishing as the Colours of his own Company the *Hoxton* Gardner with a *Clove-gilly flower* in his Hand, blown as big as a *Colliflower*, and the principal Director of *Whores-Ditch* Parish with a huge double *Marygold* stuck under his Chin, adorn'd like a piece of Bull-beef in a Shop-window of a Boiling-cook, in *Chick-lane-corner*. A fifth, as tall and as upright as a Staff in the powerful Hand of a stern midnight Constable, with a Rose as large as an Artichoke, so nicely supported between Finger and Thumb, as if he had forgot himself,

and



and fancy'd he was handing up a Bill to his fanatical Teacher, to desire his Prayers for a desponding Sister, who had been preach'd mad the last Lord's Day. A sixth, a notable Defender of Revolution Principles, with a *Sweet-William* sticking under his own Hawk-nose, which beloved Flower, tho' it was but a paltry one, was respectfully introduced and admired by every Body; not at all for its Beauty, but for it's Name's sake: So that Bull-beef with his *Marygold*, and old Cant with his *Sweet William*, had the Honour to be seated at the upper End of the Table, because they reviv'd the Blessed Memory of the Protestant Partners, by bringing into Company two such precious Flowers. Thus in a little Time, the Company drop'd in one after another, each having robb'd his own Garden, or his Neighbours, of the most beautiful Ornament that prolifick Nature had prepared for their Hand; so that the Variety of their Nosegays, when they were assembled in a Body, made them look like so many Cow-keepers met together to dress up Flowry Garlands for their Cherry-cheek'd Milk Maids against *May Day*; or that they were so many *Pagans*, instead of *Christians*, come in a solemn Manner, to pay their heathenish Adoration to that lascivious Goddess, *Flora*, a worse *Roman* Strumpet than the very Whore of *Babylon*. When they were first met and seated on all the Sides of an oblong Union of *Spanish* Tables, for want of rightly considering who and who should be together, they were as ill match'd, and as promiscuously accompanied, as Hogs, Hens, Geese, and Turkies, in a Farmers Yard; for here sat a High-Church Parson, a Man of Wit and Learning, between a couple of fanatical Hum-drums, that whenever they spoke 'twas like a groaning Board; there sat a Tacker, a Man of Honour and Resolution, wedged in between two Sneakers, who looked as sickly in the Face, by over charging their Consciences with occasional Oaths and Sacraments, as if they had weaken'd the whole Frame of Nature by casuistical Vomits to fetch them up again; and next these sat an honest Church-



man, of sound Principles and unshaken Fidelity, among a parcel of Double looking Saints, call'd Moderators who spit Oil out of one Side of their Mouths, and Vinegar out of t'other, whose Palates agreed best with Ale and Stale-beer, because it was sweet and sour: Opposite to these sat a rigid Presbyterian, next to a jolly Quaker, who looked at one another, over the neighbouring Shoulders, as if Thee and Thou was angry to see the Geneva Saint above him, and that *Jack Presbiter* was as vex'd to see the Quaker, so near him: Next these sat a conscientious Nonjuror, and an All-swallowing *Williamite*, who leer'd at one another, as if *Jack* thought *Will* a very conformable Knave, and that *Will* thought *Jack* as obstinate a Fool, to be even with him; next these sat an honest well meaning *Hoxton* Gentleman; and a stingy querimonious Grumbletonian Shopkeeper; one in his Conversation easy, pleasant, and facetious, and the other, hanging down his Head, with his Snout in his Bosom, look'd like a Hedg-hog rowl'd up in his own Bristles: Opposite to these sat a jolly young Libertine, who talk'd as if he had never entertain'd one Thought of Religion, since the Time of his Baptism: Next him a Seeker, who had been a Man of as many Opinions, in Matters of Faith, as there are specify'd in *Rosse's View of Religion*; but those two sat Cheek-by-Jole, and were as well coupled as any Pair of my Lord Mayor's Hounds. In short, when they were all together, there were as many different Churches in one Room, as ever were discovered by St. *Paul* in *Ephesus*. However, by degrees, to prevent Disputes, and to make themselves the more easy, they chop'd and chang'd Seats, upon every chance Removal, till at last those of the same Kidney got close to one another; and so Birds of a Feather flock'd together; and then, by that Time the Company had taken a pretty handsome Whet, the Dinner was ready for the Table; but I shall not trouble the Reader with a Bill of Fare, lest I should happen, with a dull Entertainment of gross Food, to overcharge his Stomach; therefore I shall

only



only touch upon two or three Dishes, which, by great Accident, gave Abundance of Diversion: The first was a Side of *Salmon* very palatably dress'd with Shrimps and Oysters; insomuch that one of the Members, who had a Body like an Elephant, a Stomach like a Tyger, and a Mouth like an Allegator, as he sat shov'ling in the Fish, as a Scavenger does Soil into his dirty Vehicle, happen'd to be highly commending the Excellency of the Sauce. Nouns, says a merry Fellow that sat directly opposite, Don't you know one of the Stewards is a Kitchen Gardener; and the Rogue, to save Charges has put in Worms instead of Shrimps, and Snails in the Room of Oysters: Which unlucky saying put such a sudden Check to the Voracity of the Glutton, that he mumb'l'd about the Morfel he had in his Mouth with as much Leisure, as a Cow does her Cud, or an Ass a Thistle, till at last forcing it down with as great Difficulty as a Patient does a Bolus, he forsook the Fish, and reserv'd the Remainder of his Appetite for some other Dainty. This luxurious Introduction to their further Plenty, was succeeded with Variety of more substantial Food, such that was sufficient to pacifie the craving Stomachs of industrious Gardeners, who had dug six Hours, before they came, to get good Appetites to their sumptuous Feast, which was so wonderfully garnish'd with all Sorts of Hortelage; that after the Company had din'd, a Drove of Hogs might have made a very good Meal of their green Fragments: The last Course that was brought to the Table consisted of Cheese Cakes and Lobsters, both which went as merrily down, as if every Member, by smelling to his Flower, had begot him a fresh Appetite. But, no sooner had the Florists gutted their Shell Fish, e'er a warm Contention arose amongst 'em about the Lobster's Claws, and how they should be divided, that every one might have some to hang over his Flowers to trepan the Erwichs: The Major urging, that as he was a military Officer, and the Lobsters being red Coats, he ought to command them; the Parson asserting, 'That as they were black



‘ Coats before they were boil’d, they ought to belong to the Church, and therefore he, as a Priest, had the best Right to ’em.’ A third, who had no Garden of his own, pointing to his opposite, said, ‘ his Neighbour *Mutable*, was once a Fanatick, tho’ now a Churchman, and therefore, since he had chang’d his Coat, as the Lobster had his Colour, he ought to have the Claws for his Flower Pots.’ A fourth, starting up amongst the rest, said, ‘ That his Father was a Captain, and his Mother a Parsons Daughter, and therefore, as he was nearly related to both the Lobsters Colours, had the best Title to both the Lobsters Claws ; at length up rises a Quaker with as much Deliberation, as an independant Teacher craves a Blessing upon his Food ; Verily, crys *Annanias*, ‘ your Mouths were so nimble, I could catch none of your Fish ; therefore the Spirit moves me to tell ye I have the best Right to the Shells. The Quakers Argument proving the most cogent, every one of the Company withdrew their Pretensions, and so the Claws were resign’d to the primitive Contender *Nemine contradicente*.

The Dinner being now ended, and the Doctor having given a *Quietus* to the Teeth of the Society, the Flowers began to be handed about that every Man’s darling Beauty might be nicely inspected by those who had the Vanity to set themselves up as the most distinguishing Judges. When like a parcel of conceited Antiquaries tumbling over a Bag of rusty *Roman* Trinkets, they had begun their View, one Flower was highly applauded for its white Edging, which look’d as pretty round the frizzl’d Carnation, as a silver Purl round the scarlet Edges of my Lady *Plump*’s Neck-Handkerchief, and was christen’d, for its Beauty, together with its Fragrancy, *Dulcibella*, which signifies Sweet and Fair.

A second was greatly admired for having a Stripe of yellow upon a crimson Ground, and was notably compared to the Gold Galloon round Gammar *Gurton*’s red Petticoat, and for its remarkable Singularity, was nam’d, by the learned, *Zelotypia*, because Nature had

tingur’d



tingur'd it with a Badge of Jealousy. A third was very much approv'd for the Largeness of its Blossom, and the Diversity of its Colours, and was said by some of the Company, to be like *Great Britain*, because it was adorn'd with such a mottled Variety; but happen'd to be christened by the glorious Name of Tolleration, for Reasons best known to those that were its Godfathers. A fourth, tho' it was pish'd at by some, was very much commended by others for the Contexture of its Leaves; the Constancy of its Colour; the Sweetness of its Scent: the Liveliness of its looks; and for blowing without bursting in so blustering a Season. This some of the sober Judges, it being a beautiful Blossom of one intire Die, compar'd to a Man without Blemish, that had no Spots in his Reputation, or Blots in his Scutcheon, but was as unchangeable in his Principles as the Flower in its Colour; then says the Doctor, 'As 'tis the Offspring of my Garden, nobody shall christen it but myself; accordingly he smil'd upon the flourishing Gugaw, and baptiz'd the Darling by the Name of *Tacker*; then convey'd it to his Nose, that he might refresh his Senses with the wonderful Sweetness the Name had added to its Odour. The fifth was a Double Couflip, every distinct Bloom being of a different Colour, which, together, were compar'd to the many Sectaries that now blossom'd in the Kingdom; but for holding down its Ears, which is the Nature of that Flower, it was called a Sneaker. The next fragrant Curiosity that was handed up, was an *Edmington* Tulip, of such a changeable Colour, that, like the Feathers of a Woodpecker, turn it one Way, it would seem to blemish another way Glewish. This according to the different Reflection of the lucid Rays, would change its Tincture like the beautiful *Camelian*; so that none were able to determine what was its natural Colour; therefore it was said to be like a Cunning Trimmer who manag'd himself so, that no-body could discover what side he was most affected to, for which Reason, the Tulip was honoured with the Name of Moderator.



Moderator. The Quaker, as they commonly affect Singularity, having ty'd up a huge Nosegay of common Pinks, Daisies, Bluebells and Butterflowers, some out of his Garden, and others gather'd in the Fields, till he had bundled up enough rissaf to have fill'd a couple of Flower-Pots; which thundering Posie, according to custom, was handed up very merrily, to be view'd by the Judges as a great Rarity, who, in looking upon the Variety he had presented to the Board, happened to espy abundance of little black Insects, with which Flowers are oft infested, crawling up and down his fine flourishing Mefs of Medly; upon which, cries a skilful Florist, ' You have brought us nothing, ' Mr. S/y, but a Parcel of beggarly Trumpery, not worth ' our looking at: Besides they are so confounded Lousie, ' that they are enough to infect all the Flowers in the ' Company: For which Reason, replies the Quaker, I ' shall call my Nosegay the Palatine Protestants, and ' the more Lice thou findest the fitter it is to bear the ' Name I have given it.' Thus they went on, pleasing themselves with their effeminate Toys, till they had run through the Flowers of the whole Company, and then every one returning his gay Bauble to his Button-hole, fell to Drinking and Smoking, nothing being heard, for an Hour or better, among the Flower-cropping Vertuoso's, but some new Discovery or other, for the further Improvement of Auriculas, and Carnations, Daisies, Butterflowers, and Primroses, &c. One averring Mole, Lime, and Ass-Dung to be the best Earth in the Universe for a Pot-Flower. Another asserting Cow-piss to be an excellent Cordial for a sick *Clove-gilly-Flower*. A third humbly presuming, that a tin Extinguisher, provided it be clean scowered, and made the Crown of a Flower-Stick, is as good a Trap for an *Erwick*, as either a Lobster's Claw, or the Head of a Tobacco Pipe. A fourth alledging, that nothing is better to lay a Clove or a Carnation, in either Bed or Pot, than the inflexible Stumps of an old Stable-Broom. A fifth undertaking to blow a Flower to twice its



its usual Expansion, with only a few additional Puffs of a Pair of mathematical Demisnorters. Thus they rambled on for a little Time, each vending his own whimsical Notions; like a Parcel of *Alchymists* slip'd into the Talk of the Transmutation of Metals, till at length they chang'd their Subject, and fell into a Contest about what was the best Flower that a Garden produc'd: One saying an Auricula; another, a Carnation; a third, a Tulip; a fourth, a Rose; and so on, till at last up starts Friend *Aminadab*, and tells them, according to his Opinion, 'Of all the Flowers in a Garden, a good Colliflower was the best.' Thus they pass away their Time over some Wine, much *Lincoln Ale*, amidst a cloud of Smoke, and many thwarting Claps of verbal Thunder, till at last, when every one was well satisfy'd with this plentiful Entertainment; then away went the Major with his *Dulcibella*; old Fumble with his *Zelotypia*; Mr. Occasional with his *Tolleration*; the Doctor with his *Tacker*; Mr. Cant with his *Moderator*; 'Esquire *Safe* with his *Sneaker*; and the merry Quaker with his *Louise Nofegay* of Palatine Protestants, attended with a Croud of Salet-pickers, Cabbage-Merchants, Slaves, Knaves, and Flower-Fanciers, who, with full Guts and dizzy Brains took an amicable Leave of one another; mutually wishing Happiness till their next merry Meeting.

'Tis strange that Men of Sense should doat  
Upon a gaudy fading Toy,  
Beneath a Wiseman's sober thought;  
In all its Bloom not worth a Groat,  
It does so quickly die.

Man should delight his pensive Mind  
With things more permanent and bright,  
Wherein the active Soul may find  
Enjoyments of a nobler Kind,  
That reach beyond the Sight.



Flowers are Giggaws only fit  
 To gratify a Womans Pride  
 And Man that boasts superior Wit,  
 Should leave those Toys so fair and sweet,  
 To th' study of his Bride.

Adam first Master of the Spade,  
 Who did in Eden dig and live,  
 Altho' a Gard'ner by his Trade,  
 We never read that e'er he made  
 One Nosegay for his Eve.

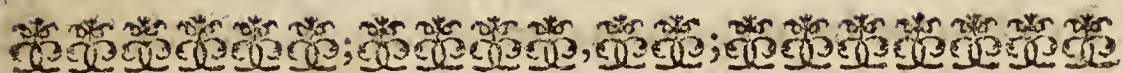
Such blooming Trifles ne'er imploy'd  
 One careful Hour of Adam's Life;  
 They only grow in some back-side,  
 The privy Garden of his Bride,  
 Inclos'd to please his Wife.

'Tis true much Beauty we may find,  
 In blushing Roses and Carnations;  
 But what are they to Woman kind,  
 Who yield the Body and the Mind;  
 Much sweeter Recreations?

But Man should elevate his Thought  
 To yet a much sublimer pitch,  
 And not, like Maids, on Flowers doat  
 Or too much on the Petticoat,  
 But curb the foolish Itch.

But if a Man must please his Sight,  
 And be a Slave to Beauty's Pow'r,  
 Give me the Lass that's young and bright,  
 Full of good Humour and Delight,  
 Take you the gaudy Flow'r.



BOB WEDEN'S *Cellar Club*.

**B**OB Weden, universally so call'd, was the younger Brother of that unfortunate Gentleman, who, after he had given a new Turn of old *Jackanapes-Lane*, and to his great Expence had design'd and promoted many useful Projects, for the Benefit of the Publick, convey'd himself out of a jarring World, to the peaceful Grave, by the Misapplication of an ignominious Halter which he had never deserved, *Bob* being the Pin-Basket of the Family, was put Apprentice to *Greenhil* the famous Painter, but before he had acquir'd a sufficient Perfection in that ingenious Art to get his Bread by his Pencil; a Fortune of two Thousand Pounds falling into his Hands, e'er he was Master of so much Discretion as to make a right Use of it, he presently put a Stop to his further Progress in the Art of Painting, and totally resign'd himself to Wit and Pleasantry, in which himself had a very spritely Genius; so that in a little Time, he had not only wasted his Patrimony, in a Pursuit of his Pleasures, but so far disabled himself, by a neglect of Business, from living in the World by any creditable Means, that he was forc'd to depend upon the Bounty of his Friends, and the Extravagance of his Companions, for an uncertain Subsistence, being every way qualify'd for the Conversation of such Gentlemen who valu'd not their Expences, if they had but a Song or a Jest to give the better relish to their inebrious Excesses. Having, by this Time, acquired the airy Reputation of a pleasant Companion, he was highly celebrated for a Wit, by all the Rakes in the Town. And now, that he might be constantly found, by all that were desirous to have a taste of his Conversation, he settled an every Days Meeting at the Sign of the Still in the *Strand*, where he had a little Cellar, about six Foot

under



under Ground, which they had converted into a Fuddling-Room; and this being judg'd as the most secure Retirement from the Surprize of Bailiffs, and the fittest Appartment of their Midnight Revels, was therefore chosen by *Bob*, as the most convenient Sanctuary, not only for himself, but such as he had selected for his daily Companions, who were generally Gentlemen of Fortune, Petticoat-Pensioners, *Irish* Captains, and such Sort of Improvident Sharpers, who, as they got their Money over the Devils Back, neglected no Opportunity of spending it under his Belly. Their Time of meeting was generally in the Evening, *de Die in Diem*; the Liquor that they drank, commonly Bumpers of *French* Brandy; and their Time of parting, the next Morning by Day-light, tho' sometimes they sat, without any Adjournment, for half a Week together, scorning any other Refreshment than a Nod in a Chair, or a Sleep upon a Bench, till at length the Emptiness of their Pockets forc'd them home to compose themselves, that every one in his Way, might be able to exercise his Talent for a new Supply, which was no sooner obtain'd cunningly, but as foolishly wasted, after the foregoing manner. Their principal Diversions, when, like Ghosts and Spirits they were revelling at Midnight in their subterranean Cavern, were Jesting, Punning, Singing, opening their Intrigues, insciously telling bawdy Stories; wittily prophaning Scripture; merrily despising Vertue; impudently ridiculing all that was good and pious; and blundering out Bulls foolishly; in which the Non-Commission Captain *Mac's*, had so excellent a Gift, that they could no more tell a Story without fifty *Irishisms*, than a Fanatick Pray without as many Grimaces. Sometimes they had a Harp, to add a Sprightliness to their Mirth, and sometimes a celebrated Musician would drop in amongst 'em to enliven their Hearts with a new Play-house Song, or merry Spur-bottle Catch, made by some whimsical Rake, and sung as an applicable Encouragement to their present Extravagance. Every Mans Pocket was in common to the Company, for if any one wanted, and another had



had it, he that abounded was despis'd as a Niggard, when the Reckoning came to be paid, if he refus'd to make up the Deficiency. When a fresh Rake was decoy'd into their Company, who, perhaps had an ill-got Estate fallen into his Hands, by the long wish'd for Death of an old misery Father, to be sure he was set upon as the very Idol of the Society, and so hug'd and caress'd for a worthy accomplish'd Gentleman, till, in a little Time, he was forced to make use of the wicked Wit he had learn'd, and turn as sharpening a Town-Shift, in his own Defence, as if he had been bred up from his Cradle to cut, sham, and wheedle. When their Brains were elevated, and the Fumes of the Brandy had robb'd them of their Modesty, which should have conceal'd their Infamy, one, in a Bravado, to shew his Gallantry, would swear there was not a Vintner's Book between *White-Chappel-Bars* and *High-park-Corner*, but what his Name was register'd in for a round Reckoning. A second, would laughingly assert, that there was not a Hackney-coach in the whole Town, but what he had bilk'd two or three Times over. A third, would merrily affirm, that there was scarce a strolling Punk in all *London*, but what at one Time or other, he had pawn'd for a Tavern Treat. A fourth, would jestingly maintain, that he had as many Whores Masks in his Closet, which he had snatch'd from them in the Streets, as would make a Stage Mountebank a velvet Jacket. A fifth would report, under a thumping Oath, that he had never worn a Waistcoat this seven Years, but what had been made of a Silk Petticoat; or any other Nightcaps, than Womens Cambrick Handkerchiefs. A sixth would rap out a Curse, upon the whole Female Gender, and swear that he never got any Thing by the Sex, but a damn'd Clap or a Bastard Child; affirm, that he had not been one Year free from either Pox, or Parish, since he left the University. A seventh, the extravagant Son of a parsimonious Doctor, would scoffingly insinuate, that what his Father had got by Praying

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ing and Preaching, he had generously flung away in Drinking and Whoring. An Eighth would be commending his Taylors, for the honestest Fellows in the Universe, for that he always wore as good Cloaths as 'Squire Any-body, yet they never cost him above Half a Crown a Suit, and that he gave to the Finisher, whom he always appointed to bring his Cloaths home upon a *Sunday* Morning, so that he had Time to make use of a double Advantage, and at one Stroke bisk his Lodging and his Taylor. Thus, in their Cups, they us'd to make themselves merry over the scandalous Impositions they had put upon others; and their drunken Rendezvous standing just upon the Bounds of the *Savoy* Liberty, and the Sparks taking Care to keep themselves in Fee with the Bailiff of the Dutchy, bid Defiance to the Law, and being safe over their Liquor, made a Jest of their Villainies, and a Scoff of their Creditors. *Bob Weden*, who had happen'd, in a severe Salivation, to catch an incurable Hoarseness from the Excoriations of the Mercury, never car'd to talk much, because it was painful to express himself so loud as to be heard; but when he did, to be sure it was to entertain the Company with some biting Sarcasm, or ill-natur'd Jest; for he was a perfect Satyr in his Temper, and had Wit enough at Will to command an apt Thought, and to make his Words darting. He was but little in Stature, but never fail'd to add some Inches to his Stature, by the extravagant Heels of his rather Stilts than Shoes, for which he was remarkable. Tho' his Tongue, in his Cups, was too keen and piercing, and his galling Repartees were oft provoking, yet he always wore a very pacifick Sword, which was often without a Point, and sometimes adorn'd with no other Handle than a rusty Ribbon. As his Life was a Contradiction to all humane Prudence, so in his Dress he was commonly a Dissenter from all modish Observances; for in Summer he was usually equipp'd in Cloth or Frieze, and in Winter thin clad, in a Sarge Suit, or some of *Doyley's* Manufacture, cast off by some new Acquaintance. When the different  
Seasons.



Seasons of the Year requir'd a Change of Apparel, his Hat, Wig, Linnen, and all his other Appurtenances were so agreeable to the former, that they all help'd to compleat an Index of his unhappy Circumstances ; for whoever was Herald enough to blazon the Symptoms of decay'd Gentility, might very easily read Pride, Poverty, and Carelessness in the threadbare Contexture of his unseasonable Rigging ; yet, Philosopher like, he made a Virtue of Necessity, and seem'd to make many Things his Choice, which were the Result of his Misfortunes. As he was under the Indigency of *Diogenes*, so he wanted not his Vanity, for he was always insolent to his Betters, and only affable to those who were as necessitous as himself : Whilst over the Bottle he was a perfect *Democrites*, for his highest Satisfaction was to laugh at the rest of the World, but without Liquor was as sad as *Heraclitus*, who always wept when he went abroad, to amuse others that laugh'd at him. A Bed he valu'd as little as a *Gypsy* or a *Hermit*, and thought it great Extravagance to contract for a Lodging above Twelve-pence a Week, tho' he never paid a Farthing, since he could refresh himself as heartily with a sound Nap upon a hard Bench, or a Coal-heap.

In a little Time after, he fell a much-lamented Victim to that Kill-Devil Liquor, *Rum*, so that he went as a Harbinger into the subterranean Territories, to provide an Apartment for his kind Master, who soon after follow'd him in the dark Mazes of an unknown Futurity. Therefore as my Friend *Bob* was an Original in his Way, a witty pleasant Companion, and a Man of singular Deportment, thro' all the Changes of his Life, I am willing to dedicate the following Elegy to the Honour of his Memory.

Mourn all ye Nibblers at a Jest or Pun,  
Dabblers in Wit, who live as if you'd none ;  
Infernal Rakes, who with inebrious Bowls  
Of Stygean Spirits, drown your thirsty Souls :

Weep



*Weep o'er your Bumpers of the Hell-born Juice,  
 Drank now by Ladies, down to Whores in Stews;  
 Till your warm Tears into your Cups descend,  
 Then j-will to th' Mem'ry of your absent Friend;  
 That he your Sorrows for his Loss may know,  
 And kindly pledge your burning Draughts below.*

*Let the curs'd Still your craving Lusts supply,  
 Like Weden drink till you become more dry,  
 That your parch'd, shrivel'd Entrails may require  
 A Flood of Water to abate their Fire;  
 Then may you find that strange unbeaten Road,  
 Which surely none but Weden ever trod;  
 Who in a Sea of Brandy drown'd his Care,  
 And seem'd to only live by Fire and Air:  
 With flaming Quarts he boldly would engage,  
 And was the Salamander of the Age;  
 Victuals he slighted, as a useless Toy,  
 But Draughts united he would hug with Joy;  
 With Spirits fill'd his Veins instead of Blood,  
 For Brandy was alone his Drink and Food.*

*Brandy i' th' Morning did his Stomach heal,  
 That and Tobacco was a princely Meal;  
 I' th' Afternoon a Bumper chear'd his Heart,  
 Liquor'd his Brains, and made his Wits more smart;  
 Inspir'd his Fancy with a thousand Whims,  
 As fiery Zeal does Calvin's Saints with Dreams.*

*At Night it rais'd him to a nobler Pitch,  
 Made him not only Wise, but Great and Rich;  
 Proud as a Prince whom Slaves and Vassals dread,  
 And gave him large Dominions in his Head;  
 So th' Cobler, when good Ale has warm'd his Brains,  
 In Fancy forms new Worlds, o'er which he reigns;  
 Among fat Ale-wives does exert his Pow'r,  
 Till Sleep abates the drunken Calenture;  
 Then with a drowsy Noddle full of Pain,  
 Old Cæsar to a Cobler turns again.*



*Weep all ye Midnight and insatiate Sots,  
Who sacrifice your Ease to Gills and Pots ;  
That Bob, the Glory of this drunken Age,  
Should in his Prime forsake the publick Stage ;  
He whose strong Breath, less fragrant than his Toes,  
Was like a Hartshorn Bottle to his Nose ;  
And with Tobacco, Brandy, and the Pox,  
Ous-sunk the Poisons of Pandora's Box ;  
But now, alas, he lies embalm'd in Rum,  
Whilst Swarms of Crabs invest his sandy Tomb ;  
There let him rest, to Brandy once a Slave,  
Unmatch'd on Earth, unequall'd in the Grave.*

*The MOLLIES Club.*

**T**H E R E are a particular Gang of *Sodomitical* Wretches in this Town, who call themselves the *Mollies*, and are so far degenerated from all masculine Department, or manly Exercises, that they rather fancy themselves Women, imitating all the little Vanities that Custom has reconcil'd to the female Sex, affecting to speak, walk, tattle, courtesy, cry, scold, and to mimick all manner of Effeminacy, that ever has fallen within their several Observations ; not omitting the Indecencies of lewd Women, that they may tempt one another, by such ~~immodest~~ Freedoms, to commit those odious Beastialities, that ought for ever to be without a Name. At a certain Tavern in the City, whose Sign I shall not mention, because I am unwilling to fix an Odium upon the House, where they have settled a constant Meeting every Evening in the Week, that they may have the better Opportunity of drawing unwary Youth into the like Corruption. When they are met together, it is their usual Practice to mimick a female Gossiping, and fall into all the impertinent Tittle-Tattle,



tle, that a merry Society of good Wives can be subjected, when they have laid aside their Modesty for the Delights of the Bottle. Not long since, upon one of their Festival Nights, they had cushion'd up the Belly of one of their *Sodomitical* Brethren, or rather Sisters, as they commonly called themselves, disguising him in a Woman's Night-Gown, Sarsnet-Hood, and Nightrale, who, when the Company were met, was to mimick the wry Faces of a groaning Woman, to be deliver'd of a joynted Baby they had provided for that Purpose, and to undergo all the Formalities of a Lying-in. The wooden Off-spring to be afterwards christen'd, and the holy Sacrament of Baptism to be impudently prophan'd, for the Diversion of the Profligates, who, when their infamous Society were assembled in a Body, put their wicked Contrivance accordingly into practice.

One in a high crown'd Hat, and an old Beldams Pinner representing a Country Midwife, another busy Ape; dizen'd up in a Hussie's Coif, taking upon himself the Duty of a very officious Nurse, and the rest, as Gossips, apply'd themselves to the travelling Woman, according to the Midwife's Direction, all being as intent upon the Business in Hand, as if they had been Women, the Occasion real, and their Attendance necessary. After Abundance of Bustle and that they had ridiculously counterfeited all the Difficulties that they fancy'd were customary in such Cases, their Buffoonary Maukin was at length disburthen'd of her little jointed Bastard, and then putting their shotten Impostor to bed upon a double Row of Chairs; the Baby was dress'd by the Midwife; the Father brought to compliment his New-born Son; the Parson sent for; the Gossips appointed; the Child christen'd, and then the Cloth was spread; the Table furnished with cold Tongues and Chickens; the Guests invited to sit down, and much Joy expressed that my Gammar Molly had brought her honest Gaffer a Son and Heir to Town, so very like him, that as soon as Born, had the Eyes, Nose, and Mouth of its own credulous Daddy. Now for the further



further Promotion of their unbecoming Mirth, every one was to Tattle about their Husbands and Children : And to use no other Dialect but what Gossips are wont to do upon such loquacious Occasions. One would up with a Story of her little *Tommy*, to shew the promising Genius of so witty a Child, that if he let but a Fizzle, would presently cry out, *Mammy how I tink*. Another would be extolling the Vertues of her Husband, and declare he was a Man of that affable, kind, and easy Temper, and so avers'd to Jealousy, that she believed, were he to see another Man in Bed with her he would be so far from thinking her an ill Woman, that no-body should perswade him they had been naught together. A third would be telling what a forward Baggage her Daughter *Nancy* was ; for though she was but just turn'd of her seventh Year, yet the young Jade had the Confidence to ask her Father ' Where Girls carry'd their ' Maidenheads that they were so apt to loose 'em ? ' A fourth would be wishing no Woman to marry a drunken Husband, for her Sake ; for all the Satisfaction she found in Bed with him, was to creep as close to the Wall as she could to avoid his Tobacco Breath and unsavory Belches, swearing that his Son *Roger* was just like him, for that the guzling Rogue would drink a Pint of strong Ale at a Draught before he was three Years old, and would cry *Mam, more Ale*. A fifth would sit sighing at her ill Fortune, and wishing her Husband would follow the Steps of his Journeyman ; for that was as careful a young Fellow as ever came into a Family. A sixth would express himself sorrowfully under the Character of a Widow ; saying, ' Alas, you have all Husbands, and ' ought to pray heartily that you never know the Miss ' of them ; for though I had but a sorry one, when I ' was in your Condition, yet, God help me, I have cause ' enough to repent my Loss ; for I am sure, both Day ' and Night, I find the Want of him.' Thus every one in his turn, would make a Scoff and Banter of the little effeminate Weaknesses which Women are subject to when Gossiping o'er their Cups, on purpose to extinguish that  
natural



natural Affection which is due to the fair Sex, and to turn their juvenile Desires towards preternatural Pollutions. No sooner had they ended their Feast, and run thro' all the Ceremonies of their theatrical Way of Gos-sipping, but having wash'd away, with Wine, all fear of Shame, as well as the Checks of Modesty, then they began to enter upon their beastly Obscenities, and to take those infamous Liberties with one another, that no Man, who is not sunk into a State of Devilism, can think on without Blushing, or mention without a Christian Abhorrence of all such heathenish Brutalities. Thus, without Detection, they continu'd their odious Society for some Years, till their sodomitical Practices were happily discover'd by the cunning Management of some of the under Agents to the reforming Society; so that several were brought to open Shame and Punishment; others flying from Justice to escape the Ignominy, that by this Means the Diabolical Society were forc'd to put a Period to their filthy scandalous Revels.

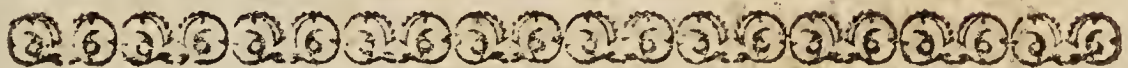
*'Tis strange, that in a Country, where  
Our Ladies are so kind and fair,  
So gay and lovely to the Sight,  
So full of Beauty and Delight;  
That Men should on each other doat,  
And quit the charming Petticoat:  
Sure the curs'd Father of this Race,  
That does both Sexes thus disgrace,  
Must be a Master, mad or drunk,  
Who bedding some preposi'tious Punk,  
Mislook the downy Seat of Love,  
And got them in the Sink above;  
So that at first a T——d and They  
Were born the very self-same Way;  
From whence they drew this cursed Itch,  
Not to the Belly, but the Breech;  
Else who could Woman's Charms refuse,  
To such a beastly Practice use?*

*'Tis*



'Tis true, that Swine on Dunghills bred,  
 Nurs'd up in Filth, with Offel fed,  
 Have oft the flow'ry Meads forsook,  
 To swallow Belly-deep in Muck ;  
 But Men who chuse this backward Way,  
 Are fifty times worse Swine than they ;  
 For the less Savage four-leg'd Creature,  
 Lives but according to his Nature ;  
 But the Bug'ranto two-leg'd Brute,  
 Pursues his Lust contrary to't ;  
 The brawny Boar will love his Sow ;  
 The Horse his Mare ; the Bull his Cow ;  
 But Sodomites their Wives forsake,  
 Unmanly Liberties to take ;  
 And fall in Love with one another,  
 As if no Woman was their Mother :  
 For he that is of Woman born,  
 Will to her Arms again return ;  
 And surely never chuse to play  
 His lustful Game the backward Way :  
 But since it has appear'd too plain,  
 There are such Brutes that pass for Men ;  
 May he that on the Rump so doats,  
 Be damn'd as deep as Doctor Oates,  
 That Scandal unto all black Coats.

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The BAWDS INITIATING Club.

**I**N one of the Streets built out of Clarendine, alias Dunkirk-House, there lives a famous wither'd Lady, who (after a universal Dispensation of her youthful Favours, so long as she had any Remains of Beauty to oblige a Lover) was forc'd, in the Autumn of her Debauchery, to commence Bawd for an honest, comfortable Subsistence ; which commendable Employment she had no sooner undertaken, but for the better Promotion



tion of the good old Trade of Basket-making, she got an experienced Covy of Salacious Wag-Tails to settle a Club at her *Cuniculary* Ware-House, upon *Mondays*, *Thursdays* and *Saturdays*, to spend their Twelve-pence a piece in Brandy, Ratafia, and such Sort of Liquors, which she sold privately to correct the Coldness of Female Constitutions: And whenever any She-member could convert a Profelite, and bring her over from a vertuous Life to be willing to embrace that earthly Tabernacle, Man, for such excellent Service done to the Church of *Venus*, she was to receive ten Shillings of the Mother of the Maids, provided the Conformist was under twenty Years of Age, had a tollerable Share of Beauty, and either was, or could confidently put herself into the Hands of the old Matron, as a *Virgo intacta*, and would submit herself to be dispos'd on by her as should be most agreeable to their united Interest; the Lady-Abbess of the *Brothel Monastery* never wanting among the Salacious Quality of her old Acquaintance; a Gouty Courtier, or some rich over-grown Officer, to be ready-money Chapmen for any of her Punchable Nuns, who had not, as yet, broken the brittle Vow of Female Chastity. The new Convert, after the first Surrender of her unhancel'd Pipkin, to be oblig'd, the next Club-night, to treat the whole Tickle-Fool Society with such a plentiful Bowl of Punch as shall be agreeable to her Ability, of which herself is to drink the first Cup, tols the empty Vehicle over her unmaiden'd Head, and to cry *Farewell Modesty*; by which Ceremony she is firmly Initiated in to the Edifying-Club, where, without Reserve, she is to be candidly taught all Arts and Subtilties that properly belong to the Business of Intrigue, and the dark Mysteries of Harlotry; how to File a drunken Cully; sweeten an old Letcher; wheedle a constant Customer; deceive a keeping Coxcomb; humour a Town-rake; jilt a troublesome Bully; bribe a reforming Constable; soften the Sterrility of a crabbed Justice; and pass at once a Sham-Saint, and a Maidenhead upon a loose Quaker, or an old lecherous *Non-Con*: how



to manage a Great-Belly to the best Advantage, to lay it to twenty Fathers, till she has feather'd her Nest, and then to pass it handsomely upon the Parish, without the Danger of *Bridewell*; to put off a Dun with as much Grace as a Courtier; to make a Puritan Landlady wink with both her Eyes, when she happens to carry Home a Cully for a Bedfellow; to be an absolute Mistress of all *Arateen's* Postures; to elevate her Coxendix according to the School of *Venus*; to manage herself rightly in her Approaches to, and returns from a Students Chamber, in any Inns-of-Court, or Chancery; and, amongst the rest, how to Swear like a Bully; Domineer like a Tyrant; be as Coy as a Maid; as forward as a Widow; as demure as a Holy-Sister upon a *Sunday Morning*; and as Treacherous as a Wife who has a young Gallant and an old Husband: So that, let her happen to fall into what Company soever, she may be able to put on such a Disguise, and to act that Part which may be most agreeable to her own Interest, and the Temper and Character of every fresh Gallant that takes a liking to her Person. And when thus qualify'd it is highly presum'd she may riggle her Breech into such taudry Silks as the Tally-man will trust her with; become a celebrated Funk in *Drury-Lane-Pit*, for the first Year or two; after that a tatter'd Furbulo Customer for the Eighteen-Penny Gallery; from thence turn *Fleet-street* Stroler, in a Sarsnet-Hood and White Apron, only a fit Mistress for a *Water-Lane* Pick-pocket; in which miserable Station she is likely to continue, till Pox and Poverty recommend her to an Hospital, where a thorough Salvation either sends her to the Devil, or patches up her rotten Carcase for some foreign Plantation.

To these Noble Ends and Purposes, this loose Society of mercenary Wantons were procur'd to meet by the old Diabolical Jezabel, that young Girls out of Service, forward Wenches without Parents, and such, who, through the Ripeness of their Years, their natural Propensity to Lewdness, and the want of Virtuous Education,



tion, might be decoy'd by their own Sex to take those vicious Liberties, which too many young Creatures, in the Salacity of their Youth, are very apt to be inclin'd to : Nor has the wicked Project fail'd of the intended Issue ; for there is scarce a Club-Night that the tempting *Syrens* meet, but there is some innocent Wretch or other drawn in by Subtilty, or prompted by her own Lust, who is rashly resolv'd to shift off her Modesty, and to resign her Maiden Favours to such a Libertine as the old *Succubus* shall appoint, so that she may be cultivated and qualified for that miserable Employment, which if the Devil himself should take upon him, though so harden'd in his Wickedness, would surely bring him to Repentance : For when the Hour of their Meeting draws nigh, in shall bolt one airy *Phillis* with her tawdry Silks half torn off her Back, just kick'd and ruffled by some mad Rake or Bully, whom Madam had severely clap'd the last Time he lay with her. After her, fair *Chloe*, without her Fur-belo Scarf, which she had just pawn'd to free herself from the Clutches of a *Reforming Constable*. Next her, Miss *Daphne*, ratling in a Hackney to the Door, with torn Pinders, a black Eye, and her beautiful Phiz full of revengeful Scratches, given by the angry Wife of one that keeps her Company : By and by, Madam *Bibbington*, in a Chair, as drunk as the Devil, with her Garments so disoblig'd by second-hand Claret, that she stinks as bad as a Country Sheriffs Breath at the latter End of Assizes. After her, perhaps, poor ghostly *Althea*, with her Jaws as thin as lean Tripe out of the Belly of an old Cow that died of the Blood-stale ; her Teeth as loose and as rotten as a Set of old Park-pails round the Seat of a decay'd Family, and her Countenance as heavy as a desponding *Puritan*, just going to hang himself, with all the other severe Effects of a vicious Life, and a late slabbering Salivation. Next, in comes *Chloris*, full of abundance of Joy, that her Spark had redeem'd her from the Hands of the Tally-man, who had threaten'd to make Dice of her Bones, for the Non-payment



payment of what was due for her last furbelow'd Petticoat. After her, steps in the celebrated *Madam Pockly*. Cursing and Damning her Surgeon, for refusing to send her more Physick, till she had paid for the Cure of her last Clap. Thus they are never free from some Misfortune or other, yet, by that Time the Brandy, Ratafea, Punch, or what-ever Liquor they happen to be drinking, has gone twice or thrice about, they are as utterly thoughtless of all their Sins and Calamities, as a Woman that vows future Continence in the Height of her Labour, is at the Month's End after the past Miseries of Child-Birth, but grow as merry over their Cups, amidst a Circle of Misfortunes, as if they had Infidelity enough to imagine there was no other Being hereafter: So that, quite careless of Heaven, and fearless of Hell, they swear like *Scotch* Officers; talk Bawdy like so many Midwives; boast of their Bed-Adventures, like Bullies of their Duels, and open all their loose Intrigues with as much Pleasure, as they do their Arms to a vigorous Gallant; and so far excell the lewdest of Men in all Manner of Obscenity, that it would make a Rake blush, and the worst of Libertines abjure the Conversation of all mercenary Harlots to be Witnesses of their Impudence. When they are met together in one of their brothel Sanctuaries, where they lay aside that Effeminancy that should be Part of their Nature, and without Disguise, let loose the very Devil, that to their Shame, possesses them, 'till wrinkled Age, a painful Decay, the Slights of the World, and all the other miserable Consequences of a wicked Life, either hurry them to Despair, or bring them to Repentance; to the last of which, before it be too late, I most heartily recommend them.

*Would she who can her Virgin Honour boast,  
Consider wisely, e'er the Jewel is lost,  
That her own Happiness, her Parents Joy,  
Depends upon her proving chaste and coy,*



*Unlawful Pleasures she would then despise,  
 Value her Beauty, guard her roving Eyes,  
 And o'er her youthful Wishes tyrannize.  
 So he that is with too much Care oppress,  
 And hopes by one bold Stroke to purchase Rest,  
 Let him but think before he gives the Blow,  
 And from his Breast he will the Dagger throw.*

*Woman if once to sinful Pleasures won,  
 Can never stop till by her Ills undone;  
 One single Folly does her Charms divest  
 Of all that Honour that should keep her chaste,  
 Leaves her unguarded, ready to comply,  
 When any Man she likes attempts the Joy;  
 So he that has a daring Robb'ry done,  
 N'er sticks at any when he's flush'd with one.*

*Women should let their Virgin Thoughts aspire,  
 And learn themselves to prize what we admire;  
 When e'er they're told that they're divinely fair,  
 Altho' they blush, they should believe they are,  
 And think it far beneath 'em to debase  
 The lovely Charms of such an Angel's Face:  
 Or that their Breasts with Beauty so adorn'd,  
 Should into Snakes, and Serpents Dens be turn'd:  
 For Woman of her Virtue dispossess,  
 Is but a treacherous Creature at the best;  
 When that's once lost, sh's as Nothing on her Side,  
 That can support a warrantable Pride;  
 Without which Champion to defend her Charms,  
 She lies expos'd to e'ery Coxcomb's Arms,  
 Who has but Sense the yielding Dame to court,  
 And Courage to attack Love's feeble Fort;  
 For Lovers know 'tis easy to invade  
 Th' Hesperian Garden, when the Dragon's fled.*

*Woman should be reserv'd both Maid and Wife,  
 An Hour misus'd condemns her for her Life;*



*Nay all the Woes that can the Sex surprize,  
From one unguarded Moment oft arise;  
Beauty's in Danger always, and must watch  
To keep her Magazine from Cupid's Match;  
For if the Fire of Love be once misplac'd,  
It blows up all that should preserve her chaste,  
And when the Walls of Virtue ruin'd are,  
She's always wretched, tho' she's ne'er so fair;  
For none adore her Charms, to others free,  
But further to compleat her Misery.*



S A M S C O T S Smoaking Club.

**M**Y maggoty Man *Sam*, as his Master us'd to call him in the Time of his Apprenticeship, when he set up for himself, kept a Musick-Shop at the *Temple Gate*, where the Bastard Sons of *Apollo* were accustomed to furnish themselves with Harps and Fiddles; and the Tiptoe Masters of the Mathematical Step, us'd to supply their Occasions with new Minuets and Bories. *Sam Scot*, the better to ingratiate himself with his Customers, affected such a Sort of Life as he thought might be most agreeable to those whimsical Performers, who, having their Heads stuffed with Crotchets, and their Heels full of Activity, could neither rest in their Beds, till they had tam'd their Faculties, drown'd all Thoughts of their airy Professions, and chain'd up their Qualifications, with an inebrious Excess. This *Sam Scot* observing, was resolv'd to be as forward as any of them in all Bottle Adventures, and merry Midnight Revellings, to which he found the Brethren of the String, were not a little addicted, 'till at length by habitual Drinking, Smoaking, and sitting up a Nights, that he found but few upon a Level with his Quality, that were able to cope with him, and those he selected to himself as his dearest Bosom Companions.



One a Linnen-Draper, who marrying the Daughter of a Boarding-School without a Fortune, and being qualified in the Step, was forc'd to turn Dancing-Master. Another was a *Salisbury-Court* Barber, one of the City Musicians, who us'd to act the Countryman, upon my Lord Mayor's Day, and play the Fool after Dinner, to please the Wise-Men of the City. A Third was a Graver, who us'd to dig new Songs upon Copper-Plates, for his Maggoty Musical Companion. And the Fourth a *Scotch* Writing-Master, who was famous for Graving the Lord's Prayer, which he seldom said, within the Compass of a Silver Penny. These had acquir'd such an expeditious Way of consuming a Pipe of Tobacco, that when they were met together, they would make no more of smoaking a Pound in an Hour, than the Drinking Shoemaker does of a Gallon of Claret for his Mornings Draught, and were so extremely proud of his singular Qualification, that they took a Delight in smothering all the Houses that ever they frequented; so that, at the Request of the Victuallers, they were forced to adjourn from Place to Place; for though they spent their Money freely, yet they were unwelcome Guests, because, where ever they came, they poison'd the rest of the Customers; for which Reason, though they us'd no House constantly, they were call'd *Sam Scot's Smoaking Club*. One unlucky Rogue of a Victualler, on the Back-side of *St. Clements*, having excellent Tipple, notwithstanding he had oftentimes desired they would find a new Meeting-House, or to Smoak with more Moderation, yet the Goodness of the Liquor made them very unwilling to forsake their Quarters; so that one Evening having just tapp'd a Pound of Tobacco, and the Master of the House, who at that Time was Church-warden, perceiving they were pushing forward their old intollerable Custom, and that all his Rooms were to be fill'd with Smoak, like a *Yarmouth* Herring-House, step'd out to the Beadle, who liv'd near, and telling him the Story, ordered him to run presently and bring the Parish Engine, with two



er three Buckets of Water in it, and to place it right against his Door: The Master of the House returning Home to acquaint all his other Guests with his Project, that nobody might stir but the Smoakers when the Alarm was given. No sooner was the Engine brought, but the Man of the House, seconded by several that were drinking, roar'd out Fire, as dreadfully as if the House had been in Flames; upon which, up started the Smoakers, in a terrible Surprise, throw'd down their Pipes, as if the Father of everlasting Fire had been at the Heels of them, in a Hurry, tumbled over one another down Stairs, and just as they were in the middle of the Entry, striving who should squeeze out first, the Beadle, according to Direction, let fly the Engine into the House, and made them as wet as so many *Water-lane* Divers, drag'd through a Horse-Pond: However, the Cry of Fire, though they met with Water, had so scurvily frighted 'em, that the dread of Burning, instead of Drowning, never minding the Engine, made them fly the House in as great a Consternation, as if a Gang of drunken Bullies had been spurring their Arses with the Points of their Weapons, till they had thought that were got far enough out of Harms Way, and then assuming Courage, they fac'd about to behold the distant Danger; but seeing no Signs of the Fire they had so lamentably scar'd 'em. they ventur'd to return back by slow Degrees, and with all necessary Caution, to enquire further into the unknown Mischiefs, they had so happily escaped; but in all their gentle Approaches, beholding no visible Signs of any such Combustion, as they had been thus alarm'd with, they took Heart of Grace, and re-enter'd the House, where they heard nothing but such a tumultuous Laughter, as if the monstrous Out-cry, according to the Fable, had ended only in a Mouse; upon which, they sat themselves in a little Box, and knocking for Attendance, the Master, who was in the Kitchen, making merry with his Guests at what had past, left his Company to wait upon 'em, crying, 'Lord,



'Gentlemen, where have you all been, that you hap-  
 'pen to return in such a dripping Pickle.' Z——ds,  
 replied they, did you not all cry out Fire as if the  
 Devil was in you, and in running down Stairs to dis-  
 cover where it was some unlucky Rogue or other, slap'd  
 a Bucket of Water in our Faces. 'Bless me, Gentle-  
 'men, replies the Landlord, some of my officious  
 'Neighbours seeing such a terrible Smoak gush out of  
 'the Windows of your Club Room, ran, in a Con-  
 'sternation, and fetch'd the Parish Engine and the  
 'Buckets, and here they have done me I know not  
 'what Damage, in playing into my House, believing  
 'twas on Fire. Come, come, says Sam Scot, it's well  
 it is no worse, prithee bring us some Pipes, that we  
 may sit and smoak-dry ourselves a little. 'By my  
 'Soul, Gentlemen, replies the Landlord, if you fall  
 'again to Smoaking, my Neighbours will run again for  
 'the Parish Engine, and the Buckets.' Say you so,  
 replies he that was most wet, then prithee let us pay,  
 that we may go dry our Jackets, and funk our Noses  
 at another House: So they discharg'd their Reckoning,  
 and the Victualler, by this Stratagem, got finally quit  
 of their fumiferous Company. This Story spreading  
 among their rakish Acquaintance, they were all sadly  
 teas'd and banter'd wheresoever they came; insomuch  
 that, after this Affront, they never fix'd themselves at  
 any particular House, for fear of meeting with some  
 jocular Trick or other, in the like Nature, but made  
 it their Business, or rather their Diversion, to haunt  
 those Coffee-Houses where they were unknown, that  
 they might sily puff out their Clouds instead of Whiffs,  
 among other Funkers in the public Room, till they  
 had thin'd the Company, without any body's discover-  
 ing who were the dev'lish Smoakers that made such a  
 damnable Smother; for where ever they settled them-  
 selves for that Evening, no Spectacle News-Monger  
 could continue the Reading of a *Daily-Post*, unless he  
 was able to live in Soot and Smoak, like a Brew-house  
 Stoker, or a Chimney-sweeper; for no sooner were  
 their



their Pipes well lighted, but there would be such a Coughing Confort among Nice Beaus, and Pifficky old Gentlemen, that a Man would be ready to think he had got to Church in the Hundreds of *Essex*, upon a Sabbath Day, in an open Winter. When the Fog began to spread, up would rise an old shrivel'd Shop-keeper, who had impair'd Life's Bellice by drinking Gills of *Canary*, and straining his Sides with a violent Fit of Barking, would throw down a half-read *Gazette*, in a mighty Passion, and before he could recover Breath enough to tell what ail'd him, should be forc'd to fling down his Penny, leave half his Liquor behind him, and run Head-foremast out of the Coffee-Room, to suck in a little Street Air, to reconcile his Lungs to their accustomed Office; after him, perhaps, an old asthmatical Counsellor, who had shorten'd his Breath by sucking in *Thames* Fogs, in boating it down to *Westminster*, would fall, of a sudden, into such a Fit of Wheezing, as if a Pauper Client was asking his Advice, without an answerable Fee, and that he had suddenly counterfeited a Fit of the *Asthma*, to get rid of his Impertinence; crying out, *Ah, Smoak, Smoak; more Air for Gods Sake*, 'till he had made a shift to hobble slowly into it. Next him, maybe, a Beau would start up in a mighty Passion, cursing, as he went out, all the Tobacco in the Kingdom, and swearing it was good for nothing, but to spoil Gentlemen's Wigs, or for a Saint to puff into a the Devil's Nostrils. After this manner, they would clear a Coffee-house in half an Hour, and all the Time make it their own Diversion by the by, that they had been so troublesome to others. This Sort of Trade the extravagant Fumigators drove for a few Years, till they had stupify'd their Senses, by the Narcottick Fumes of the Mundungus Weed; dried their Skins to Parchment; bak'd their Intrails to Cinders; exhausted all their radical Moisture, and made themselves such irrecoverable Sots, by excessive Smoaking and Drinking, the Want of regular Eating, and seasonable Rest, that they all dropt off, in the Prime



of their Days, within a small Distance of Time of one another. Thus, as they led their Lives in a Cloud of Smoak, delighting to be always in a Tobacco Mist, so they all at last were lost in a Fog, and went out of the World as well dryed as *Yarmouth Herrings*, *Yorkshire Hung-Beef*, or *Westphalia Bacon*, as if they meant, whilst living, to be their own Embalmers, and by the Power of Tobacco to preserve their mortal Kexes after Death, from Vermiparous Putrifaction.

*How far do such tenacious Sots exceed,  
The Ratio of those Brutes which cannot think?  
Who sacrifice their Lives to such a Weed?  
Whose only Virtues are to Smoak and Stink.*

*Wine is a Cordial that revives the Soul,  
Yet that's destructive, drank to an Extream,  
But damn'd Tobacco makes the Fancy dull,  
And surely was, long since, the Devil's Dream.*

*What wondrous Vertues must be first ascrib'd,  
To make the pois'nous fi'ry Leaf go down,  
Or Man its stinking Fumes had ne'er imbib'd,  
But the curs'd Plant had rotted still unknown.*

*Well might the Royal Scot so much exclaim,  
Against an Herb, that did such Mischiefs breed,  
Which in his happy Days had scarce a Name,  
Besides that odious Term of Indian Weed.*

*Nor would the nauseous Product e'er have grown,  
Within these Realms, so popular a Vice,  
Had it not brought large Incomes to the Crown,  
And been a grand Promoter of Excise.*

*All Subjects may the Priviledge enjoy,  
Of turning Fools, to serve the awful Great,  
Or impious Knaves, if they can prove thereby,  
They propagate the Int'rest of the State.*



*A Vice-Sick Nation soon might find a Cure,  
From those wise Heads who do the Helm command,  
Were not those Fipp'ries, made the Props of Pow'r,  
Which spread the vile Corruption thro' the Land.*

*If Wine or Weed are like to prove the Bane,  
Or other foreign Toys, our Sins encrease  
Why do such Gluts in Triumph cross the Main?  
Keep out the Cause, and the Effect will cease.*

*If the Temptation be allow'd to spread,  
By those, who, by our Sins grow Rich and Great,  
Why should they punish Fools? who are misled,  
To gorge the Hook their very Rulers bait.*

*So Town Reformers full of Zeal and Grace,  
Who only punish Whores that cannot pay,  
Protect those very Stews, they should suppress,  
As useful Traps to catch their heedless Prey.*

*They punish not the Sin to spoil the Trade,  
That would themselves as well as Whores undo,  
By the same reigning Vice both get their Bread;  
The wanton Harlot, and Reformer too.*

*Thus she that is most wicked in her Way,  
To staff Reformers is the surest Friend,  
The more she sins the better she can pay;  
And thus in Gain our pious Labours end.*

*Just so, our sober Zealots boast too late,  
The Laws design'd our Vices to suppress,  
Since now 'tis made the Int'rest of the State,  
For Men to Drink and Smoak to an Excess.*



*The MARKET WOMENS Club.*

THERE are several of these Flat Cap Societies of Female Tatlers, who, as soon as their Business is over, Liquor their Weather-beaten Hides at the Taverns adjacent to the Markets which they use: But in a Description of one, you will have a View of the rest, for they are all so alike, when merrily met over the brimming Quart, that without Injustice, we may apply the old Proverb, *The Devil a Barrel the better Herring*. Therefore I shall only give you a Sketch of one of their principal Societies, which, every Market-Day, is held at a certain Tavern in *Clare-Market*, where any Cuckold that will hold up his Head, e'er he enters the House, may see his own Picture. The Pocket-Apron Quality that commonly compose this Tippling Sisterhood, are the Sun-burnt Dames, who, from distant Villages come riding into Town, like Kettle-Drummers, between their Gotch-belly'd Panniers, well stuffed with the edible Fruits of their own rural Hussifry; and those Gundy-Gut Matrons who deal in *Fee Lane* Tripes, and look as they sat straddling o'er their flabby Commodities that they bring to Market, as if Nature had shap'd them exactly for their Employments, and that the skinny Provisions they expos'd to Sale, were no more than the Pairings of their own envelop'd Sides, which a Man must guess, by their abounding Udders, hang in Folds and Wallops, like the Hide of a *Rhinoceros*: These, mix'd with two or three Greasie Bacon-Cutters, and Pot-belly'd Herb-Women, make up the Complement of the Club. Their Hour of Meeting, is about One a Clock, the best of their Business being commonly over by that Time, so that they trust their Stalls, and what is left of their Commodities, to the Care of their Wenches; something that is  
nice



nice is always sent in to be got ready against their Coming; for though they drink like Wine-Coopers, they always eat like Ladies. When the Chickens and Asparagus, or some such like Dainty has suffic'd their Appetites, a Quart of the best Claret is brought to the Table by the handsomest Drawer in the House, who always takes Care that it be brimming-full, because he knows they never part without remembering his Kindness. The Steeple-crown'd Beldam, in respect to her Gravity, has the honour to place herself at the Upper-end of the Board; and when ever she talks Bawdy, is listen'd to by the rest, as the very Oracle of the Company. The first Health that is begun in the Society, is, *To the best in Christendom*. The second, *To their Cuckoldly Husbands, wishing the two P's may never fail 'em*. And the Third, *To all jolly Jades that love the Bottle as well as a Bedfellow*. By that Time these good Wishes have gone chearfully round in flowing Glasses, one, tickled with the Discovery of her Neighbours Backslidings, enters, perhaps, upon a Story how *John Jud*, the Bacon-Man, catch'd *Will Grub*, his Hog-sticker, in Bed with his Mistress, when the Cuckold came Home, from buying Hogs at *Finchley*; and that the Hen-peck'd Booby had no more Wit than to run down Stairs into the open Street, and proclaim his own Cuckoldom. A pox of her Picture, cries merry *Moll Bunch*, that is she that us'd to exclaim against Drinking; and say, *That a Drunken Furbilow kept no Porker*: But I am glad, she has verified the old Proverb, *That the Still Sow drinks up all the Draught*. Another, among the Accidents that had happened in her Neighbourhood, would report to the Company, how young *Bess Dumbleton*, who was commended by every Body for the modestest Lass in all *Hendon Town*, was got with Child by a Travelling-Tinker, who, being called into the House to mend the old Brewing Kettle, whilst her Mother was step'd to the Bottom of the Orchard to look after her frizzl'd Hen, stop'd a Hole too much; and for a Cup of the best Beer, made her



Daughter's Modesty punchable, and that now the Pissle-wasted Jade was grown as Pot-belly'd, as if she had not above a Month or two to reckon. Marry, cries *Goody Runnet*, They'll all do't but my Daughter and I; and as I live; we are forc'd to watch one another's Waters, when a Man comes into the House, for fear he should run away with one of us. A Third, more bashful than the rest, falling backward in her Chair, sets her Arms on Kimbow, with her Thumbs outward, to shew her Wedding-Ring; and when she has first laugh'd a little till her Modesty blushes at the merry Conceit, begins a Story of *Jeffery Gum*, a Neighbour of hers; who, being press'd to Sea, was taken by the *French*, and kept Prisoner so long, that when he return'd to *England*, his Countenance was so alter'd with his hard Fare, a long Beard, and the lousie Rags he came Home in, that his poor Wife was puzzl'd to know her own Husband; but as soon as he had convinc'd her by some private Token, away goes the poor Woman and buys him a new Shirt, heats a Kettle of Water, pours it into her Washing Tub, strips him of all his Rags, and rubs him with her warm, comfortable Hand, to cleanse him of his Vermin, before she shifted him; but as she was thus stroaking his dirty Hide, from Head to Heel, upstarts a third Person in the middle of the Way, that gave the good Woman such a Bang upon the Wrist, that, dropping her Tears for Joy into the Tub of Water, she hug'd him about the Neck and cry'd, Well, *Jeff*, I am now assur'd 'tis thee, for look, look, see the poor Thing knows me too. After they had laugh'd heartily at the luscious Jest; *Esaith*, says *Sarah Stiff*, there's nothing like a standing Evidence to convince a Woman of the Truth: I believe so too, cries *Moll Blunt*, what makes our Parson go so often to see the *Malster's* Wife.

With such sort of Stories as these, they make themselves merry, when they are met over their Claret, interposing, now and then, either extraordinary Commendations of their Husband's Manhood, or some witty Reflections



Reflections on their slender Qualifications or their aged Impotence, that those who are half-starved for want of a reasonable Allowance between the Nuptial Sheets, may be pitied by those who tantalize the rest, by boasting of their Plenty. They are such Jolly Jades that they scorn to fix their Expences to a certain Limitation, but drink, as Women commonly do every Thing else, more or less, according as the Whim takes them. If they have any Rule that gives Bounds to their Extravagance, 'tis the Badness of their Market; but when they have a quick Sale, and a good Price for their Commodities, they will have a plentiful Dose, though they ride Home sleeping as sound between their Panniers, as if they were stretch'd upon a Feather-bed, which manner of Nodding they are so accusom'd to, that they can take a refreshing Nap, as heartily upon the Road, as they can at Church, when lull'd into a drowsy Fit by a dull Sermon. A Gallon a piece, after a good Market, is but an ordinary Allowance; for by habitual Drinking, they are most of them arrived to such a wonderful Perfection, in the Faculty of Wine Bibbing that they look upon her to be but a weak Sister, who cannot upon Occasion, drink a Ters to her Share, without Spewing, as shall be made manifest in the following Story.

A certain Vintner in *Cheapside*, famous for curing the Tooth-Ach, by wearing blue Spectacles, till he salivates his Gums by stedfastly staring through 'em at the dazzling Light of three or four great Candles: Happening some Years since to bid a Sum of Money for a Parcel of Wines that he had a great Desire to be Master of, but the Merchant not complying with the Money he had bid, they digress'd from the Business, and among other Talk, chanc'd to touch upon the Subject of hard Drinking, which occasion'd the Merchant to pity the fair Sex, that Custom had deny'd them those happy Freedoms and Delights, which were only to be enjoy'd over the charming Bottle: In Answer to which, the Vintner urg'd, That Women no  
more



more exempted themselves from the Pleasures of the Glass, than Men; only that they had the Modesty to Tipple with more Privacy and Caution, for that he drew a Quart of Sack a Day for a certain Common-Council Woman, which was fetch'd privately by her Chamber-Maid, and convey'd through the Shop, under her white Apron, to keep the comfortable Secret from the Knowledge of the Apprentices, and that several jolly Dames, (Thanks to his good Neighbours) would cuddle together in an Evening, and sip off their Half-Crown Clubs, without wry Faces, whilst their Husbands were at the Coffee-House: Besides, says he, I'll engage to bring you three Women that shall drink a Hoghead of Claret, before they Sleep or Spew, provided you'll be at the Charge, or i'll be bound to give you your own Price for the Wines, and if they dispatch it fairly, you shall then let me have them at the Price I have offer'd you. The Merchant, pleas'd with the Conceit, and believing it impossible, readily agreed to the Proposal; so the Day was pitch'd upon, when the Bacchanal was to be celebrated; and the Hoghead of Red was sent in by the Merchant, in a potable Condition within a few Day after. The Vintner having several Times had the Experience of some of the stanch Members of the foregoing Club, thought the surest Way to fit himself, was to have Recourse to *Clare-Market*, lay out some Money at their Stalls, present some of them who had the best Stowage, with a liberal Morning's Draught, and acquaint them with the Business, which, upon the first Opportunity he perform'd accordingly: But when he had them at the Tavern, after he had inform'd such as were fittest for his Turn of his notable Undertaking, and finding one missing, whom he had long known to be an unquenchable Jade: Now, says he, if *Nan Topy* was but here, there's *Bess Gundy*, and *Moll Bunch*, you three jolly Girls, would make nothing of it: *Nan Topy*, replies *Bess Gundy*, turning up her Nose with abundance of Scorn, her last Child has taken her off her Speed: If I know,

*Nan*



*Nan Tophy*, I tell you she will be as drunk as a Witch, with fifteen Gallons; no, no, she is not fit to be a third Woman; leave it to *Moll* and I, will bring you a merry Jade worth two of her; an honest Girl that will drink you a Kilderkin before she pisses: Well thought of, *Bess*, this will do, replies the Vintner: So he treated them handsomely, prefix'd the Day and Hour, and submitted the Sequel to their discreet Management.

When the Time came, the Hogthead being elevated up one Pair of Stairs into a commodious Room, and two Thirty Gallon Tubs for Chamber Pots, placed behind a Curtain in a convenient Corner, the Female Undertakers of the grand Exploit, very punctually at their Hour, made their personal Appearance, where the Vintner and the Merchant, with a Dish of Tongues before them, sat ready to receive them. After both Sides had pass'd their mutual Complements, down sat the Ladies in Home-spun Habits, who were to perform the Miracle, after they had relished their Mouths with two or three Slices of Tongue. Prithee, Mr. *Flower*, says *Bess Gundy* to the Vintner, fill that Monteth, there, (which held about two Gallons) that I may taste the Liquor, for we will not poison ourselves for e'er a Pimp in *England*. Accordingly the Hogthead was broach'd with a larger Cane than Ordinary; the Crown taken off from the Rim of the Monteth, and her Commands fulfill'd with a capacious Bumper, which she presently dispatch'd at three or four Gulps, without Breathing: Good Tipple, Efaith Girls cries the Dame to her Mefs-mates: So the other two confiding in the Judgment of her Palate, pledg'd their Tun-belly'd Sister in the like Quantity, without winking, all agreeing 'twas as good a Tub of Tipple, as they would desire to make a Meal on. No sooner was this first Volley of Monteths discharg'd but the same were repeated in Honour to the Founder's Health, which was chearfully swallow'd and with as much Facility, as if their Bellies had been Tuns, and their Mouths Bung-holes; now they called  
for



for Pipes and a Pound of Tobacco, which were presently brought 'em. Come, dish about, cries *Jenny Swank*, who supplied the Place of *Nan Tolly*, once before we fill, and once before we light, it is a good old Maxim.' Accordingly, the third fix Gallons was very fairly dispenc'd with, without so much as a staring Eye, or the least Sign of a Stomachial Uneasiness; and then they began to fill their Pipes with as much Gravity in their Countenances, as if they had been sober Saints come from an Evening Lecture. When they had charged their Guns, 'Come, Girls,' cries the oldest, according to *Jenny's* Rule, once before we light, and then we may find Time to Tittle 'Tattle.' No sooner was the Bowl replenish'd, but she advances its Mouth high between her Hands, crying, 'Come, you merry Jades, here's your old Health, To the best in *Christendom*; and of it went to a Super-naculum Drop. Well done, Girl, cries *Moll Bunch*, that's a Health no Woman ought to baulk, that knows the Difference between a good Thing and a bad one. So round it went without any Hesitation, as currently as the former, 'Nouns, says *Moll Swank*, I think my Belly begins to swell two or three Gallons before its Time. Prithee, *Flower*, send for a Quart or two of Brandy; we had as good take a Pint a Dram round, to make the Liquor pass; which was presently fetch'd, and tipp'd off accordingly'.

Now the Merchant began to be under a Despondency of Winning, seeing them so little concerned at so large a Quantity, and thought it his wisest Way to acknowledge he had lost, to save the Remainder of the Hoghead; at which Proposal the good Hussifs grew so angry that they called him *Sneaking Cuckold*, and swore, 'That they came for a Belly-full, and a Belly-full they would have; and, That they would see the last of it, were it a Mile to the Bottom. So that the Vintner could not in Honour comply with the Merchant, but was forced to stand to his Articles, and hazard  
what



what he had laid upon the final Issue of the Matter. Now the Dames began to be pleasant Company o'er their Bowls: One telling a Story how her Grand-Mother drank off a Butt of *March Beer* at *Squire Crockum's*, in Four and Twenty Hours, and never piss'd but thrice till she came to the Bottom. The Second asserting, That she drank twenty Pitchers of Wort out of the Tun, when she was but Sixteen Years old, and that it never gave her the Wild-Squirt. The Third affirming, That the first Time that she try'd her Strength, before she was married, was at *Uxbridge-Fair*, and that she drank Nineteen Quarts of Sack and Sugar, to oblige young *Squire Cuddle*, and afterwards rid Home a Straddle, three Miles, upon her Father's Mare without falling. In such sort of Stories they tattled away their Time; now and then in their Turns stepping behind the Curtain to imitate the Roaring of *London-Bridge*, which according to Contract, the Men were to pass by, without any immodest Notice. Thus they Funk'd and Prattled, being continually mindful of the main Chance, till they had finished the Hoghead, which was by Five in the Morning, and then each called for a Quart of mulled White-Wine to settle their Stomachs, sip'd it off with more Expedition, than a grave Citizen does a sober Dish of Coffee; thanked the Merchant for his kind Entertainment, and away they jog'd by Six in the Morning about as merry as good Wives are, when they come from a Gossiping, so far from being drunk, or disabled from Business, that they marched very steadily down to *Clare-Market*, to meet their Horses and their Drudges, who were to bring in their Commodities, being dog'd by the Merchant, who expected their Walking, together with the Air, would have put the Wine upon a Firment; but he could not observe any Thing that looked whimsical or Frolicksome, till they came into *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, where they joined Paws, took a short Dance round, and sung, *Three merry Wives are we*; then disjoining their Hands,

Mother



Mother Gundy advanc'd foremost, crying, Come, come Girls, Drunk or Sober, always mind your Business: Thus they all went off fairly without Stagering or Spewing; so that the Merchant was forced to deliver the Wines according to Agreement, and was thoroughly convinced from that Time, that Women as well as Men, understood the Pleasures of the Bottle.

*Women, who once from Virtues Paths recede,  
And from the blushing Fear of Shame are freed;  
Whatever darling Vice they chance to chuse,  
Fanatick like, with too much Zeal they use;  
Grow such fond Lovers of the sinful Toy,  
That 'tis the only Idol of their Joy:  
Nor can their Passions be content to taste  
A mod'rate Sip of the delightful Feast,  
But with unbounded Appetites fall too,  
And always to their Bane, their Lusts pursue;  
Ne'er check the Reins, if they the Chase approve,  
But even worry what they so well love:  
So the tame Cat, that's prone to play abroad,  
If once she strays into some Neighbouring Wood,  
Fond of her Freedom will the House refrain,  
For Birds and Snakes, will Rats and Mice disdain,  
And grow too wild and pamper'd to return again.*

*If 'tis a Woman's Destiny to chuse  
Those Stygean Spirits, so advanc'd in Stews;  
Within the Reach of her extended Hand,  
Both Day and Night the Fiery Juice must stand;  
Stop'd safely close 'twixt Glassy Walls immur'd,  
Or she's too Sick to be without it cur'd:  
Faints if deny'd it; hugs it when it's brought,  
And soon revives, not with a Dram but Draught,  
Till the cur'd Fumes inflame her giddy Brains,  
Then of the Vapours she aloud complains;  
Cries to her Maid, O feel my clammy Sweats,  
Yet drinks it for that Illness it creates:*

Thus



Thus wedded to her Vice she wears away,  
But finds new Causes for her swift Decay :  
On what she loves will no Asperſion caſt,  
But hugs the Poiſon till it proves her laſt.

Or if ſhe doats upon a Tavern Treat,  
And thinks the Charms of coſtly Wine moſt ſweet,  
From one to many Quarts ſhe ſoon improves,  
Till made a ſhameful Slave to what ſhe loves :  
No prudent Bounds can her Deſires incloſe,  
In what's her Vice ſhe ſtill inſatiate grows,  
Will the vain Habit into Scandal wear,  
And ſcoff the Friend that begs her to forbear.  
Thus, if once enter'd, 'tis her fooliſh Pride,  
To be undone before ſhe's ſatisfy'd :  
Juſt ſo the Robber, who repents too late,  
Ne'er quits his Rogueries till he meets his Fate.

Or if ſhe's laſhiſh of her Female Charms,  
And too much Luſt her colder Nature warms,  
That 'tis her Vice to hunt the am'rous Game,  
And Rival Crowds muſt fan her Reſleſs Flame ;  
A Thouſand Ways to win you, ſhe'll deviſe,  
Tempt you with Smiles, and Court you with her Eyes,  
And if ſhe finds your Modeſty too great,  
To uſe thoſe Freedoms ſhe would fain be at,  
Or that your Want of Courage ſpoils her Sport,  
And makes you fearful to attack the Fort,  
Into your Soul her Eyes ſhall dart their Fire,  
And your chaste Thoughts, with Impudence inſpire,  
Force you, in ſpite of Grace, to prove unjuſt,  
And hug you till you ſooth her craving Luſt ;  
Amidſt the Joy, will be ſo lewdly kind,  
She'll charm you with thoſe ills you ne'er deſign'd ;  
Make you by Dint of Extacy approve,  
Her Arts, and think her Impudence, her Love,  
When all the while ſhe does her Powers exert,  
'Tis but to eaſe her own laſcivious Heart,

Where



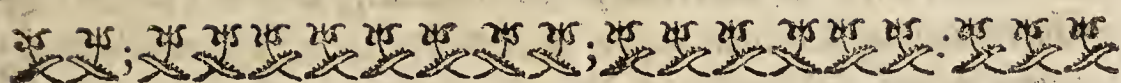
*Where lustful Devils do in Legions dwell,  
Her melting Charms with double Forces swell,  
And in her sinful Pleasures help her to excell.*

*So practise modulates the Singer's Throat,  
And makes it yield a more melodious Note.*

*If Gaming chance to be a Woman's Vice,  
She's then a restless Slave to Cards and Dice:  
Husband nor Children can the Shrew reclaim,  
But all must truckle to that tyrant Pam:  
Her kind Allowance, tho' it's ne'er so large,  
Is all too little to support the Charge:  
Fond of her Judgment, she conceits she knows,  
The Game so truly well she cannot lose,  
Yet seldom wins, but still pursues her Itch,  
'Till Beggar'd, through the Hopes of growing Rich,  
Except her prudent Spouse secures his Gold,  
And gives her but the empty Bag to hold:  
Which if he does, and wisely keeps her Poor,  
If handsome then she in Revenge turns Whore:  
Thus let her Vice be whatso'er it will,  
Woman, without Restraint, will have her fill:  
And if opposed in what she most approves,  
Or by her Spouse debar'd of what she loves,  
In spite of all his Care she'll Disobey,  
And plague her Nuptial Lord some other way.*

*For Woman, if provok'd ne'er wants the Sense,  
To out do Man in Craft or Impudence.*





## The THIEVES Club.

THIS *Tyburn* looking Society of audacious Desperadoes, -who commonly had the Fortune to wear their Destiny in their Faces, kept their daily Rendezvous at the Sign of the Half Moon in the *Old Bailey*, a little Hedge Tavern, whose Appearance was sufficient to give an honest Man a Caution, how he set his Foot into such a wicked Den of impious Thieves and Ruffins, who were not only content to support their Luxuries by Frauds, Robberies, and Murders, but us'd to meet in a Body at the afore-mentioned *Rum Dropers*, their Cant for a *Vintner*, that they might drown all Thoughts of Shame, or Dread of Punishment in their inebrious Excesses, and glory in their Villanies, over their *Rum-Gutlers*. The precious Mortal, who had the Happiness to occupy this diabolical Mansion, was one *Whitwood* a Thief-Taker, who, by his deep Insight into the Mysteries of Iniquity; his familiar Acquaintance and daily Conversation with all Sorts of common Rogues, from the *Highway* to the *Housebreaker*, had gained such an Ascendancy over the whole Gang of *Newgate-birds* that infested the Town in his Time, that he could help People to any Sort of stolen Goods, provided the Gratuity that the Loser offered, amounted to about half the Value of what the Rapparees had deprived him of, which is commonly as much as the Rogues, with Safety, are able to make of their Booty, because the Receivers, who either buy, or lend Money upon such Cargoes, always guess by their Chapmen, how honestly they are come by, and therefore will not deal without unreasonable Advantages. *Whitwood*, at whose Mercy the precarious Lives of this down-looked Fraternity most commonly lay, always took care to keep a black List of their infamous Names, and if he



he found any of them shy of coming to his House, or unwilling to let him have a profitable Fellow-Feeling of their sinful Earnings, he would then think it high Time to procure them the just Reward of their hellish Labours, and use as much Industry to hang them out of the Way, as he would to protect and save those who were his better Customers. This occasioned the nocturnal Miscreants to make his House their Sanctuary, knowing the oftner they resorted thither, and the more Money they spent, the less they were in Danger; and for this Reason they settled a daily Meeting at his scandalous Tavern; which, indeed, was only fit for the drunken Revels of such incorrigible Wretches, as are always affected with those sinful Pleasures, and obscure Places, that are most obnoxious to honest Persons, who have an Abhorrence of their Practice: So that Day and Night, at this tippling Tenement, there was a perpetual Society of the Devil's Operators, some returning from, and others going to perpetrate some Villany, or other, that they might not want Money to continue themselves secure in the Friendship of their Landlord, who was commonly made privy to all their hellish Undertakings; for here, over the Bottle, they us'd to project their Rogueries, and hither return with the ill got Fruits of their wicked Adventures; that what they had gain'd over the Devil's Back, they might spend under his Belly. Here the Gentlemen of the *Nig*, in their Cant, but vulgarly called *Clippers*, us'd to wash away the Profits of their treasonable Labours. Gentlemen *Outers*, in plain *English*, *Highwaymen*, boast their dangerous Exploits upon the open Road; *Water-lane Divers*, alias *Pick-Pockets*, contrive new Stratagems to amuse unwary Passengers, till they *File the Cly*, *Snaffle Biters*, as they call themselves Rogues, who make it their principal Business to steal Horses, talk what rare Pads and Gallopers they had met with in their Time, and what excellent Pennyworths they had often sold to the honest Horse-Courfers in *Smithfield*; and where those infamous Villains who, as they cant it, *Go upon Fire and Faggot*,  
used



used to laugh at the Rogueries they had committed, and make themselves merry over their Cups, with the past Success of their notorious Barbarities, which they commonly effected by the following Stratagem, *viz.* These tremendous Furies clothed in Flesh and Blood, who used to prepare their Way by Flames in this World to those of everlasting, put their politick Villanies in Practice chiefly in the Country, where Farmers often have their Barns built at some Distance from their Houses, and where-ever they met, in their Wanderings, with such a Conveniency for their Purpose, their Way was to lie lurking about, till the Evening, then to set Fire to a Parcel of Straw near the Barn, and to alarm the Family by an Outcry, that they might think their Barn was on Fire; so that whilst the Farmer and his Servants were run to save what they could of their Corn or Hay, they might have the better Opportunity of plundering the House, and moving off with their Booty. Thus all Sorts of Villanies were daily harboured under this unhallow'd Roof, by him that knew their Practises, till they foolishly had wasted what they had glean'd wickedly, and then if any one grew idle, either thro' Cowardice, or Reluctancy, and did not soon exercise their Talent for a fresh Supply, their honest Landlord, in a little Time, would have a *Friday Jest*, and merrily say, that the Tree had robbed him of a good old Customer: For *Whitwood*, who before protected him for his own Profit, would himself take him up if he found him, and hang him out of the Way for a worthless Scoundrel, who was only a Dabbler in a Miery that he knew not how to live by.

*Just so reforming Constables protect  
The Harlot that can bribe as they expect;  
But if she once grows Poor, thro' want of Trade,  
In Triumph then, they flog the needy Jade.*

When these Sons of Satan were met over the Bottle, and happen'd to be flush of Money, by the Success of the



their Villanies, whilst the *Smelts* lasted, nothing was too costly for their luxurious Appetites; then the Fear of Punishment was kept at a Distance by their drunken Extravagance: And the Chearfulness of their Tempers would a little mend their saturnal Looks: So that an awkward Smile should hang upon their Beetle-Brows, and make their Faces resemble the unnatural Pleasantry of those Barbers Blocks, which, by a chance Stroke or two of the Chissel, have, by meer Accident, been carv'd Laughing. Then, amidst their Jollity, when the Power of *Bacchus* had forc'd open Hells Cabinet, one to make a Jest of his Villany, would merrily discover that he once robb'd an old Lady of three hundred Pounds by the Confederacy of one of his Mistresses who was got to be her Chamber-Maid, and would mimick how heartily the old Granny begg'd, at fourscore, that she might not be ravish'd: Another would up with a Story, how six of them robb'd an old *Kentish* Knight, who had newly marry'd a young beautiful Lady; and having bound and gag'd the Servants, and tyed the old Cuff to a Bed-Post, whilst the rest were rummaging, he took the Opportunity of obliging the Bride, that she might know the Difference between a Fumbler and a Workman; the old Knight crying, *Fie, my dear, what will you be a Whore?* The Lady replying, *L——d, my Dear, what would you have me do? Are you willing I should be murder'd?* But, *Hussif*, crys the old Cuckold, *if you was not as forward as he, you would not wag your Scut so; therefore keep your Rump still I say, lest the first Child should happen to be a Bastard.* A third, to shew his Gallantry, would boast how three of them stop'd five Gentlemen upon the Road, robb'd four of them, and the other, being an old Parson, they had Compassion upon him, and dismounting the rest a little out of the Road, they made them tarry in the Avenue of a Wood, till the Parson should Preach to them: Upon which Condition, if the Sermon pleased them, they promised he should go un-riffled. *I thank you,* reply'd the Parson, *for your kind Proposal; but it is too short a Warning for a good*



*Sermon:* However, said the Priest, *I will endeavour to entertain you with such an apt Discourse as may be equally acceptable:* So to oblige his Comrades, the Rogue would give the following Repetition of the Parson's Parallel, *viz.* Gentlemen you are the most like the old Apostles of any Men in the World, for they were Wanderers upon the Earth, and so are you; they had neither Lands or Tenements they could call their own; neither, as I presume, have you; they were despised of all but those of their own Profession, and so I believe are you; they were unalterably fix'd in the Principles they profess'd, and so dare swear are you; they were often hurry'd into Goals and Prisons; were persecuted by the People, and endured great Hardships, all which sufferings, I presume have been undergone by you; their Profession brought them all to untimely Deaths; if you continue your Course, so will yours bring you; But in this Point, beloved you will differ mightily, for the Apostles from the Tree ascended into Heaven, and thither I fear you will never come: But as their Deaths were recompenced with eternal Glory, yours will be rewarded with eternal Shame and Misery, without you mend your Manners.

Thus, amidst their drunken Excesses, they us'd to please one another with an impudent Rehearsal of the Accidents they had met with in the Perpetration of their Villanies, and would shew themselves as proud of all their daring Rogueries, as if they had the Insolence to fancy there was as much Honour in breaking into the House of a High-Sheriff, or boldly Robbing a Train-band Captain upon the Road, as there was in wresting a strong Hold from an open Enemy, or taking a General Prisoner at the Head of his own Guards. At length *Whitwood*, of ever pious Memory, who was both the Encourager and Suppressor, the Protector and the Prosecutor of this infernal Gang, according as it best suited with his immediate Interest, happen'd by a natural Death, to escape the Gallows, to which by all Report, he had as good a Title as any that ever made

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their Exit under that Triangular Edifice ; and the scandalous Imployment, as well as the infamous Tenement, which *Whitwood* left behind him, were both jointly occupy'd afterwards by one *Jo. Hix*, who seem'd by his Bulk, to be one of the overgrown Sons of the old rebellious Giants, who waging War with Heaven, tore up Rocks by the Roots, and toss'd them up against the Gods, to shew their impious Audacity : But because he now keeps a Country Inn, and has reformed his Life, in a great Measure, from his former Practises, I shall forbear to revive any thing that may terminate in his Reproach, and only heartily recommend him to a sincere Repentance. The wicked Weeds I have been here Treating of, have, of late Years, been pretty well how'd up, and drawn out of the *British* Garden between the Wars and the Gallows ; and pray God send for the future, that more useful Plants may spring up in their Places, that we may have no such Societies to sit and brazen Justice betwixt *Newgate* and the *Sessions House*, not only to the Shame of the City, but the Scandal of the whole Nation.

*What dismal Tracts do wicked Mortals find,  
 If once to Lust and Infamy resign'd ?  
 What human Laws can stubborn Rogues reclaim,  
 When past the Fear of Punishment, or Shame ?  
 Nor can the Threats of future Pains prevail,  
 Where Dread of Death, and present Tortures fail,  
 For he that will no humane Laws obey,  
 Will ne'er be aw'd by what the Priests can say ;  
 But harden'd in his Ills will still rebel,  
 And hazard Life and Heav'n, in Spite of Hell ;  
 So the fierce Bull Dog, mischievously bold,  
 Disdaining, at his Sport to be controul'd,  
 Will die by Peace-meal e'er he quits his Hold.* }

*Some, when they're hurry'd to the Brink of Fate,  
 Where forc'd Repentance shews its Tears too late,*

*Will*



*Will on their Parents lay the final Blame,  
And move our Pity, to lament their Shame  
What Father then would let his Children want  
Good Education, under due restraint?  
Lest, if remise in his paternal Care,  
His wither'd Age so sad a Charge should bear.*

*Others, pursuant to a just Decree,  
Drawn to the Brink of dark Eternity :  
With trembling Nerves, and shaking Head declare  
Their loose Companions taught 'em first to err :  
Decoy'd them gently in, and by degrees,  
Boldly confirm'd them in their Villanies.  
Let it O Youth! be then thy early Care,  
To truly know what thy Associates are ;  
That from the Bad thou may'st select the Good,  
And shun the poisonous Converse of the Lewd:  
For he that rowles in Nettles must be stung ;  
Nor can the Fool be clean that wades in Dung.*

*Therefore the only Way to be secure,  
And keep an honest Reputation pure,  
Is to shew wisely 'tis your Care to be  
Distinguish'd by your virtuous Company.*



### *The SMALL-COAL-MAN'S Musick Club.*

**T**HIS harmonious Society of Tickle-Fiddle Gentlemen, has been of long standing at the diminutive Habitation of an honest Small-Coal-Man, who happens to be a near Neighbour to St. John of Jerusalem, who at present flourishes his Banner before a noted old Tavern in Jack Adams his Parish, which serves to shew we have the Happiness to live in so re-form'd an Age, that holds it no Scandal for a Saint to invade Bacchus's Dominions ; nor is the Painter blame-



able for depicting the holy Champion in a naked Posture, because it serves us as a double Emblem; *First*, to let us see, that by frequenting the Tavern too often, we may bring our selves and our Families to the same Nakedness; and *Secondly*, it imports, that our modern Saints, in the reforming Times, may march in bare-fac'd to a Bottle Engagement, without the Fear of being claw'd off by their Teachers at the next *Sunday's* Meeting; for the Shepherds, as well as their Flocks, have very wisely considered, that the good Things of this World were given to the godly much rather than the wicked: Excuse the Digression and now again to the Musick Club, which was at first begun, or at least confirmed by Sir *Roger-le-Strange*, many Years before his Knighthood, who was a very musical Gentleman, and had a tolerable Perfection of the Base-Viol, a very fashionable Instrument of those Days; though now hug'd only at Boarding-Schools, between the Knees of young Ladies, lest their Virgin Modesty otherwise should cause their Legs to grow so close together, that whenever they marry, their Bridegrooms should be puzzled to perform the nuptial Ceremony. The Reasons that induc'd Sir *Roger*, and other ingenious Gentlemen, who were Lovers of the *Muses*, to honour the little Mansion of the black and blue Philomat with their weekly Company, were chiefly the unexpected Genius to Books and Musick that they happened to find in their smutty Acquaintance, and the profound Regard that he had in general to all Manner of Literature, beyond whatever had been found before among the narrow Souls of those groveling Mortals, who are content to disguise Nature with such crocky colour'd Robes, and to hazard the Welfare of their Eyes in such a dusty Profession; however, like a prudent Man, though he might justly boast a great many Qualifications above any of his Level, yet he never suffered the Flatteries of his Betters to lift him up above the Care of his Employment; for though he always took Delight to spend his leisure Hours in the Studies of a Gentleman, yet he limited his Industry to the Trade he had been bred



bred to ; and though he was Master enough of Musick to play his Part tollerably well, upon several Instruments, yet he would not grow too proud, for the profitable Tune of Small-Coal, or lay aside his Sack till his Day's Work was over, to dance after a Fiddle, having Sense enough to consider, that spare Time and empty Sound were the most agreeable Concomitants, and that Pleasure always ought to be postpon'd to Business : This Sort of Diligence recommended him the better to all prudent Gentlemen, who liked his Company the more, when they found themselves out of Danger of incurring the Curses of his Family, because he would not be tempted into those Neglects that might terminate in his Ruin : Thus the Prudence of his Deportment, among those who were his Betters, procured him great Respect from all that knew him, so that his Musick Meeting improved in a little Time to be very considerable, insomuch, that Men of the best Wit, as well as some of the best Quality, very often honoured his musical Society with their good Company, that in a few Years his harmonious Consort became as publickly noted as the Kit-Cat Club ; notwithstanding the former was begun by a Small-Coal-Man, and the latter by a Bookseller. Sir Roger continued to be a constant Meeter in the Zenith of his Glory, and many other Gentlemen, who were fit Companions for so worthy a Person of his Wit and Learning : So that *Briton*, when equiped in his blue Surplice, his Shoulder laden with his wooden Tinder, and his Measure twisted into his Mouth of his Sack, was as much distinguished as he walked the Streets; and respected by the good Huffs, who were Customers for his Commodity, as if he had been a Nobleman in disguise, who had only turned Small-Coal-Man, as my Lord *Rocheſter* did Quack, not out of Necessity, but to humour his Maggot ; every one that knew him, pointed as he passed crying, *There goes the famous Small-Coal-Man, who is a Lover of Learning, a Performer in Musick, and a Companion for a Gentleman.* The better to demonstrate his Love of Ingenuity, he has made a very good Collection, to his great

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Expence,



Expenſe, of antient and modern Muſick by the beſt Maſters, had, ſome Years ſince, picked up in his Walks a very handſome Library, which not long ſince, was publickly diſpoſed off to a conſiderable Advantage, and has now by him a great many Curioſities, that, by Perſons of Judgment are eſteemed valuable, yet the Hut wherein he dwells, which has long been honoured with ſuch good Company, looks without Side as if ſome of his Anceſtors had happened to be Executors to old ſnorling *Diogenes*, and that they had carefully tranſplanted the *Athenian-Tub* into *Clerkenwell*; for his Houſe is not much higher than a *Canary Pipe*, and the Window of his State-Room, but very little bigger than the Bunghole of a Caſk. Tho', ſometimes ſince for the more commodious Entertainment of his *Thursday's* Audience, he had taken a convenient Room out of the next Houſe that the Company might not ſtew in Summer-Time like ſweaty Dancers at a Buttock-Ball, or like Seamens Wives in a *Graveſend* Tilt-Boat, when the Fleet lies at *Chatham*: But a worſe uſe than he expected happening to be made of the additional Liberty he had given to the Company, occaſion'd him, for ſome Reaſons beſt known to himſelf, to reduce his Society to their primitive Station, who, though they have loſt ſomething of their primitive Glory, yet they conſtantly continue their *Thursday's* Meeting, where any Body that is willing to take a hearty Sweat, may have the Pleaſure of hearing many notable Performances in the charming Science of Muſick, and among the reſt, perhaps the following Song, very applicable to their harmonious Conſort, viz.

## I.

*Come all ye merry Beaus and Blades,  
Who love the charming Fiddle,  
And airy Jades that paſs for Maids,  
Tho' kind below the Middle.*



II.

*Upon Thursdays Repair  
To my Palace, and there  
Hobble up Stair by Stair;  
But I pray ye take Care  
That you break not your Shins by a Stumble,  
And without e'er a Souse,  
Paid to me or my Spouse,  
Sit as still as a Mouse  
At the Top of my House,  
And there you shall hear how we fumble.*

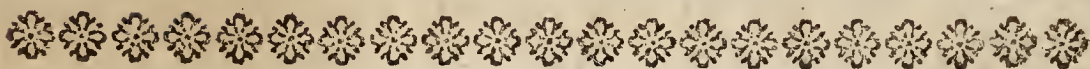
III.

*For tho' I look black  
When I carry my Sack  
About Streets at my Back,  
Crying Maids do you lack  
Any Charcoal, or Small-Coal, within;  
Yet by Fits and by Starts  
Do I study all Arts  
And can tickle your Hearts  
With my sweet Tenor Parts  
Upon Viol, or crack'd Violin.*

C H O R U S.

*Altho' disguis'd with smutty Looks,  
I'm skill'd in many Trades:  
Come hear me Fiddle, read my Books,  
Or buy my Small Coal, Maids.*





## The Second Part.

## I.

*We Thrum the fam'd Corrella's Aires ;  
 Fine Solos and Sonnettos  
 New Riggadoons and Maidenfairs,  
 Rare Figs and Minuetts.*

## II.

*We run squeaking up  
 To the Finger-Board Top,  
 And from Ela can drop  
 Down to G with a Swop ;  
 That would ravish ye were you but near us ;  
 And when cramp'd by hard Tugs  
 At our Bottles and Muggs,  
 Then we give you such Fugs,  
 That would startle your Lugs,  
 And amaze any Master to hear us.*

## III.

*Sometimes we've a Song,  
 Of an Hour or two long,  
 Very nicely perform'd  
 By some Beau that's so warm'd  
 With the Charms of his Chloe's sweet Face,  
 That he chooses out his Love  
 Like the amorous Dove ;  
 Which the Ladies approve,  
 And would gladly remove  
 All the Cause of his sorrowful Case.*



C H O R U S.

*Alth' disguis'd with smutty Looks,  
I'm skill'd in many Trades;  
Come hear my Fiddle, read my Books,  
Or buy my Small-Coal, Maids.*



The Third Part.

I.

*Tho' our reforming pious Age  
Does so in Grace abound,  
And neither Smiles upon the Stage,  
Or Musick's charming sound.*

II.

*Yet a Fool may divine  
If his Thoughts are like mine,  
That your pious Design,  
Is to come at our Coin:  
'Tis for that you dissemble and wheedle.  
By your leave Master Cant,  
Tho' as grave and as quaint,  
As the Devil turn'd Saint,  
It is Musick I want;  
And we must have a Touch at the Fiddle.*

III.

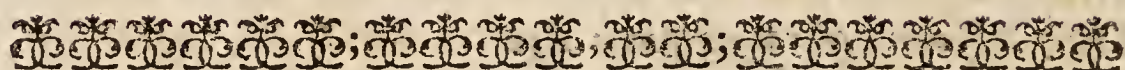
*Lead away Mr. Prim;  
Sir do you follow him:  
How the Parts sweetly Chime?  
Mr. Clod mind your Time;  
'Tis a wonderful Tune tho' it's plain:*



*What a Cadence is there !  
 How it tickles the Ear !  
 You're too fast Sir, forbear ;  
 We are all out, I swear :  
 Since 'tis good, let's begin it again.*

## C H O R U S.

*Altho' disguis'd with smutty Looks,  
 I'm skill'd in many Trades :  
 Come hear my Fiddle, read my Books,  
 Or buy my Small-coal, Maids.*



**T**HIS ingenious Society of *Apollo's Sons*, who for many Years, have been the grand Monopolizers of those scandalous Commodities in this fighting Age, *viz. Wit and Poetry*, had first the Honour to be founded by an amphibieous Mortal, chief Merchant to the Muses ; and in these Times of Piracy both Bookseller and Printer, who having, many Years since, conceived a wonderful Kindness for one of the greasie Fraternity, then living at the end of *Bell-Court* in *Gray's-Inn-Lane*, where, finding out the Knack of humouring his Neighbour *Bocai's* Pallate, had, by his culinary Qualifications, so highly advanc'd himself in the Favour of his good Friend, that, thro' his Advice and Assistance, he remov'd out of *Gray's-Inn-Lane* to keep a Pudding-Pie Shop near the *Fountain-Tavern* in the *Strand*, encouraged by an Assurance that *Bocai* and his Friends would come every Week to storm the crusty Walls of his *Mutton-Pies*, and make a Consumption of his *Custards*. About this Time *Bocai*, who had always a sharp Eye towards his own Interest, having rigged himself into the Company of a Parcel of poetical young Sprigs, who had just wean'd themselves of their Mother University, and



and by their prolific Parts and promising Endowments had made themselves the Favourites of the late bountiful *Mecænas*, who had generously promis'd to be an indulgent Father to the rhiming Brotherhood, who had united themselves in Friendship, but were as yet unprovided for; so that now, between their Youth and the Narrowness of their Fortunes, being just in the Zenith of their poetic Fury, *Bocai* had a fair Prospect of feathering his Nest, by his new profitable Chaps, who having more Wit than Experience, put but a slender Value, as yet, upon their maiden Performances. Besides, the happy Acquaintance of these Sons of *Parnassus* gave him a lucky Opportunity of promoting the Interest of his beloved Engineer, so skill'd in the Fortification of *Cheese-Cakes*, *Pies*, and *Custards*; so that *Bocai*, to ingratiate himself with his new Set of Authors, invited them to a Collation of Oven-Trumpery at his Friend's House, where they were nobly entertain'd with as curious a Batch of pastry Delicacies as ever were seen at the winding up of a Lord Mayor's Feast upon the Day of his Triumphs, that there was not a mathematical Figure in all *Euclid's* Elements, but what was presented to the Table in bak'd Wares, whose Cavities were fill'd with fine eatable Varieties, fit for Gods or Poets. This procur'd the Cook such a mighty Reputation among his new rhiming Customers, that they thought it a Scandal to the Muses that so heavenly a Banquet should go untag'd with Poetry, where the ornamental Folds of every luscious *Cheese-Cake*, and the artful Walls of every golden *Custard*, deserv'd to be immortaliz'd; they could therefore scarce demolish the embellished Covering of a *Pidgeon-Pie* without a Distich; or break thro' the sundry Tunicks of a Puff-Paste *Apple-Tart*, without a smart Epigram upon the glorious Occasion. *Bocai* wisely observing the good Effects of this Pastry Entertainment, and finding that Pies to Poets were as agreeable Food, as *Ambrosia* to the Gods, very cunningly proposed their weekly Meeting at the same Place; and that himself would be oblig'd to continue the like Feast every



every Club-Day, provided they would do him the Honour to let him have the Refusal of all their juvenile Products, which generous Proposal was very readily agreed to by the whole poetick Clan; and the Cook's Name being *Christopher*, for Brevity call'd *Kit*, and his Sign being the *Cat* and *Fiddle*, they very merrily derived a quaint Denomination from Puss and her Master, and from thence call'd themselves *The Kit-Cat Club*. And *Bocai*, in respect that he was Donor of the Feast, and Promoter of this new Pudding-Pie Establishment, had the Honour to be chosen Chairman of the Society; to which presiding Authority, as most believe, he owes the Stateliness of his Brow, and the Haughtiness of his Temper. When *Bocai* had thus far been successful in his new Molition, he had now nothing else to do, but to lay fresh Foundations for his young Artificers to build upon, and never to come empty, without some Project in his Head, that might have a probable Tendency to his own Profit. Now, every Week the listening Town was charm'd with some wonderful Off-spring of their teeming Noddles; and the Fame of *Kit-Cat* began to extend itself to the utmost Limits of our learned Metropolis: Not a Court Countess could compassionate her Lover with the tenderest of her Favours; the young buxom Wife of an old impotent Alderman, be beholden to a Courtier to make her sensible of the Difference between a strenuous Sportsman and a crazy Fumbler; a gouty Lord select a jilting Mistress from that fruitful Nursery the Theatre; or a noted Beau be cheated of an hundred Guineas for a second-hand Maidenhead, but presently the pleasing Adventure was most notably handled by the *Kit-Cat* Bards, and sung down to Posterity; nor indeed could a great Man die, whose Memory was worth an Elegy, but they would find a Way to add ten Guineas to his funeral Charges; or a Man of Honour marry a celebrated Beauty, or a great Fortune, but they would draw him in, with a charming *Epithalamium*, to pay them Socket-Money.

Let



Let them send their Wits a Wool-gathering as themselves thought fit, *Bocai* having already tasted of the sweet Fruits of their early Labours, was resolved to venture at all, giving little else but Pies for Poetry, well considering he had this Advantage, that what the Publisher return'd, his Friend the Pastry-Cook took off his Hands at a better Price than the Trunk-maker; so that the poetical Fraternity had most of their Pies bottom'd with their own Excrement, which proved so considerable an Advantage to all chance Customers, that whoever came in for a Two-penny Tart, was assured to have a Penny-worth of Wit, or at least Poetry given into the Bargain, that when they had empty'd the Shell, they might have taught their Children to read upon the bottom Crust, as well as a Horn-book: Among the rest of the celebrated Pieces that ow'd their Original to this Witty Society, that most accurate Banter upon the *Hind* and *Panther*, called the City Mouse and the Country Mouse, from thence stole into the World, and knaw'd such an ugly Hole in Poet *Bays* his Jacket, that it could never be mended without a Patch, as scandalous as the Flaw the unlucky Mice had made in it. This fortunate Offspring, the Reverse of the fable Mountain, tho' it only promised a Mouse, it produced a Monster, which was so wonderfully admired by the whole Town, that a Man had no Title to open his Mouth in Company for the Space of six Months after the Publication, if he could not demonstrate by some special Observation, that he had blest his Eyes with a Sight of the Prodigy; nothing but *Mouse*, *Mouse*, was crept into every Body's Mouth, and the Towering Monuments of Praise, which Mr. *Bays* thought he had so firmly erected upon a lasting Foundation, were at once in Danger of being undermin'd by these diminutive Bacon eating Brethren, who were formidably sent forth in Battle Array to attack his *Hind* and *Panther*. This successful Flirt was so well tim'd, wittily penn'd, and met with so kind a Reception from all the Protestant Readers, that the Fame of the *Kit-Cats* now spread it self universally, though, through the

Judgment



Judgment of the Public who are apt to be mistaken, he that had the least Share in the Work, had the most of the Reputation, and in a little Time after by the Favour of their *Mecænas* was singled out from the rest of the Herd, either as the best quallify'd for some peculiar Purposes, or the most deserving of his Lordship's Promotion, which of the two is something difficult to determine: But so it happen'd, that one Mouse run away with all the Bacon, whilst the other got nothing but the empty Cubboard, upon which Occasion, the rest of the *Kit-Cat* Members, in a merry Mood, scribbled the following *Epigrams*, viz.

*A London Sheriff kept so poor a House  
His empty Cubboard starv'd a hungry Mouse;  
But kind Mecænas by two Mice address'd,  
Tho' he starv'd one, he did the other feast.*

Another upon the same.

*Great Men like Fortune do their Gifts impart  
To gratify themselves, not our Desert:  
Why, then, my Friend, art thou discountenanc'd?  
To see less Merit for thy Wit advanc'd?  
The Roman Poet did the Lines devise:  
But he that stole the Fame, obtain'd the Prize.*

A Third upon the same.

*Since one industrious Mouse took all the Pains,  
'Tis hard the other should ingross the Gains:  
But smooth Tongu'd Confidence will still prevail.  
When Wit, eclips'd with Modesty, shall fail.*

A Fourth



A Fourth upon the same.

*'Tis hard that one Mouse should be made a Rat,  
Feed on whole Flitches, and on Cheese of Cheshire,  
Whilst t'other, who deserves to be as fat,  
Shall be deny'd the Comfort of a Rasher;  
But mastiff Poets oft are doom'd to Starve,  
Whilst Lap-dog Wits are hug'd, who less deserve.*

About the same Time that one of the celebrated Mice was happily crept into the High-Road of Preferment, here, at Home, another of the witty Triumvirat, who had the Honour to be called my Lord D——s Boys, was put in a fair Way to make his Fortune abroad; so that the Third, who had given much better Testimonies of his Wit, than any of them, was the only growing Genius of the Three that was left unprovided for; however, the Club being fam'd for the many smart Poems, and accurate Productions they had sent into the World, and having usurp'd the Bays from all the Town, they had by this Time rais'd themselves to such a Pitch of Reputation, that many of the Quality grew fond of sharing the everlasting Honour that was likely to crown the poetical Society, insomuch that several great Persons desired to be admitted Members of the rhiming Community, some in Hopes to be accounted Wits; and others to avoid the very opposite Imputation; so that, by the Majority of the Members, it was now thought high Time to move out of the Scent of the Oven in hot Weather, and to adjourn their Club to the Fountain Tavern, it being wisely agreed by the whole Board, that a noble Cellar of Wine was a better Foundation for a Society of Wits to erect their *Pyramids* of Fame upon, than the Arch of an Oven, whose voracious Mouth had swallow'd so many Reams of their enchanting Labours. But notwithstanding they had thus determin'd to withdraw the Muses from the purring

Musician



Musician, and her dancing Mice, from whence it is presum'd the poetical Partners had borrow'd the lucky Title of that celebrated Piece that had so redown'd to their Credit, yet, in Honour to *Bocai*, they were still resolved to thankfully accept of this weekly Banquet, and to continue him in the Post, which they had observed he was so proud of; so that though they chang'd their Residence, they preserv'd their Customs, and being now strengthen'd by the awful Presence of Right Honourable Wits, and other wealthy Pretenders, who, tho' not qualify'd to be Poets, they were rich enough to be Patrons, and ready with an open Hand to bespeak the Honour of the next flattering Dedication, they began to set themselves up for *Apollo's* Court of Judicature, where every Author's Performance from the Stage-Poet to Garret-Drug, was to be read, try'd, applauded, or condemn'd according to the new System of Revolution Principles, of which, like zealous Subjects, they have been always violent Asserters. Upon the additional Improvement of this High Court of Wit, compos'd of Patrons, Criticks, great Lords and Poets, *Bocai*, who had still the Honour of the Chair, thought it now high Time to look about him, and to charge his Blunderbuss with that necessary Confidence, that might propagate his Interest among great Men, and make him a fit Associate for those honourable Dons, who had favour'd the Club with their magnificent Appearances; so that though he had no Title to set himself up for a Wit, yet he had found by others, that if he did but varnish over his natural Endowments with a little fawning Conformity, and anoint the Tip of his Tongue with a due Quantity of *Irish Pomatum*, he might ingratiate himself as well in the Favour of the high and stately, as those Wits who had the Knack of blinding their Betters with the Ashes of the old Poets, and topping false Quotations out of defunct Authors, to justify their own Errors. By this Sort of Conduct *Bocai* made a very good Shift to get more by his Bookselling, than his Authors did by their Wit, and what was wanting to  
make



make his Company delightful, he was careful to supply with Cringe, Confidence and Cunning, so that he daily gained Ground in Respect to his Interest, and was Taught, in a little Time, by the great Example of his honourable Customers, to exact as much Respect from his own Shop Fraternity, as he was forced to pay to his Betters: That though he looked but like a Bookseller seated among Lords, yet, *vice versa*, he behaved himself like a Lord when he came among Booksellers. When their Pye Feast was over, and they had done commending of the Rose Water Codlin-Tarts for their Hellico-Flavour, it was the Drawers next Business to clear the Board, bring every Man his Bottle and a clean Glass, and then the Wits, according to Custom, for the Diversion of the rest, would be so liberal of their Talents, that not a *Roman* Author, or a mouldy Worthy, could rest in their Graves for two Hours, but must be box'd about the Board, till every one had run over his whole Catalogue of dead Bards and Emperors, to shew his Learning in remote Antiquities, neglecting all Foresight to talk of Things past, as if, like Crabs, they had got a Faculty of running backwards. The Duke of *Marlborough* could not be nam'd without a *Scipio* to confront him, nor Prince *Eugene* mentioned without a *Hannibal* to oppose his Character, *Ben Johnson*, *Shakespeare* or *Dryden*, remember'd without such a contemptible Pish, as if they were only fit to write Stage Speeches for a Mountebanks Orators, or Ballads for Pye-Corner, yet their own Works sometimes should be blushing repeated, that they might have a friendly Opportunity of tickling each other with reciprocal Flattery, and put that Policy in Practice; so much in Vogue among scabby Friends, *viz.* *I'll scratch you, do you scratch me.* In these Sort of learned Recreations that exercise the Mind instead of the Body, the *Kit-Cat* Wits us'd to waste their Hours, whilst the rest of their Members, who, perhaps, were not blest with so prolific a Genius, would manifest by their Liberality, when the Reckoning



ing came to be paid, the Satisfaction they had found in the witty Discourses of their wiser Brethren. Thus honest *Bocai*, and his fruitful Semenary of transcendant Wits, establish'd and continu'd their *Kit-Cat Club* for a Succession of Years, till at last burnt out of their dear *Parnassus*, where they had long been settled, and since they happened to be dethroned by this surprizing Misfortune: Whether their Joint Wisdoms have thought it consistent with their infalliable Prudence to remove nearer to, or rather from the old *Kit-Cat Oven*, I cannot as yet determine, but instead of a further Account, shall, according to the Method I have hitherto observ'd, conclude the Chapter with a Poem.

*Bright Phoebus, Parent of the tuneful Quire,  
To whose kind Rays the Muses owe their Fire,  
Shall now no more in mournful Days complain,  
That British Dulness clouds the Monarchs Reign,  
Since Kit-Cat Wits thy ancient Title own,  
Support thy Glory and assert thy Throne;  
Great as Apollo's Court, the Brethren sit,  
Claiming a Pow'r from thee to judge the Wit;  
Nor will their Junctō let unpolish'd Swains,  
Prophane thy Altars with their croaking Strains;  
But damn the Dross, will let no Counters pass,  
That are not of their own Corinthian Brass,  
So Princes, who the Right of Coinage claim,  
Punish the Slave that dare to do the same,  
Drag the poor Traytor to his fare-well Pray'rs,  
And hang him, tho' his Coin's as good as theirs.*

*Supreme in Fancy, tow'ring in Conceit,  
The learn'd Cabal o'er Shoals of Custards meet,  
Mix'd here and there with Jellies and with Tarts,  
Set off with all Kits Culinary Arts.*

*In luscious Files the charming Dainties stand  
As if compos'd by some nice Ladies Hand;*



*One on his Plate does half a Cheese-Cake lay,  
O'er which he sings the Praise of Curds and Whey,  
Like a great School-Boy reads the childish-Food,  
And stroaking of his Belly swears 'tis good.*

*The next, to satiate his luxuriant Gust,  
Attacks a Pidgeon fortify'd with Crust,  
Breaks down the Walls, and does most proudly say,  
Thus did the British Heroes take Tournay.*

*A third, to sweetly sooth his craving Youth,  
Ladles down Custard to delight his Tooth;  
By Kit's Ambrosia does his Fancy Tune,  
And hopes to grow more Wise by dint of Spoon.*

*On a Minc'd Pie a fourth with Fury falls,  
Compares it to that fam'd Escorial Pauls;  
That Nook, says he, which does this way extend,  
Resembles very much the Western-End;  
This the North Porch, and that the side that's South,  
Then claps at once the Chancel in his Mouth;  
Grinds down the Walls, does in a Passion cry,  
Thus shall the Low-Church Triumph o'er the High.*

*A fifth with Jelly swells his youthful Veins;  
Pleases his Palate, and recruits his Reins:  
Then fired with Lust he stretches on his Chair,  
Crys, My dear Cloe, O! ye Charming Fair:  
What Mortal can thy powerful Darts withstand?  
My Cloe shall have all at second Hand.*

*A sixth upon the Pile a Sally makes,  
And on his Plate a Currant-Tart he takes.  
In pow'rful Words that do the Subject sute,  
Admires the Flavour, and extolls the Fruit:  
To shew his Zeal affirms the grateful Juice,  
Excels the Wine that Gallia's Grapes produce:*

*With*



*With a much richer Colour tempts the Eye,  
And stains the Palate with a nobler Die,  
Altho' his Conscience tells him 'tis a L———*

*Bocai, the gen'rous Master of the Treat,  
Not fix'd to one, picks here and there a Bit :  
But lest the female Food, so sweet and fine,  
Should rob him of the Flavour of his Wine,  
A Mutton-Pye well season'd is the last  
Bak'd Toy he chuses to restore his Taste.  
For kind Bocai, tho' now he's past his Prime ;  
Has been an old Sheep-biter in his Time :  
Not only in the gainful Skins a Dealer,  
But of the Flesh has been a Fellow-Feeler.*

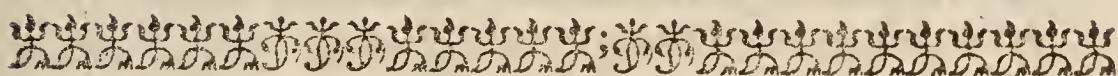
*Thus once a Week the great Divan of Wits  
Inspire their Fancies with their dainty Bits :  
Why not since we in sacred Story find  
That one fair Apple first inform'd Mankind:  
Why then mayn't modern Poets grow more Wise  
By the Rich Taste of Kit-Cat's Apple-Pies ?  
One Cup of Helicon the Bards allow,  
Tho' Drank by Coridon that bands the Plow,  
Will breed poetick Maggots in his Head,  
And make the new rais'd Booby write like Mad:  
Therefore since such strange Vertues have barren Ground,  
Who knows but Kit-Cat's Halliconion Tarts,  
In Time, may make a Dunce a Man of Parts.*

*Feed on luxurious Heroes of the Pen ;  
Poets, tho' next to Gods, may eat like Men :  
Some think the Race Divine, so Wise and Good.  
Owe all their Knowledge to their heav'nly Food,  
And that if we, who move beneath the Skies,  
Could once to Nectar and Ambrosia rise :  
One Meal, from Death our fading Limbs would free,  
And give us Mortals Immortality.*



*Who knows but Kit-Cat Pies may do as well,  
By them already you in Wit excell;  
Triumph like Monarchs o'er the rhyming Crowd,  
Who tug like Slaves to sing your Fame aloud,  
Attend your Levies, dread your awful Pow'r,  
Scribble beneath, whilst you have leave to tow'r,  
And proudly have usurp'd from all the Town  
The very Right of Scandal and Lampoon:  
So Tyrants, when they're too puissant made,  
Are not alone content to be obey'd,  
But will their Subjects Properties invade.*

*Go on great Wits, since from the Kit-Cat Board,  
A Poet has been made a mighty Lord,  
An Honour to the pregnant Sons of Rhyme,  
Scarce knows before in any Age of Time:  
Who knows but by the Dint of Kit-Cat's Pies,  
You may, e'er long, to Gods or Monarchs rise;  
Then shall your Fame thro' all the World disperse,  
Your own learn'd Pens your mighty Deeds rehearse  
And we your Subjects glory in your Verse.*



The BEEF-Stake Club.

**A**S refin'd Wits of the *Kit-Cat* Club used to feed their Fancies with female Dainties in Respect to the *Muses*, who are always said to be of the feminine Gender, so the Masculine Worthies of the Beef Stake Club having more Regard to the Strength of Body than the Activity of the Mind, chose a more substantial Food that might corroborate their Limbs, and recommend them the better to another Sort of Ladies, who prefer *Mars's* Truncheon to *Apollo's* Harp, and who rather have their Charms commended by the convincing Hugs of a strenuous Lover, than by the fulsome Praises



Praises of the best Poet in Christendom. As the generous Master of a plentiful Table would rather see his Friends give a real Approbation of the Food he has provided by their eating heartily, then for a puny Guest to extoll in Words what his piddling shews he has but little Fancy for. This new Society of grilliado'd Beef-Eaters first settled their Meeting at the Sign of the imperial Phiz, just opposite to a famous Conventicle in the *Old Jury*, a publick House, that has been long eminent for the true British Quintessence of Malt and Hops, and a broil'd Sliver off the juicy Rump of a fat well fed Bullock, where brawny Wine-Porters, and sturdy Carmen, used to strengthen their Backs with full *Winchesters* of powerful Two Threads, and delicious Slices of the best Trainband Food, swimming in its own Gravey. This noted Boozing-Ken, above all others in the City, was chosen out by the Rump-Stake Admirers, as the fittest Mansion to entertain the Society, and to gratify their Appetites with that particular Dainty they desired to be distinguished by. No sooner had they fix'd the Preliminaries of their Club, but the Assembly met at the Place appointed, that, according to the Custom of such worthy Societies, they might chuse their Chair-Man, and establish a new Project upon a lasting Foundation, accordingly, for a Prolocutor, they chose an *Irish* Comedian, most wisely considering that *Bog-Land* Bulls over Beef Stakes were the most agreeable jests to add a Relish to their Food; and that the Wit of a Bull, when they were knuckle deep in the Gravey of a Bullock's Rump, might prove such fine, thin, airy Sauce to their gross Banquet, as might help Digestion, and propagate Laughter, like a Midwife's Tale at a Gossiping.

No sooner had they confirm'd their *Hibernian* Mimick in his honourable Post, but to distinguish him from the rest, they made him a Knight of St. *Lawrence*, and hung a silver Gridiron about his Neck, as a Badge of the Dignity they had conferr'd upon him, that when  
he



he sung *Pretty Parrot*, he might thrum upon the Bars of his new Instrument, and mimick a haughty *Spaniard* seranading his *Donna* with Gitter and Madrigal. The Zany, as proud of his new Fangle, as a *German* Mountebank of a Princ's Medal: When he was thus dignify'd and distinguished with his culinary Symbol hanging before his Breast, took the highest Post of Honour, as his Place at the Board, where, as soon as seated, there was not a Bar in the silver Kitchen-stuff that the Society had presented him with, but was presently handled with a theatrical Pun, or an *Irish* Witticism: Nor could a Jack-a-napes play so many Tricks with his Chain, as the merry President of the new Divandid with his Honourable Bauble, and by the dextrous use of his Screwtore-Key upon the silver Strings of his new fashioned Theorbo, would tinkle forth such Harmony, that far exceeded the Musick of a *Black-Bird*, when he wets his Bill along the Wires of his Cage. Now the Worshippers of the Rump having fix'd their Club in a regular Decorum, according to the Scheme their Leaders had projected, Orders were dispatched to the Superintendant of the Kitchen, to provide several nice Specimens of their Beef-Stake Cookery, some with the Flavour of a *Sallet* or *Onion*; some broiled, some fried, some stewed, some toasted, and others roasted, that every judicious Member of the new erected Club, might appeal to his Palate, and from thence determine, whether the House they had chosen for their Rendezvouz truly deserv'd that public Fame for their inimitable Management of a Bovinary-Silver, which the World had given them. No sooner were their true *English* Delicacies, so pleasingly diversify'd by the several Ways of Dressing, brought up to the Table, but every ones brown Meis was toss'd up so favourly, done so exactly, and according to Direction, so carefully season'd to every Bodies Tooth, that, when their charm'd Appetites gave their Tongues a little Leisure, there was nothing heard for an Hour together, but such pathetic Speeches upon the glorious



glorious Occasion, as if they were practising o'er their Rump-Stakes that they might know the better how to prattle in a rum Senate, in Case some unexpected Change should give them the Opportunity. When they had moderately supply'd their Beef Stomachs, they were all highly satisfy'd with the Choice they had made, and from that Time resolved to repeat their Meeting once in a Week at the same Place, and to set themselves up in direct Opposition to the Kit-Cat Club, that the Members thereof might learn to know that substantial Beef, was as prolific Food for a true *English* Wit, as Pies and Custards for a Kit-Cat Beau, or Bonni-clabber and Potatoes for an *Irish* Poet.

Being thus settled to their Minds, the next Time of their Meeting, they began to mend their Constitution, and to add several By-Laws for the better Regulation of their new little Common wealth, and for the further Encouragement of Wit and Pleasantry throughout the whole Society: As for Instance, their Chairman they now honoured with the Title of Secretary, and ordered him by a Committee of the whole Assembly, to provide a very voluminous Paper-Book, about as thick as a Bail of *Dutch* Linnen, into which was to be entered every witty Saying that should be spoke in the Society, the Name of the Member to whom the Honour was due, the Day of the Month, and the Date of the Lord, that any of the Society, by a future Retrospection, might presently inform themselves what Time of the Moon, or Season of the Year, they us'd to be most witty in, and for every such Entry a certain Fee was to be paid to the Secretary, that the Perquisites of his Place might keep his Grid-Iron bright, make his Honour amends for the Loss of his Time, and defray the growing Charge of Pen, Ink, and Paper, which were always ready upon a Side-Board Table, that if any musing Member should want to unburthen his Brains of a sudden Flight, he might presently step up and communicate the darling Prodigy to the Board, by Pen and Paper. But not-

withstanding



withstanding their sincere Design of presenting the World with a new Cabinet of choice Bulls, Puns, and Witticifins, as soon as they had filled their voluminous Register with Minutes and Memorandums of their pregnant Ingenuity, yet it has so fallen out, notwithstanding the Assistance of Rump-Gravy, that they have not as yet fill'd up the first Page ; but however, if the Public will have Patience till their Volume is compleated, they will certainly be enrich'd with the inimitable Treasury : For the *Gray's-Inn* Ingrosser of all modern Wit, has set up a Printing House on Purpose to carry on the great Work, in which the Club are so very careful, that nothing will be introduc'd, but what shall be truly worthy of Posterity's Admiration, so that every notable Flirt, Flight, Distick, or Epigram that is offered to the Board by its fond Father, must be first put to the Vote, and carry'd by the Majority as an unexceptionable Piece of Wit, before it is permitted to be entered by the Secretary, and that the Reader may have a Taste of their most exquisite Performances, I shall recite some of them that have been stol'n out of their Journal by a false Brother, viz.

On an Ox.

*Most noble Creature of the horned Race,  
Who labours at the Plow to earn thy Grass,  
And yielding to the Yoak shew's Man the Way  
To bear his servile Chains, and to obey,  
Those haughty Tyrants, who usurp the Sway.  
Thy sturdy Sinews Till the Farmers Grounds,  
To thee, the Grazier owes his boarded Pounds :  
'Tis by thy Labour we abound in Malt,  
Whose pow'rful Juice the meaner Slaves exalt ;  
And when grown fat, and fit to be devour'd  
The Pole-Axe frees thee from the teasing Goard :  
Thus cruel Man, to recompence thy Pains,  
First works thee hard, and then beats out thy Brains.*



## In Praise of Beef.

*Of all Provision, Beef's the best  
To please an English Palate,  
Especially a Stake well dress'd,  
And season'd right with Shallot.*

*Beef swells our Muscles, fills our Veins,  
Does e'ery Way improve us,  
Strengthens our Sinews, and our Reins,  
And makes the Ladies love us.*

*Stand off ye Veal-Fed puny Beaus,  
The brawny Dutchess's crys,  
The Beef-Fed Mortal I espouse,  
That yields me large Supplies ;*

*Give me the Spark that Hems and Thumps,  
And digs like Slave with Mattock ;  
The Man that feeds on Bullocks Rumps,  
Ne'er fails a Female Buttock.*

## On a Rump-Stake.

*Of all the Parts of noble Beef.  
Giv'n by the God's for Man's Relief,  
The juicy Rump is still the best  
Betwixt the Tail, and horned Crest ;  
A Stake from thence with whetted Knife,  
Cut off by D——y, or his Wife,  
Salted and pepper'd to the Tooth  
Of him that dares to venture both ;  
Then broil'd and crusty'd o'er the Fire.  
What Prince can richer Food desire ?  
If hungry, no delicious Dainty  
On Earth, will half so well content ye :*



*A Venson Pasty's but a Fool to't  
Wild Fowl to th' Pallate is but dull to't :  
O Cavaliers! What foolish Fellows  
Were you to shew yourselves so Zealous,  
In madly burning and disguising  
The Rump which only wanted broiling ;  
As if to prove the Proverb true,  
When Cock-a-hoop, you meant to shew  
That a Rump Stake in which we glory,  
Was always Poison to a Tory.*

Beef-Stake Rapsody.

*Why should the Gods to Slaves allow  
Such Food that's fit for Courtiers,  
Tho' Lords, we ne'er were blest, till now  
We feed like brawny Porters.*

*By Vertue of this noble Stake,  
How I could hug my Phillis ;  
For by my Life, I find my Back  
As strenuous as my Will is.*

In such Sort of Performances, they us'd to exercise their Wits to the Honour of themselves, and the Advantage of their Secretary, who always had the Sense to give his Vote in the Affirmative, because, when any Thing is allow'd to be Wit by the Majority of the Assembly, there is a certain Fee belonging to their Scribe, for entering it in their Journal, for the Sake of which Perquisite he is the more willing to play all the Tricks of a Dancing-Bear for the Diversion of the Society ; nor, indeed can any Man of his Faculty boast a greater Variety of Qualifications than himself, for the Promotion of Mirth among good Company, for he is so great a Master of Humour and Gesticulation, that, *Proteus* like, he can change his Shape and Mein, and put on any



Man's Gesture and Deportment with such wonderful Exactness, that he can give ye the true Resemblance of a whimsical Lord, an affected Critic, a formal Block-head, a talkative Argumentator, a fanatical Beau, or, indeed, mimick any Man's Gate, manner of talking, and all his habitual Vanities and Singularities with so much Art and Pleasantry, that he can shew any Sort of Coxcomb his ridiculous Likeness, as truly as a Looking-Glass; so that by this Means he always preserves a full Community, for whatever Members neglect to appear upon the Club-Night, is assur'd in his Absence to be so comically represented by their officious Buffoon, that they are made the Jest and Laughing-stock of the whole Company: The Fear of which, makes them all so very punctual, that they seldom fail of having a full Club, where every Thing is perform'd with so much Rule and Order, that a Man can neither ease his Brains of their frothy Excrement, but it must be put to the Vote, or step into the Vault to empty his Guts with an Order of the Board. The same Spirit of Ambition to be thought witty that possesses the Kit-Cat Members, is equally diffusive thro' this Society also, for the Man of Title and Authority is not here contented to be only reverenc'd for his Wealth and Dignity, but desires to perpetuate his Memory in their bulky Register, and to be complemented more for his Wit than for his Riches, from whence it may be reasonably conjectur'd, that some of the disgusted Members of the foregoing Club, where the first Formers of the Beef-Stake Society, or rather new Rump Parliament, who, perhaps being offended that others should be allowed before themselves to be *Apollo's* Darlings, turn'd factious Dissenters from the Kit-Cat Community, and so fix'd an opposite Assembly of revolted Wits, in hopes thereby to eclipse the Glory of their Competitors; and, like true bred *Britons* to shew their Resentment in Contempt of Kit-Cat Pies, very justly gave the Preference to a Rump-Stake, most wisely agreeing



greeing that the venerable Word, *Beef*, gave a more masculine Grace, and founded better in the Title of a true *English* Club, than either *Pies* or *Kit-Cat*, and that Grid-Iron which has the Honour to be made the Badge of Martyrdom, was a nobler Symbol of their Christian Integrity, than two or three Stars or Garters; also learnedly recollecting how great an Affinity the Word Bull has to Beef; they thought it very consistent with the Constitution of their Society, instead of a *Welsh* to have an *Hibernian* Secretary. Being thus fix'd to the great Honour of a little Ale-House, next Door to the Church, and opposite to the Meeting they continu'd their Community for some Time, under much Order and Regularity; till their Fame spreading over all the Town, and descending so low as to reach the Ears of the great Boys, and the little Boys, who were so highly pleased with the pretty Distinction, that the Club had chosen, that as they came in the Evening from *Merchant Taylor's* School, they could not forbear hallowing as they past the Door, to express their Joy that the City should be honoured with the rhiming Presence of such a witty Society; thus when once the forward Youths had made themselves acquainted with the Nights of their Meeting, they seldom fail'd, when the Divan were sitting, of complementing their Ears with an Huzza, Beef-Stake, that they might know from thence, how much they were reverenc'd for Men of Learning by the very School Boys. But the modest Club not affecting Popularity, and chusing rather to be deaf to all public Flatteries, thought it an Act of Prudence to adjourn from thence into a Place of Obscurity, where they might Feast knuckle deep in luscious Gravy, and enjoy themselves free from the noisy Addresses of the young Scholastick Rabble; so that now, whether they have healed the Breach, and are again return'd into the Kit-Cat Community, from whence it is believed, upon some Disgust they at first seperated, or whether like the Calves-Head Club, they remove from Place to Place to prevent Discovery, I shan't presume.



sume to determine, but at present, like Oats's Army of Pilgrims, in the Time of the Plot, though they are much talked on, they are difficult to be found.

*Where e'er your pow'rful Muses sing the Praise  
Of good fat Rumps, in your immortal Lays,  
There only must Apollo fix the Bays.*

*Such firenuous Lines so charming soft, and sweet,  
That daily flow from your conjunctive Wit,  
Proclaim the Pow'r of Beef, that noble Meat.*

*Your tuneful Songs such deep Impressions make,  
And of such awful, beauteous Strength partake.  
Each Stanza seems an Ox, each Line a Stake.*

*As if the Rump in Slices, broil'd or stew'd  
In its own Gravy till divinely good,  
Turn'd all to pow'rful Wit, as soon as chew'd.*

*O! gallant Beef thou mak'st the Soldier Fight.  
The Rump Stake Poet, like an Angel Write,  
And the kind Husband vigorous at Night.*

*Thy Juice does not alone our Lives sustain  
And stuff our Bellies, when our Guts complain,  
But fructifies as well the teeming Brain.*

*Or sure Apollo's Sons, those charming few,  
Who Tune their Lyres, their heavenly Art to shew,  
Would ne'er adore thy Rump, as now they do.*

*To grind thy Gravy out, their Jaws employ,  
O'er Heaps of reaking Stakes express their Joy,  
And sing of Beef, as Homer did of Troy.*

*In a right Choice, we shew that we are wise,  
Who then can blame such Worthies, who despise,  
For noble Beef, that Childish Diet Pies.*



*Wits us'd with Study to be pale and lean,  
Cow'rdly and Sneaking, over run with Spleen,  
But now they feed on Beef, they look like Men.*

*And will, in length of Time, not only write  
Like Greeks or Romans, but like Heroes fight,  
And like Giants give the Fair Delight.*

*You need no longer then, your Fancies tire ;  
Some Muse at Court, inflam'd with hot Desire,  
Will teach such Bards to tune a diff'rent Lyre.*

*Thus, by Degrees, may you to Honour rise,  
From Stakes of Beef, as some from Kit-Kat Pies,  
Since a strong Back, the want of Wit supplies.*

*Thus, of all Diets, you have choose the chief,  
And Ladies know a Woman's best Relief  
Is found in him that feeds on noble Beef.*

F I N I S.









